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MARCH
1909



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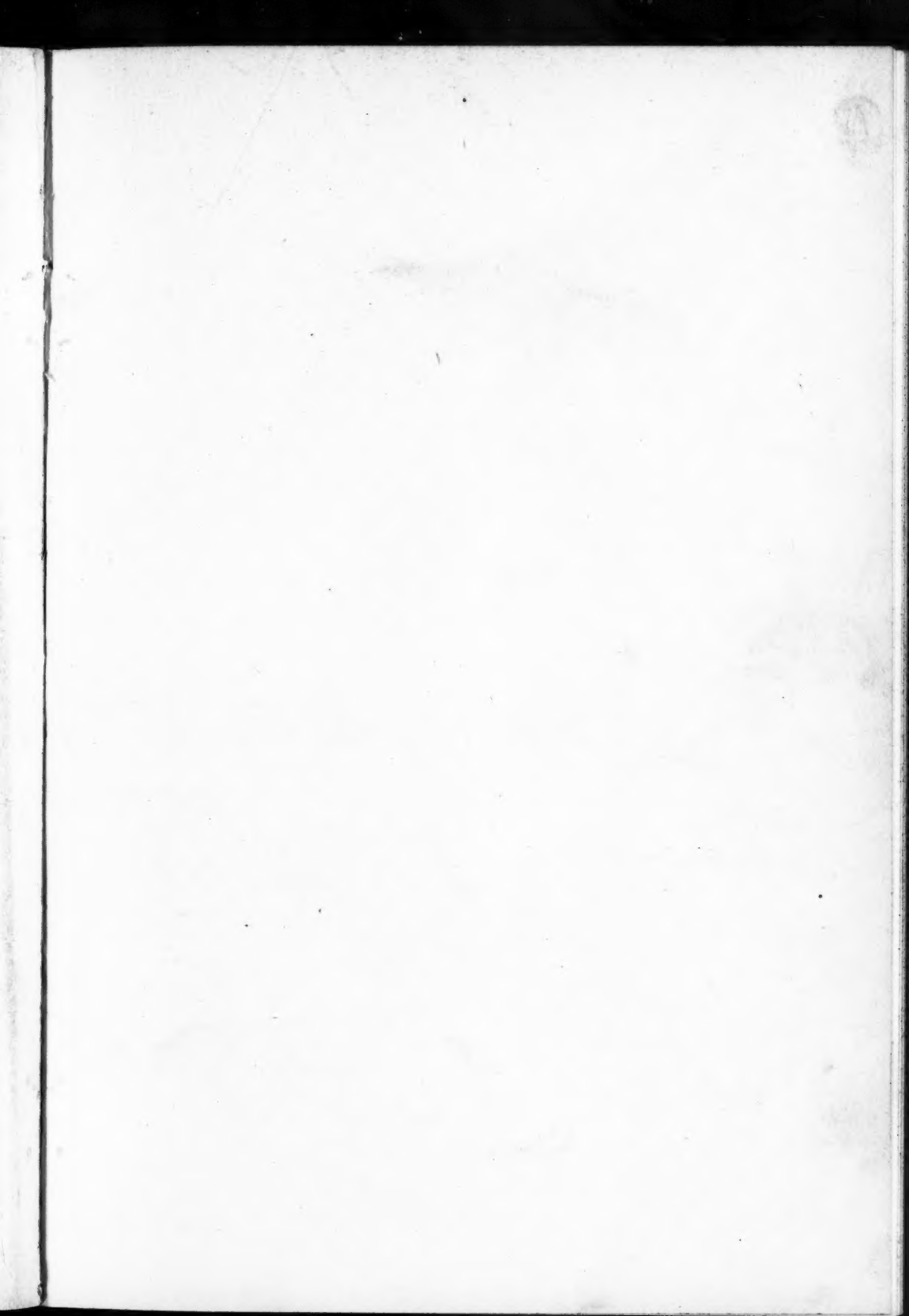
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H. R. H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT,

DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND NIECE OF KING EDWARD VII

From a photograph by John C. Hughes after the painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

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THE FORTY IMMORTALS

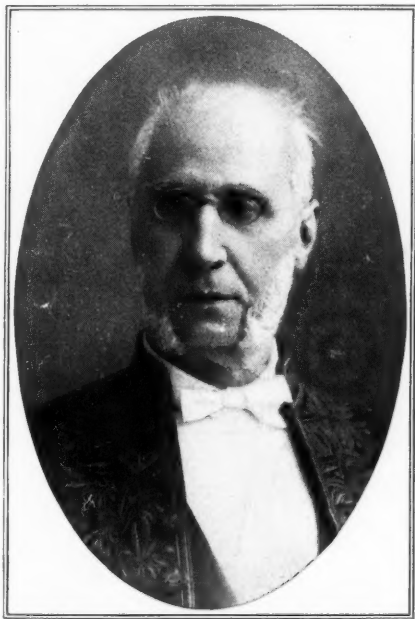
BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

TWO, and only two, of the institutions of the French monarchy survive to-day with undiminished prestige under the Third Republic. One of these is the Comédie Française, the national theater of France, which dates from 1680, when Louis XIV consolidated the two companies of comedians then acting in Paris. The other

long-enduring institution is the Académie Française, or French Academy, established in 1635, under Louis XIII, by Cardinal Richelieu.

In both cases the royal edict merely bestowed authority and dignity on an organization already in existence. One of the two companies of comedians which were invited to form the Comédie Fran-



ÉMILE OLLIVIER, SENIOR MEMBER OF THE
FRENCH ACADEMY, TO WHICH HE WAS
ELECTED IN 1870

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris



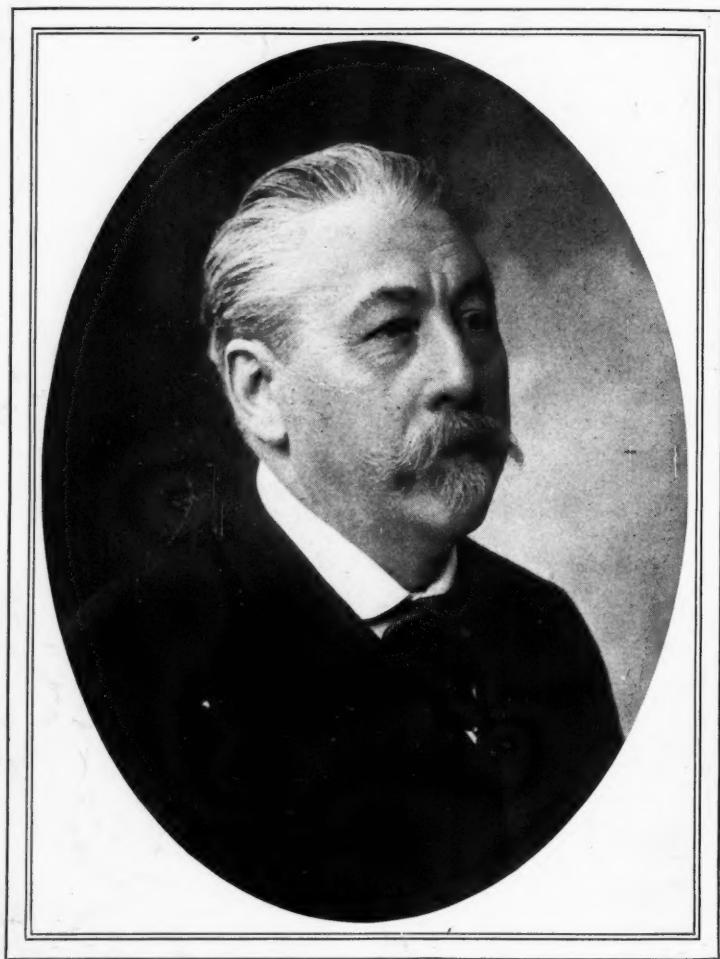
HENRY HOUSSAYE, HISTORIAN AND CRITIC.
ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY
IN 1894

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

çaise was that which Molière had brought back to Paris in 1658; and a little group of authors had been in the habit of gathering for literary discussion long before Richelieu heard about their meetings and resolved to give them for-

certainly the briefest, is that of Matthew Arnold:

About the year 1629, seven or eight persons in Paris, fond of literature, formed themselves into a sort of little club to meet at one another's houses and discuss literary



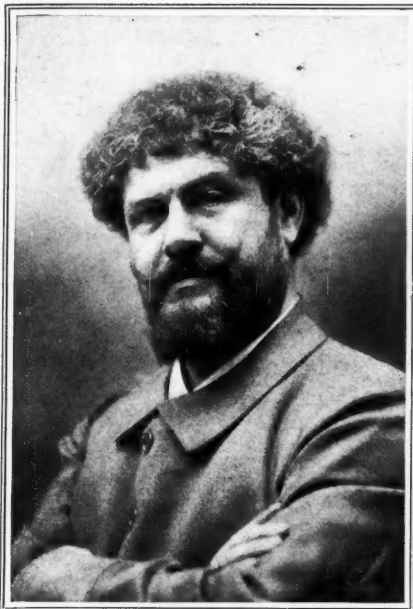
FRÉDÉRIC MASSON, HISTORIAN, AUTHOR OF MANY BOOKS ON NAPOLEON, AND
A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1903

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris

mal recognition. The Académie Française, like the Comédie Française, began as a private enterprise, which the ruler of the state saw fit to take over and to set on a firm foundation.

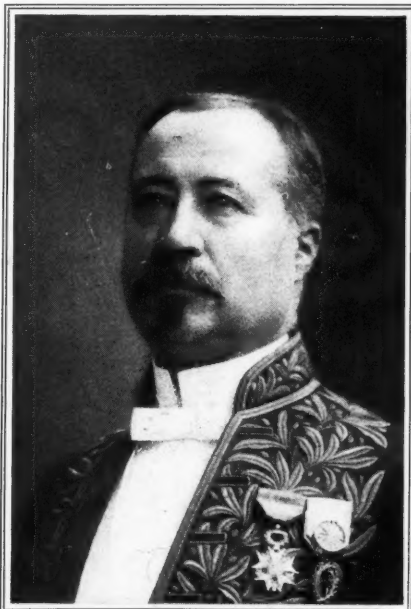
Perhaps the best account of the beginnings of the French Academy, and

matters. Their meetings got talked of, and Cardinal Richelieu, then minister and all-powerful, heard of them. He himself had a noble passion for letters, and for all fine culture. He had the insight to perceive what a potent instrument of the grand style was here to his hand. . . . Richelieu sent to ask the members of the new society whether they



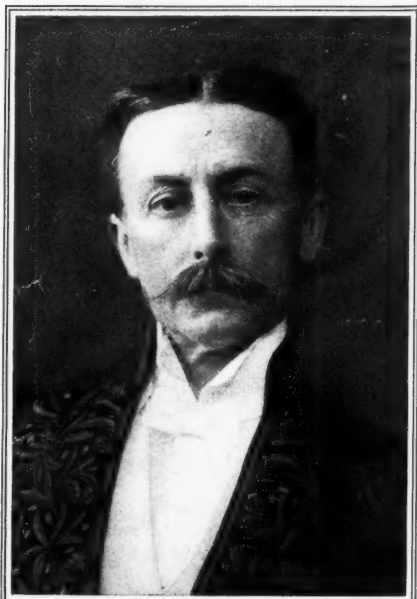
JEAN RICHEPIN, POET, NOVELIST, AND
DRAMATIST, ELECTED TO THE
FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1908

From a photograph by Otto, Paris



ÉMILE FAGUET, CRITIC, JOURNALIST, AND
LITERARY HISTORIAN, ELECTED TO
THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1900

From a photograph by Piron, Paris



RENÉ BAZIN, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR FRENCH
NOVELISTS OF THE DAY, ELECTED TO THE
FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1903

From a photograph by Kivatzky, Paris



PAUL DESCHANDEL, PUBLICIST, FORMERLY PRESI-
DENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES,
ELECTED TO THE ACADEMY IN 1899

From a photograph by Piron, Paris



PIERRE LOTI (LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD), NOVELIST AND NAVAL OFFICER, AUTHOR OF "MME. CHRYSANTHÈME," AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1891

From a photograph by Benque, Paris

would be willing to become a body with a public character, holding regular meetings. Not without a little hesitation, they consented.

The royal edict declared that "the Academy's principal function shall be to work with all care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language, and rendering it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the arts and sciences." In the seventeenth century the growth of language was little understood; and

every one seems then to have believed that a tribunal of this sort could control and guide and limit a language. Nowadays we know that this is quite impossible, and that it would be unfortunate in its results, if it were possible; since a language must develop freely in response to the changing needs of those who use it, and since it can care for itself better than any group of scholars or authors could guide it. Yet the influence of the French Academy on the French language has been beneficial in so far as it has maintained a standard of propriety, yielding slowly but inevitably to the new forces which are constantly at work in a living speech.

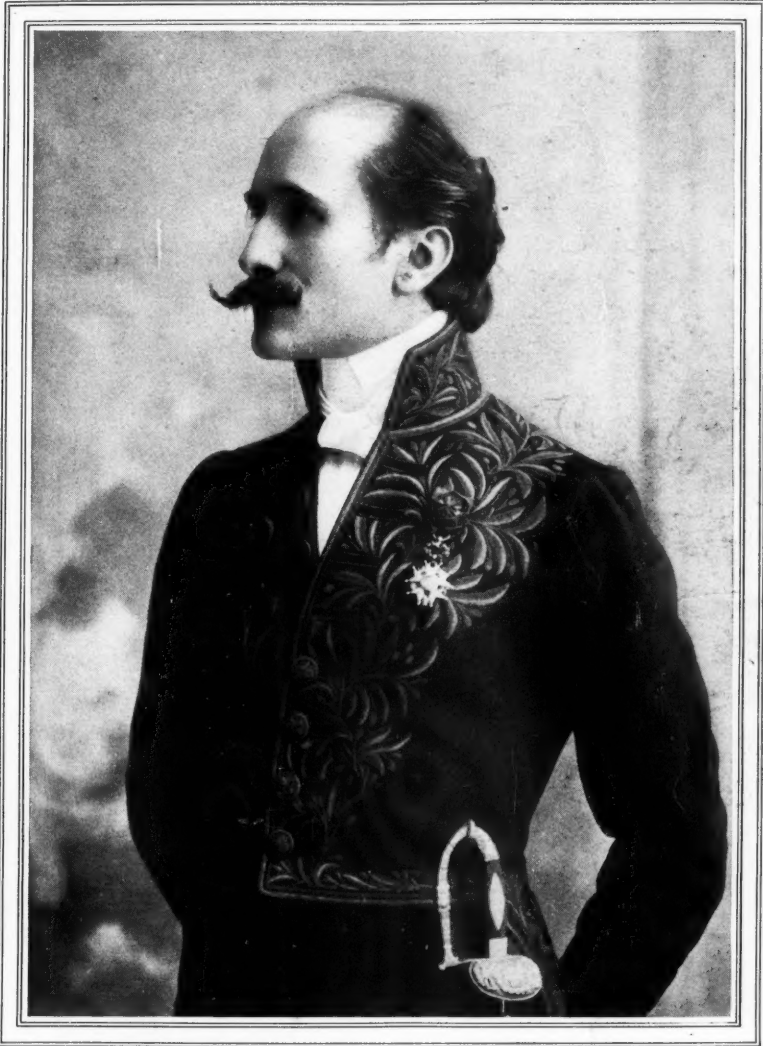
The guardianship of the language was not to be the sole function of the new Academy, which was enlarged to contain forty members, and which was meant to include always all the leading authors of the time. It was intended, also, to be a literary tribunal; in other words, it was to act as a guardian for French literature, declaring what was good and denouncing what was evil. And here again the Academy was charged with a duty far beyond the power

of any body of men, however gifted. The literature of a people, like the language of a people, cannot be cribbed, cabined, and confined; it cannot be controlled by rules and regulations; it must be free and untrammelled to record the deeds of the people, and to express amply their thoughts and their sentiments.

Richelieu meant the Academy to be a high court of letters for France, and perhaps even for all Europe. "This is what the Academy, by its idea, really is," so Matthew Arnold asserted; "this is what

it has always tended to become; this is what it has, from time to time, really been." It has represented nobly and severely the conservative forces in literature; but it has necessarily opposed, or

emy has failed to meet the hopes of its far-sighted founder. It has not been able to control the French language, and it has been incapable of governing French literature. And yet it has been splen-



EDMOND ROSTAND, DRAMATIST, AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AND "L'AIGLON," AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1901

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

begun by opposing, all the newer forces, all the movements for liberty which are constantly refreshing the current of every literature.

Strictly speaking, the French Acad-

didly successful in giving dignity to the art of letters in France. It has gathered into a single body a large majority of the leaders of French literature, who have ever felt that an election to its

membership was the final reward and consecration of their careers. It has set a goal which almost every French author has striven honorably to attain. It has held out the hope of admission to its own

never have attempted if he had not been moved to produce a book which would qualify him for entrance among the chosen forty.

It has exerted an influence in favor of

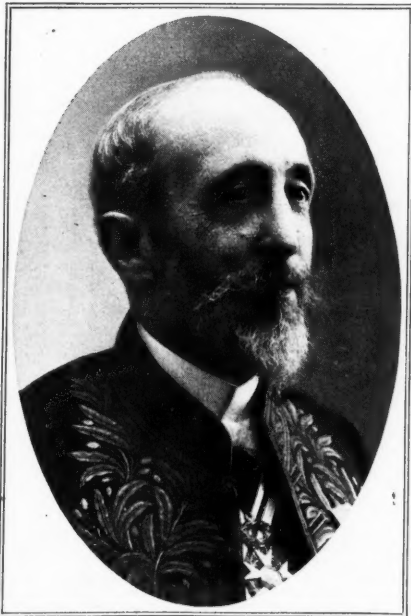


ANATOLE FRANCE (JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAUT), CRITIC AND NOVELIST, PERHAPS THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE FRENCH MAN OF LETTERS OF THE DAY

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

ranks as a constant incentive, spurring on every literary worker to do his best always. It has led many a writer to undertake important work that he might

sobriety and serenity which there is no danger in overestimating. It has generally deserved the high praise of Sainte-Beuve, who declared that it was "a



JULES CLARETIE, NOVELIST, DRAMATIST, AND THEATRICAL MANAGER, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1888

From a photograph by Stebbing, Paris



PAUL HERVIEU, ESSAYIST, NOVELIST, AND DRAMATIST, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1899

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

sovereign organ of opinion" — of the most enlightened opinion of the period. It has recognized honest workmanship and diligent scholarship; it has upheld the standard of taste; it has done all that in it lay to create "a form of intellectual culture which shall impose itself on all around," as Renan put it. It has striven incessantly to reward the best, and the best only, and to exclude the second best.

Two of its peculiarities deserve to be pointed out — anomalies, both of them, which have



HENRI LAVEDAN, NOVELIST, JOURNALIST, AND DRAMATIST, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1898

From a photograph by Boissonnas & Taponier, Paris

characterized the Academy during the whole of its existence. Although it was founded to contain the most distinguished men of letters in France, it has often elected to membership men who had won their distinction in other fields than literature; and it has often failed to elect authors whom posterity now holds as among the foremost of their time. In other words, it was organized specially to recognize literary merit only, but it has often departed from this aim. It has sometimes recognized great merit outside

of literature, and has sometimes failed to recognize great merit in literature.

From the very first, it contained a certain number of men who were admitted, not because of their writings, but because of their social prominence—cardinals, ministers of state, high dignitaries of the

This is very much as if an American academy corresponding to the French should have elected Grover Cleveland and Elihu Root, in recognition of their services to the commonwealth, and without regard to the meagerness of their actual contributions to literature itself.



GABRIEL HANOTAUX, STATESMAN AND HISTORIAN, FORMERLY MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1897

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris

court. Now that a republic has succeeded to the royal rule, the same habit obtains. Pasteur, who was an author only as every scientific man is an author, was honored by election; and so was Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose chief work was the Suez Canal.

In any such American body, John Hay, Mr. Root's predecessor as Secretary of State, and Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Cleveland's later successor as President of the United States, would certainly have been elected as men of letters. This custom of the French Academy has its

obvious advantages, although it is not easy to defend on grounds of strict logic. It offers a reward for exceptional public service, and it tends to enhance the importance of the Academy itself.

GREAT NAMES NOT ON THE ROLL

As I have already said, while the French Academy has sometimes called men of an eminence other than literary, it has not infrequently failed or refused to admit within its ranks authors of undeniable genius. Indeed, the list of the great writers of France who were not included in its membership is very large. Corneille and Racine were elected, but Molière was not even proposed — probably because he was regarded in his own time only, or at least chiefly, as a comic actor. Bossuet was a member, but Descartes and Pascal were not. La Rochefoucauld, the author of the "Maxims," and Le Sage, the author of "Gil Blas," were neither of them honored by admission to the chosen forty, although there were among the twoscore academicians of their times twenty or thirty minor men of letters whose writings are now unreadable, and whose names are little known even to professed students of French literature.

Voltaire was a member; but Rousseau was not, nor Diderot, nor Beaumarchais. Victor Hugo was elected; but Stendhal and Balzac failed of admission. Alfred de Musset was chosen, while Béranger was not considered worthy. In the last generation, Flaubert, the author of "Mme. Bovary," and Théophile Gautier, a poet of exquisite felicity, even if of very limited range, were neither of them rewarded by admission. And in our own time, Daudet and Zola and Maupassant were none of them inscribed on the roll of the Academy. Maupassant died too young, or in time the honor might have been his. Daudet refused to seek an election; and he even attacked the Academy savagely and a little foolishly, in

one of his less veracious novels, "L'Immortel." Zola presented himself for election more than once, and was always defeated. He had aroused bitter animosities — personal, literary, and political; and even if he had survived to a ripe old age, those who disapproved of his doctrines and his manners would probably have been successful in excluding him.

It may be here recorded that when the foremost of French critics, Ferdinand Brunetière, was lecturing in the United States some ten years ago, he was asked whether Zola was likely to be elected to the Academy; and he answered sharply:

"Not if I can prevent it!"

For most of these exclusions, extraordinary as they may appear to us now, there are excellent reasons visible to any one who may seek for them diligently. Sometimes the author died too young; and sometimes the major part of his fame came to him since his death. Sometimes his works and his theories were in too marked a contrast with the conservative principles of the Academy itself; and sometimes his manners were not inviting. If there had been an academy in England when the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" were written, we may be sure that neither Bunyan nor Defoe would have been elected to its membership, nor would either of them have dreamed of presenting himself. If there had been an academy here in the United States in the mid-years of the nineteenth century, of course Emerson and Longfellow, Hawthorne and Lowell would have been members. But would Poe have been welcome among them? And how about Walt Whitman?

It is easy to perceive that there may be personal reasons why writers of wide posthumous fame should have failed to receive an invitation to join an organization always conservative and often more or less aristocratic. Of late years, how-

EDITOR'S NOTE—Professor Matthews's article gains a special interest from the fact that an unusually important series of elections to the French Academy is now impending. The Forty Immortals, whose ranks were filled, early in 1908, by the admission of Francis Charms, Jean Richepin, and Henri Poincaré, have since lost no fewer than six members by death. The decedents include four of the oldest academicians—Gaston Boissier (elected 1876), Victorien Sardou (elected 1877), François Coppée (elected 1884), and Ludovic Halévy (elected 1884)—and two newer members—Émile Gebhart (elected 1904) and Cardinal Mathieu (elected 1906). The selection of six eminent Frenchmen to fill the vacant places is a matter of interest both to France and to the world at large.

ever, the French Academy has become more hospitable; and there does not happen to be at the present time any conspicuous man of letters who is excluded. And the Academy has often expressed its regret that it had not been honored by the presence of one or another of the more distinguished of those who were not numbered among its members. In the eighteenth century, for instance, it set up a bust of Molière in one of its halls, with an inscription declaring that—

His glory nothing lacks, but ours lacks him.

It is another peculiarity of the French Academy that it is exclusively masculine. Although women have always taken a prominent place in French society, and although French literature has been greatly enriched by the work of women writers, the French Academy has never even considered the possibility of electing any woman to membership. In its earlier years neither Mme. de la Fayette nor Mme. de Sévigné was ever thought of; and quite certainly neither ever thought of herself as a possible member. And in the nineteenth century the honor of election was not conferred either on Mme. de Staël or on George Sand.

In recent years this has seemed to some women an invidious distinction; and as a result there is now in existence a so-called Women's Academy, rather vaguely constituted and rather doubtfully viewed, as it is in reality due only to the pushing ingenuity of a periodical. This Women's Academy is limited to twenty members; and the list of its associates does not command high respect. Perhaps it is not too much to say that not more than one or two of this score of women writers would stand any chance of election to the real Academy if she happened to be a man. Scant indeed is the literary baggage of most of these ladies; and few of their names have any significance for an American reader, even if he is fairly familiar with the French literature of the moment.

The French Academy has always taken account of popularity; but it has also sought to honor the men who were working in fields where wide popularity is not possible. It contains the chief poets, the leading dramatists, and the

foremost novelists of France to-day; but it also contains the chief historians and the chief classical scholars and literary critics. In the first months of 1908, and before the vacancies created by the deaths of François Coppée, Ludovic Halévy, and Victorien Sardou, there were thirteen dramatic authors who were members of the Academy, and eleven novelists. There were also half a dozen historians, including Ernest Lavisse and Frédéric Masson. Among the critics were Emile Faguet, Jules Lemaitre, and Anatole France. The senior member was Emile Ollivier, who was elected in 1870, the very year in which he was more or less responsible for the disastrous war with Germany.

THE DUKES AND THE CABOTINS

The Academy now numbers seven members of the aristocracy—the Comte d'Haussonville, the Vicomte de Vogüé, the Marquis de Vogüé, the Comte Albert Vandal, the Comte Albert de Mun, the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, and the Marquis de Ségur. The presence of such men as these, sitting as colleagues of the dozen dramatists, accounts for the existence of the two factions which are said to exist within the Academy—the Dukes and the Cabotins. Although there does not happen just now to be any duke in the Academy, "Dukes" is not a bad nickname for the more aristocratic and conservative group. "Cabotin" is a slang word more or less inadequately represented in English by "play-actor"; and this, again, is not an ill-chosen term to designate the dramatists and the novelists.

In general, the faction of the Dukes represents the more conservative and the more aristocratic tendencies of the august assembly, while the Cabotins stand for the more modern and the more democratic ideals, since the writers of plays and the writers of novels are necessarily in closer contact with the currents of the time. Apparently, a certain proportion of the members do not adhere to either group, voting now for the candidates of the one and then for the candidates of the other, and thus holding the balance of power.

The Academy exerts its influence upon French literature not only by holding out

membership in its own ranks as the final reward for honorable work in letters and for an honorable life; it also awards annually a great many prizes of a great many kinds. In the last century generous benefactors have given or bequeathed to it large sums of money to be bestowed on deserving authors. Some of these prizes are of considerable value; and all of them entitle the author to print on the title-page of his book the statement that it has been "crowned by the French Academy." There are some forty of these prizes in all, some of them awarded every year, and some of them going to the best book of its kind published within a period of three or five years. Some of them are given to the writer of the most satisfactory work on a theme assigned by the Academy itself; others are for the finest essay dealing with history, or for the book most beneficial to morals.

The French Academy is now a part of the Institute of France, which consists also of four other academies—the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, intended especially for the classical scholars; the Academy of Sciences, which is the equivalent of the American Academy of Sciences; the Academy of Fine Arts, which contains the chief painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects; and the Academy of Moral and Political Science, which includes the leading philosophers, psychologists, and political economists. Of these five bodies, the French Academy is by far the most important and the most highly esteemed.

The members of the other academies are sometimes elected to the French Academy, having seats in both bodies. For example, the late Gaston Boissier, perhaps the foremost classical scholar in Europe, in so far as he combined in himself the scientific knowledge of the original investigator into the past and the artistic skill of the accomplished man of letters—Gaston Boissier had long been a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres before he was chosen to be a member of the French Academy.

THE HOME OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

It is a curious coincidence that the French Academy, founded by Cardinal Richelieu, is now housed in the palace

built by his successor, Cardinal Mazarin. The palace of the Institute of France is on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Louvre and the Tuileries. The chapel of Mazarin's palace, surmounted by a lofty dome, has been transformed into an amphitheater for the formal sittings of the Institute and of the several academies which make up the Institute.

It is under this soaring dome, and in this sumptuous amphitheater, that every new academician is received in state by his colleagues, clad in their official costume of dark green. The newcomer delivers an oration in praise of his immediate predecessor, of the member whose death made the vacancy which he has been elected to fill. Then one of the older members responds in another speech, in which he sets forth the merits of the new member, often slyly insinuating a keen criticism of the new member's works. Nowhere else are the delicacy, the felicity, the perfect polish of the French language more adroitly displayed than in these "discourses of reception," as they are styled. The younger Dumas, when he was received, took occasion to deliver a eulogy of his father, who had never been a member. Rostand is said to have asked permission to write his address in verse, as he felt more at home in rime than in pedestrian prose.

Its own palace is not the only noble building owned by the Institute. The Duc d'Aumale bequeathed to it, also, the splendid château of Chantilly, with its superb collections, its magnificent library, and its archives of the Condé family. He also left a large property, the income from which is to be used for the upkeep of the château and for the increase of the collections and of the library. A later benefactor has since given to the Institute the Château de Langeais, with a sum of money sufficient for its care.

The Institute of France, as a whole, and the French Academy in particular, may be taken as typical of the solicitude with which the arts and sciences have always been cherished in France. No one of its institutions is more characteristic than this; and of no one have the French more reason to be proud. No one of them could other nations imitate to better advantage.

THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THREE TIMES THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE disappointment and exultation which naturally follow an election are apt to distort the vision. Members of the successful party overestimate their party's strength, and those who belong to the defeated party are likely to feel more or less despondent. The Republicans, as a matter of course, having elected their Presidential ticket in four successive campaigns, face the future with confidence; while the Democrats, looking back over four defeats, can be forgiven for feeling a bit disheartened.

Every intelligent estimate of the future must begin with a survey of the past, and possibly that survey can be more accurately made after election than during a campaign. When we have answered the question, "What of the past?" we shall be better prepared to consider the question, "What of the future?"

The last sixteen years have witnessed one of the greatest internal struggles through which any party has ever passed. In 1892 the Democratic Presidential candidate was elected; he received a large popular plurality, as well as a majority in the electoral college, and the party secured an overwhelming majority of the national House of Representatives. The tariff was the paramount issue, the Democratic party having taken an advanced position on that question. Although the money question entered into the campaign to a slight extent, it was but little discussed.

No sooner had the result been announced than an effort was made to secure legislation on the money question. Before Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated, his representatives appeared before Congress and urged the passage of a bill re-

pealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. This effort was unsuccessful, but in August Congress met in extraordinary session to consider the money question as presented in a bill carrying the repeal into effect. The fight over this divided the Democratic party, and the resultant bitterness of feeling left its members in no mood for harmonious action upon the tariff question, which came up for consideration at the regular session. The panic of 1893 came on, and in the Congressional election of 1894 the Republicans won a victory almost as sweeping as the Democratic victory two years before.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1896

Then came the Democratic national convention of 1896, in which the two elements of the party struggled for mastery. The question was fought out at the primaries, the issue not being over candidates, but over the platform. The advocates of bimetallism secured about two-thirds of the delegates to the national convention, and the money plank adopted by that convention was practically a reiteration of the position taken by the Democratic conventions in a majority of the States. The gold wing of the party bolted, and nominated a ticket which had the support of the Democratic President and of nearly all the high officials connected with his administration. The efforts of the gold Democrats, however, were not directed toward the election of their ticket, but in behalf of the Republican ticket.

The election returns showed that the Democratic ticket polled about a million more votes than the party had polled

four years before; but the Republican ticket polled something like two million more votes than it had polled at the preceding election, and thus secured a popular majority of some six hundred thousand, as well as a majority in the electoral college. In the campaign of 1896 the Democratic party made its fight not only without the aid of many who had been leaders in the party, but in face of the opposition of nearly all the prominent Democratic newspapers of the North.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1900 AND 1904

In 1900 the convention was quite harmonious, the only fight being over the money plank, and that was not carried into the convention. In the committee there was a close vote between those who wanted to reiterate the silver plank and those who were willing to reaffirm the platform containing the silver plank, but who opposed specific reference to the silver question. In that year, however, the party was embarrassed by the injection of a new issue—imperialism—into the campaign. The Republican party had the advantage which follows from the successful conclusion of a war, while the Democrats were charged with prolonging the insurrection in the Philippine Islands by their insistence on a promise of ultimate independence to the Filipinos.

The prosperity argument used by the Republicans was even more potent. The country was recovering from the panic of 1893, and the "full dinner-pail" argument was used among the laboring men, while the "let well enough alone" argument had weight with the farmers. A number of the Democratic leaders who had left in 1896 supported the party in 1900, and some of the Democratic newspapers returned. The ticket was defeated, however, a little worse than in 1896—the Republican plurality being about nine hundred thousand.

In 1904 the reactionary element secured control of the Democratic organization, mainly by using the argument that radicalism had caused two severe defeats and that conservatism would insure victory. Success clubs were formed, and "We must win" was made the battle-cry. New York furnished the candidate—a man of high character, who possessed,

as was conceded even by the Republican press, the confidence of the business world.

In the campaign the Democratic party had the support of nearly every Democrat of prominence, and of all the Democratic newspapers that bolted in 1896; but the Republican victory surprised even the Republican leaders. Those at the head of the Republican organization did not estimate their majorities high enough by half. When the votes were counted it was found that the Republican ticket had a popular plurality of about two and a half millions. This was mainly due to a falling off of a million and a quarter in the Democratic vote; for the Republican vote was only a little more than four hundred thousand greater than that party's vote four years before.

THE CAMPAIGN OF LAST YEAR

As soon as the smoke of battle cleared away it became evident that the Democratic party would again be a reform party. Those who had been willing to experiment with compromise and concession returned to the advocacy of progressive measures. In 1908 the policy of the party was again the issue at the primaries, and at Denver the progressive element of the party controlled the convention, having between four-fifths and nine-tenths of the total membership. The platform was clear-cut and aggressive. The party was apparently more harmonious than it had been before in fourteen years; and yet, when the polls closed, the Republican ticket was again found to be successful, having a little larger majority in the electoral college than it had in 1900. The Republican vote, however, was about the same as in 1904, while the Democratic vote increased by more than a million; the Democrats secured United States Senators in Oregon and Indiana, and substituted Democratic Governors for Republicans in Ohio, Indiana, Nebraska, and Colorado, besides reelecting Democratic Governors in Minnesota and North Dakota. There was also a gain in the Democratic representation in Congress.

In the campaign just closed, the Republican party had a fund of one million six hundred thousand dollars for its national campaign—not to speak of the

Congressional fund, which has not been published—while the Democratic national committee collected only a little more than six hundred thousand. The Republicans had an army of government officials, national and State, in the contested States—men who drew their salaries from the public treasury and who had a pecuniary reason for political activity. Fully three-fourths of the newspapers in the contested States were Republican; indeed, measured by circulation, the newspaper opposition to the Democratic party outnumbered its support by possibly six to one or eight to one.

Besides this, the Republican party had the support of all of the corporations known as trusts; and the railroads, in so far as they took part in the campaign, were on the side of the administration. Mr. Brown, a vice-president of the New York Central system, was quoted after the election as saying that he had confirmed purchases to the amount of thirty-one millions of dollars, which were made on orders given before the election, contingent upon Republican victory.

The Republican party also had the advantage of having its candidate considered conservative in the East and radical in the Mississippi Valley. East of the Alleghanies he had the enthusiastic support of those Republicans who denounce President Roosevelt, and in the West he had the support, equally enthusiastic, of the Republicans who indorse the administration. And yet with all of these advantages, the Republican ticket came within less than one hundred thousand votes of being defeated.

THE VICTORY A NARROW ONE

The Republican majority in the electoral college was one hundred and fifty-nine. To change a Republican victory into a Democratic victory would have required a change of eighty electoral votes from the Republican column to the Democratic column, and the States of Ohio,

Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, West Virginia, Montana, and Delaware would have furnished the electoral votes necessary. The combined Republican majorities in these States were less than one hundred and fifty thousand; a change of seventy-five thousand votes, therefore, properly distributed, would have changed the result of the election. A change of only nine thousand votes in Missouri, Indiana, Montana, and Delaware would have transferred thirty-nine electoral votes to the Democratic column.

Can a party regard its future as dark when it can marshal a voting force of six million men, in the face of such opposition as the Democratic party had to meet? Need Democrats be discouraged when they can make such a showing?

WHY THE DEMOCRATIC FUTURE IS BRIGHT

But hope of future Democratic success is to be found in the economic conditions of the country, as well as in a survey of the vote. The President-elect cannot possibly satisfy the expectations of both elements of the Republican party. He held the reform Republican vote through the indorsement that President Roosevelt gave him, but can he hold this vote when he comes face to face with the economic questions which press for solution? With a Republican Senate and a Republican House controlled by what Mr. Roosevelt calls reactionaries, how can he escape conflict either with the Republican leaders or with the Republican voters of the Mississippi Valley?

The Democratic party, on the contrary, is in sympathy with the growing demand for remedial legislation; its platform outlines the reforms which must be secured. The reactionary Republicans will, in all probability, put their party on record against these reforms, and by that record it must be judged in the next campaign. The Democratic party is, therefore, rowing with the tide, for the tide is onward. In its fight for the purification

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. W. C. Brown, who was senior vice-president of the New York Central in November last, and who is now president of that railroad, makes the following comment on the statement attributed to him above:

"This story had its origin in some newspaper office in Omaha. It was telegraphed all over the country, and was promptly denied by me at the time it appeared. There was not a road in the New York Central System that had placed an order for equipment, or for anything else, contingent on the result of the election, and I have never made the statement referred to by Mr. Bryan."

of politics, it is on the side of the majority; in its fight for a nearer approach to popular government, it is on the side of the majority; in its fight for the overthrow of private monopoly and the restoration of competition, it is on the side of the majority. In its demand for real and thorough tariff reform, it is supported by public sentiment; in its insistence upon effective railroad regulation, it has the people behind it; in its effort to secure greater protection to bank depositors, it is the champion of the majority.

Already the Republicans are wrangling among themselves over tariff revision, and they will wrangle still more as they come nearer to the time for action; while the Democrats, recognizing the responsibility of their position, and strong in the confidence that they feel in the righteousness of their cause, are prepared to wage a winning fight against an opposition already panic-stricken. It is more than possible—it is even probable—that the House of Representatives to be elected in 1910 will be Democratic. With that Democratic body sending remedial measures to the Senate, the issues of 1912 will be clearly drawn, and the Republican party will be put on the defensive.

NEW LEADERS OF THE DEMOCRACY

With several new Democratic Governors in the States where the reform element is strongest, and with the prospect of a Democratic Congress to formulate the issues of 1912, there is every reason to believe that a number of strong leaders will be developed, and that from these a Democratic candidate can be selected who, by the aid of events and with a united party behind him, can win a national victory for Democracy and inaugurate the reforms, the advocacy of which has given to the Democratic party its wonderful vitality and its increasing strength.

The heart of the Democratic party is sound; the spirit of the masses in the party is unbroken. There is, to be sure, certain work necessary to be done, but it is work that is possible and work which is quite certain to be done.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPERS NEEDED

First, the organization of Democratic clubs—there ought to be a permanent Democratic club in every county, especially in the contested States. These clubs should circulate literature and encourage discussion.

Second, there ought to be a Democratic paper in every county, especially in the States which are pivotal. Weekly papers can be started with but little expense; they furnish the largest amount of literature at the lowest price, and there are few communities in which the Democrats are so poor that they cannot establish a Democratic weekly. As soon as these Democratic weeklies get the Democratic voters educated up to the importance of subscribing for Democratic dailies, it will be possible to increase the number of dailies in the great cities, and thus give to the party a newspaper representation which will enable it to present its principles and its policies to the public.

No one need for a moment think that the Democratic party is dead, or doubt that the Republican party will find in it an adversary worthy to be considered. It is the reform party of the country; and it not only stands for reforms, but is strong enough to give to the reformer a reasonable prospect of seeing his hopes realized. The stars in their courses are fighting for Democracy, not only here, but everywhere, and by fidelity to Democratic principles and to the people—whose only hope of securing justice is to be found in the application of Democratic principles to every department of government—the Democratic party will earn a victory, and, earning, will win it.

LIBERTY OF SERVICE

THOSE sturdy souls who won our liberties
Devised them not for an ignoble ease,
But in their wise humanity designed
An equal chance for all to serve mankind.

John M. Woods

SECRETARY KNOX, THE HEAD OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

THERE is no premier in the Cabinet of an American President, but the Secretary of State is traditionally regarded as ranking his colleagues, and is commonly referred to as premier. The post has become increasingly important, as the foreign relations of the United States have grown in complexity, and the fact has been forced upon the nation that in a world shrunk to a mere neighborhood, and that neighborhood much given to the "swapping" habit, isolation is impossible. So, with a succession of such men as Evarts, Gresham, Olney, and Root at the head of the foreign office, it has come to be esteemed peculiarly the place for the great lawyer of the administration. The fact that it has so often been occupied by the overshadowing legal brain of the Cabinet has no doubt much to raise the post to the dignity of real premiership.

Elihu Root, the last occupant of the office, was recently described by a member of the Senate as "the greatest legal mind that has been applied to the problems of government in this nation since Alexander Hamilton." And with that characterization of the outgoing premier in mind, Philander Chase Knox may well be labeled a peculiarly worthy successor.

KNOX AS ATTORNEY-GENERAL

Knox is, first of all, a lawyer loyal to the law. When he was invited into the McKinley Cabinet, he was head of a great law firm in Pittsburgh. It is not true, as widely believed, that he had been attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Standard Oil Company; but he had been employed by the Carnegie Steel Company, and was a corporation lawyer. When he was invited to change

clients, he wanted to know what would be expected of him. He told President McKinley just what he thought about the great combinations which were then being formed in vast numbers, and with capitalizations whose significance was as far beyond the grasp of an old-fashioned business man as astronomical distances are beyond the ken of a township road-supervisor. He said that he regarded them as involving serious dangers, and believed some of them to be in violation of the law. He would not care to be Attorney-General unless he were free to apply his own judgment to the problems presented by these huge creations. He thought he could check their perilous tendencies; he was sure it ought to be done. Would President McKinley wish an Attorney-General with that policy in mind?

McKinley took him at his own terms. A few months later, when Roosevelt came to the White House, Knox again explained his views and insisted on knowing whether, if he accepted the new President's invitation to remain in the Cabinet, he would be expected to follow the policy he had mapped out. Again he was accepted, and again the policy outlined by him, in his loyalty to the law and to his client, became the policy of the administration.

The policy thus imposed on two administrations as a condition of his service has done much to give the key-note to the whole national movement of economic and political thought to this day.

The Northern Securities litigation was the big, distinguishing, spectacular achievement of the Knox régime in the government law-office. It breathed the breath of life back into a moribund statute that had become a byword. But it

was only one of the great works of Knox as legal adviser. When Congress and the administration were hopelessly entangled with the problem of getting a cable across the Pacific, Knox took up the question, and got, in effect, a government cable without a cent of cost.

charges, and has contracted, in the event of a foreign war, to make it an exclusive government affair.

KNOX AND THE PANAMA PURCHASE

Vastly the greatest business task of Knox was the legal management of



PHILANDER CHASE KNOX, OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO IS TO BE SECRETARY OF STATE
IN THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT TAFT

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

He made a contract with a private corporation which laid the cable and gives the government the use of it at its own rates, protects the public against over-

the Panama Canal purchase. A more complicated proposition could hardly be imagined. The French government, the old company of the Comte

de Lesseps, the new French corporation, the Colombian government, the Panama government, the various treaties, the sensibilities of our own high-strung Senate—these and innumerable other aspects were hopelessly tangled. The problem was to get the canal at a fair price, with

the President, assuming that the Attorney-General would engage some great firm of lawyers as experts in the work.

"As it's the first big piece of work since I came in, I have decided to do it myself," replied Knox.

He handled the entire transaction in



MRS. PHILANDER CHASE KNOX (FORMERLY MISS LILLIE SMITH, OF PITTSBURGH), WHO WILL BE THE LEADING CABINET HOSTESS OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

a good title, and without domestic scandal or international friction.

"Whom are you going to engage for this work on the canal transfer?" asked

person, sending an assistant to Paris to get together the necessary mass of material. When all was ready, the Attorney-General himself went to Paris to

make the final examination. He was there just six days, and completed the work. He dictated his opinion on the voyage back, holding that it was possible to get a good title, and that the price was fair. That was the longest step in the transaction.

There is a good story of the bill of expenses for this legal task, which might easily have netted Mr. Knox, in private practise, half a million dollars. The bill having been sent to the State Department for audit, there was great amazement at the law-office's apparent carelessness about figures. Mr. Knox was called up.

"Isn't there some mistake about this Panama legal expense bill?"

"How so?" inquired Mr. Knox.

"Clerk must have dropped a cipher or two off the figures. It reads thirty-nine hundred and some odd dollars."

"Well, that's the bill," replied Mr. Knox.

It represented, in the main, tolls paid for cablegrams. When the entire transaction was finished, some months later, and the United States owned the canal, the whole legal costs for the fifty-million-dollar deal were a trifle under eight thousand dollars.

KNOX AND THE RAILROADS

Knox did one piece of work which earned him the affections of railroad employees all over the country, and incidentally established a most important precedent, which has since been followed in some notable cases. The railroad safety-appliance act was attacked in the Johnson case, and some of the best railroad lawyers in the country were putting forth their utmost energies to overturn the law. Mr. Knox pawed over his books for a spell, and concluded to try an experiment.

He filed for the government a petition in intervention, setting up that the law was of great importance, and that the government desired to be heard on the constitutional question. When the time came, the Attorney-General went in person, made the constitutional argument, and won. The law was saved after the courts below had rendered opinions which, if not reversed, would have utterly demolished it. That act has meant

the saving of the lives of many thousands of railroad employees.

But this is no place for a catalogue of cases. Mr. Knox had become Senator from Pennsylvania—his native State, by the way—in 1904, filling the vacancy caused by the death of the late Senator Quay. This was before the issue of railroad rate regulation had been written high above all others by President Roosevelt. Two years before he became Senator, however, he set forth in a speech his view of the legislation which must be had to cure the evils of overcapitalization, discrimination, monopoly, and irresponsibility. That speech reads to-day like a prophecy of the Dolliver-Hepburn law.

A few weeks before the opening of the session which passed that act, Knox made another speech, at Pittsburgh, in which he laid down the constitutional and legal principles that were afterward followed in drafting it, and even suggested the substantive propositions in administrative regulation. Senator Dolliver, when the famous constitutional debate on that measure had reached its height, declared that its framers had been guided in their work by the Knox speech at Pittsburgh. And when at last the bill passed and became law, it still carried more of the Knox ideas than of any other man's.

KNOX IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

The lawyer who put teeth into the nation-wide protest against multiplication of capitalization and concentration of control; who helped to frame the rate legislation in safe and constitutional form; who bought the Panama Canal; and who may fairly be called the working lawyer of Rooseveltism, is now going to take a new client. Doubtless, to his student's mind, the tender of the foreign portfolio was especially attractive, simply because it opened a new field of study, investigation, and development. His training has been peculiarly calculated to fit him for the position; not because it has had to do with the particular problems of international relationship, but because it has given him the poise and confidence which, guiding the activities of a logical and analytical mind, will assure success in the manifold and

multiplying duties that fall to the head of the State Department.

Knox as Secretary of State will be, as ever, loyal to his client. He will always know his case before he goes to court. He will not make the mistakes of brilliant, dashing irresponsibility, nor will he on the other side fall into the error of overcaution and lack of originality and initiative. A foreign war is exceedingly unlikely while Knox is chief of state, though it is by no means impossible because of his chieftaincy. The point is that if it should come, it would be very sure to find the United States in the right before the world, and with a record of having exhausted every honorable means to preserve peace before drawing the sword.

THE PERSONALITY OF KNOX

People who don't know the man well have a notion that Senator Knox has no sense of humor. They are in error. His bearing, it is true, is that of dignity and thoughtfulness, and the record of his career proves that he is the student in the best sense of the word. They say that Knox stands for the law, and for nothing else; that he is a proposition in pure intellect; a mental machine, well oiled and working perfectly on its bearings; that behind the face which commonly is as immobile as a mask, as clear-cut as a piece of statuary, and which bears for all the world the expression of a monk, there is no human element.

Again they are mistaken. Senator Knox most decidedly has humor, and humanity, and sympathies. Real red blood flows in his veins, and on occasion—not infrequent occasion, either—he warms into the most sympathetic of men. He likes to entertain his friends, and to indulge discursive conversations on topics in which he is interested. And his interests cover no mean range. He knows history and literature, and is, in short, not a man of narrow view and corre-

sponding intensity, but one of wide culture and information.

His memory is a wonder to those who know him best. He has one faculty, and he is proud of it, which marks him the politician, though it is not primarily an acquired one—he always remembers people, their names and faces. About the Capitol he invariably speaks to everybody—guards, policemen, elevator attendants, employees, all exchange a morning greeting with him, and always are called by name. It is said that when he had been a Senator for one session, he knew more people about the big pile on Capitol Hill than most men who had occupied seats on the floor for a decade and a half.

When Knox was a member of the Cabinet under McKinley and Roosevelt, he was especially beloved by his colleagues for his evenness of temper and his cheery ways. He has a good faculty with a story; he always wants to wait another minute for the other fellow's story, and to match it with one of his own. He tells them well; "Knox's extra dry" is one of the labels under which his best ones circulate. The Knox story—which was sure to be fresh and apropos, and which was usually gleaned from the grist of workaday experience—became a regular institution of Cabinet gatherings, and other members came to recognize the obligation upon themselves to contribute in kind, with the result that the solemnity of the state council was always enlivened by the exchange of bits of incidental persiflage.

Senator Knox has a fine house on K Street in Washington, and a summer home that is the soul of comfort at historic Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. He is possessed of ample fortune to meet the fast increasing obligations which social custom imposes on the occupant of the position he will presently hold; and he will in every way live up to the best traditions of the American premiership.

PERSPECTIVE

IN youth the thought of life's meridian seems
The end of action and blithe-hearted dreams;
In middle age we see, through wistful hope,
The noonday lingering on the sunset slope.

William Hamilton Hayne

THE WORSHIPER

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

AUTHOR OF "THE JEALOUSY OF MRS. PETE," ETC.

"YOU'LL grow so tired of hearing about the Brass Cow that I don't believe you will stay long at Mrs. Pelham's. Hush—there she is now!"

The high box hedge prevented them from seeing the speaker, but an insistent voice was calling:

"Wait, Mannie! You've forgotten your rubbers and umbrella. Yes, I know it isn't raining, but there's a heavy cloud in the southeast."

"I didn't know there was a small boy," whispered Elizabeth.

Fanny Grant dimpled with suppressed mirth.

"Behold the little man!"

They had reached the gate, and Elizabeth caught a glimpse of a tall young fellow with a clear-cut chin, humorous gray eyes, and a kindly mouth.

"Don't come home if there's a storm; I'll send your luncheon."

"So that any hostile bolt of lightning can strike Eph instead of me? That would be much better."

"Certainly it would," assented his mother in all gravity. "Why, Fanny, is that you fumbling at the gate? It shows how long it is since you've been here. And this must be Miss Johnstone? I am delighted to have you with me. Let me introduce my son."

Something intangible in the way in which the little ceremony was performed made it seem as if it were a presentation at court. Elizabeth felt as if she were expected to curtsy backward, and was conscious that there was a mere quill on her hat instead of the prescribed ostrich-tips.

"Elizabeth has had a disagreeable trip. May she go straight to her room for repairs?" asked Fanny.

All hospitable regret that the girls had

already breakfasted, Mrs. Pelham started with them toward the house. As they reached the steps she stopped with an exclamation:

"If I didn't forget his rose! Your coming just then put it out of my mind. Brooke! Oh, Brooke!"

Her son turned back at the call, and Mrs. Pelham hurried down the walk, picking a bud by the way. As the girls watched her pin it to the lapel of his coat, Fanny exploded:

"Isn't it just like her to leave you standing on the threshold while she runs back to pin on that idiotic flower? Why, my child, if you had taken poison and she was rushing with the antidote, she would pause to cut the pages of the *Idol's* magazine!"

In the months that followed, Elizabeth Johnstone learned that Fanny's declaration was less extravagant than it sounded. There were times when Mrs. Pelham's immaculate home, attractive table, and the nominal price of board, hardly compensated for the atmosphere of incense. When Elizabeth had accepted a position in the graded school, she had written to ask Fanny Grant, an old schoolmate, to find a place for her to board. Brooke Pelham was frequently away on legal business, so it was necessary to have some one in the house with his mother during his absence. Mary Fenwick, who was the music-teacher at Elizabeth's school, had tried it the year before, but she had given up in despair.

"It got on my nerves," she explained to Elizabeth. "Why, once I chanced to ask for the back of a chicken, and you should have heard how reproachfully Mrs. Pelham said, 'That is Brooke's favorite part!' I can say his virtues forward and backward, as children learn to count."

"You should have cultivated cards instead of conversation," returned Elizabeth lightly. "Mrs. Pelham has the instinct for games, and we play five hundred, or whist, when Mr. Pelham brings in a fourth, and really have had pleasant evenings all winter."

"I suppose Mr. Pelham is called upon to settle any disputed point?" continued the other. "His opinion is the last court of appeal. One day last winter the book-club met with me, and we were discussing which was the greatest English novel. Just then Mr. Pelham came up the steps, and his mother called out: 'Oh, here's Brooke! He can tell you which one *is*.' He must have felt like a goose, for Fanny Grant was there."

"Is he in love with her?"

"He was. They corresponded while he was at the university and the law-school, but quarreled soon after he came home. Fanny told him that she would marry him if he would promise that his mother should never live with them, and he declared that he would die a bachelor rather than shelve his mother upon strangers; so there it ended."

"I suppose that is why Fanny never loses an opportunity of ridiculing him?" suggested Elizabeth.

"Probably," Mary Fenwick replied. "She used to call him the Golden Calf. A little cousin of hers heard her, went to Mrs. Pelham's, and politely asked: 'May I see your Brass Cow?' The nickname has clung to him ever since. I wonder if he minds it!"

The question was indirectly answered one evening at tea, when Mrs. Pelham asked:

"Aren't you going to eat any chocolate-cake, Mannie?"

Elizabeth caught the mute appeal of his glance.

"I didn't mean to say it," added his mother contritely. "Brooke is the queerest fellow about pet names, Miss Johnstone. When he was little, I used to call him Brookie, because his name seemed so short and sharp. The boys changed it to Brooklet; and one terrible day I was driving by the schoolhouse, and there was my poor child with his nose as big as a beet, and Will Strudwick with his eye like a damson-plum—I was glad of that!—because Will had made up some

silly rime about a pet streamlet, and Brooke had fought him for it. So I never called him Brookie again, for fear it would expose him to the temptation of fighting."

"But as I've never had a bruised nose because of Mannie, I guess mother will call me that until I am a graybeard," said her son good-humoredly.

Returning to the more serious matter, Mrs. Pelham repeated:

"Aren't you going to eat any cake, dear? I thought you liked it with chocolate in the batter?"

"So I do, mother; but I don't happen to be hungry to-night."

"Brooke, are you sick? Have you a headache? Have you caught cold? Have you been sitting in a draft?" in an anxious crescendo.

"I'm all right," he hastened to reassure her. "I believe I'll have a small piece of cake, after all."

Mrs. Pelham cut a wedge that a hungry tramp must have acknowledged to be generous. It was so evident that he was eating it because it was a vital concern to his mother and merely a matter of distaste to himself, that Elizabeth Johnstone's sympathy flashed into impetuous speech:

"I used to be sorry for the hen with one chicken; but as I observe more closely, my sympathy all belongs to the one chicken."

The humorous flash in Pelham's gray eyes responded to hers.

II

AFTER tea, Elizabeth went to her room with a bundle of papers to correct. It was the first warm night of spring; and when she had finished her task she was tempted by the thought of the small porch on the south of the house, embowered in a *Maréchal Niel* rose-vine. It was at the foot of the stairs, and on the opposite side of the house from Mrs. Pelham's bedroom.

As the girl stepped out on the piazza, Pelham arose from the hammock.

"Don't let me startle you," he said. "I have a stupid headache, and chess and cake having failed to cure it, I was lying here in the cool, sweet air. Do you like this rocker?"

"I sha'n't take it, unless you keep on

lying down in the hammock. I only came down for a moment to rest after tussling with the composition-papers. I need it. I read my class a simple account of the Sahara, and I wish you could see the information which is returned to me, from the boy who calls it 'Dessert of Sarah' to the little girl who declares, 'Camels bury their noses in the sand when they want to hide, and their feathers are used on Sunday hats.'"

"Tell me some more," demanded Pelham lazily.

Elizabeth shook her pretty head.

"By no means. That was accidental. Last September, when I began to teach school, I determined that to come to my work every day with fresh zest and interest, I must be a teacher only during school hours. The rest of the time I'm anything else—golf-player, plain-sewing woman, or even a lady of leisure with a new novel and a box of chocolates."

"This is the first time it has occurred to me, but I never have heard you mention the youngsters," reflected Pelham. Then he laughed with sudden remembrance. "That is why you squelched Mrs. Greeley! I was amused the other day when she marched up the front steps and began so belligerently: 'Miss Johnstone, the reason my poor little Bobby missed his spelling to-day—' 'Did Bobby miss his spelling to-day?' you inquired in so *déagé* a manner, lifting your eyes from your book with such innocent unconcern, that before the good lady could recover from your forgetting it, you had gone to let mother know she had a caller."

In spite of his laughing tone, Elizabeth could see that his forehead was wrinkled with pain.

"Let me bring you something I have." She went back to her room and returned with a vial. "I never have headaches; but my sister suffers with them, and she insisted on my bringing this along. Just rub your head with it. Mercy, no! Not that way—you'll get it in your eyes."

"Please!" he begged, holding the bottle toward her.

He looked like a big, helpless boy as he lay there, and she knew that he was unwilling to ask his mother's assistance because her nervous anxiety would be harder to bear than the headache. With

impulsive sympathy, she began with light, soft touches to bathe his hot brow. They were both silent, though once he drew a long breath of relief.

"How good it feels! How cool!"

When she slipped back up-stairs, her clock pointed accusing hands at the lateness of the hour.

The next day she felt ashamed of the good Samaritanism which had seemed so natural and so simple in the rose-trellised porch the night before. When Pelham brought a new book and a box of chocolates "for the lady of leisure," she felt that he was trying to repay her too forward courtesy, and she thanked him charmingly—and carefully avoided a *tête-à-tête*.

During the following fortnight, being a woman, she saw that he laid divers traps for her—to hunt for the first red fruit in the strawberry-bed, to look at the pink-and-white glory of the orchard, or to enjoy the golden fragrance of the Maréchal Niels on the south piazza. It was there that he detained her one morning after breakfast. His mother had been fretting inconsolably at what she declared to be his run-down condition, and had appealed to Miss Johnstone for confirmation.

"I have noticed that Mr. Pelham seems preoccupied," Elizabeth had admitted, and then had blushed because she had observed him closely enough to detect it.

"May I tell you about it?" he asked. "I want your good wishes. Since leaving the bench, Judge Alexander has returned here to practise law. He is one of the best lawyers we have ever had in the State, and to be associated with him would mean everything in my future. He is thinking of taking a junior partner, and Will Strudwick and myself are among those who have applied for the place. I have an appointment with him to-day. Do wish me luck!"

Before she could reply, Mrs. Pelham's voice was heard calling:

"Dearie! Boysie! Oh, there you are!"

As his mother fastened the inevitable rose on his lapel, Elizabeth said:

"England has made the rose seem the symbol of victory."

In the trite words Brooke read her

meaning that she desired his success, and he listened absently to his mother's questions about his physical symptoms. Later on, he regretted that he had not fully allayed her anxiety.

Pelham was seated in Judge Alexander's office, reading in the elder man's courteous and non-committal sentences that his hopes were futile. Brooke was the youngest of the aspirants; and the judge, a man of judicious silence and iron self-control, dreaded the impetuosity and uncertainty of youth.

A knock at the outer door was followed by the hurried entrance of Mrs. Pelham.

"Good morning, judge! Brooke, dear, I went to your office, and was told you were here. I've been so anxious about you. I felt you ought to begin taking your tonic right away, so I drove down to get it."

She produced from a hand-bag a bottle of dark liquid, poured out a tablespoonful, and offered it to her son. He swallowed it without protest, but worse was to follow. From a little jar of preserves she extracted a strawberry.

"Here, darling, eat this to take the taste out. That tonic is so bitter!"

"I don't object to it in the least, mother."

"Yes, you do; you always complain about taking medicine. You surely can't mind eating a strawberry before Judge Alexander—a friend of your father's, who has known you ever since you were born! Brooke is just a baby to us, isn't he, judge? Here, dear, please take the preserves. I can't bear to think of your having that bitter taste in your mouth all this time!"

She extended the fork with its berry; and as Brooke ate it, the judge saw the deep red creep under the tan of his skin. He guessed how intolerably humiliating it was to the young fellow to be treated as a baby before the very person with whom he wished to associate as man to man.

"Good morning, Judge Alexander," said Brooke, his voice pleasant and controlled. "I think we have about finished our conversation, and I'll see mother to her carriage."

Looking from the office-window, the judge saw Brooke helping Mrs. Pelham

into the old-fashioned carriage, standing bareheaded while his mother chatted to him. From her happy and unconscious expression, the judge knew she did not dream how she had mortified her son.

"What would be the use of his telling her?" mused the man, who had known Mrs. Pelham all her life. "She would not understand. She would do the same thing again, but change the kind of preserves. But what dignity, what quiet mastery of himself that boy showed! I might do worse—I might do much worse."

And that was why, to his incredible delight, Brooke Pelham received that afternoon a brief note from the judge formally offering him the position as junior partner.

III

WHEN Pelham returned home, he was disappointed to find that Elizabeth was not there. He had forgotten it was the evening of the school commencement, while she felt piqued that he had not come back in time to escort her. She determined to punish him; and on her return, when she caught the light of his cigar on the front porch, she came in by the south piazza and went up-stairs to her room.

Her satisfaction at the success of her ruse began to give place to curiosity as to the outcome of his interview with Judge Alexander. Perhaps he had been refused, and was in need of sympathy. It was silly to have avoided him like a sulky child.

Mrs. Pelham tapped at her door.

"I just wanted to be sure you were here. Brooke didn't wish to lock up, and declared you hadn't come in. If you're packing, will you try to make as little noise with your trays as possible? You know Boy's room is right across from yours, and I do want him to get a good night's rest. In fact, you had better finish packing in the morning, as I wouldn't have him kept awake for anything. Good night!"

Distinctly exasperated, Miss Johnstone let the lid of her trunk fall with a vicious thud.

"I believe I'll drop something on the floor every hour during the night. I have to leave early in the morning, but

she is perfectly willing for me to rise at dawn to pack rather than have her son disturbed. It's enough to make him selfish as a pig! And yet, somehow, he isn't selfish at all," she added with quick justice.

Presently a Maréchal Niel rose came through the open window, and another, and another. She leaned over the casement, only to receive a soft pelting of petals from a full-blown one which broke against her hair. She could not see Pelham, but she could hear his laugh. A swift wish to see him, to talk to him, possessed her; and the silent yellow missiles continued to beg her to come to the piazza where they grew, until they prevailed with her.

"Just to stop the slaughter of the innocents," she explained. "The poor, pretty things, to be beheaded so!"

"They died gloriously—they brought you." He caught her hands and led her toward the hammock. "You'll have to share this with me. All the porch chairs are on the front piazza, in requisition for the sewing-circle this afternoon."

"Oh, I can't stay more than just a minute. I'm ashamed to have you see me like this!"

"This" was a wholly delectable *négligée*, in which she looked so girlish and so sweet that Brooke caught his breath. He had not released the protesting hands, and he drew her beside him in the hammock.

"You *must!*" she said.

"I *can't!*" he returned. "The harder I struggle to let them go, the dearer and littler and softer they feel. I want them so! I want you so!"

"I am sorry to disoblige you," Elizabeth was beginning primly, when an ominous call floated on the air.

"Are you on the porch, dearie? I thought I heard the hammock creaking. Don't smoke any longer—tobacco is so bad for your heart!"

They listened with strained ears for the sound of the closing of her door. It did not come, and they finally decided that Mrs. Pelham had purposely left it open to hear when her recreant son went to bed.

"Mercy, how can I get up-stairs?" Elizabeth, perforce, must whisper very close to Brooke's ear. "These high-

heeled slippers make such a clatter! With her door open she will certainly hear that there are two people going up-stairs; and she came to my room and specially asked me not to keep you awake."

"It isn't later than twelve," he whispered consolingly, his lips, in turn, so close to the pretty ear that a tendril of curl brushed them.

"But if your mother sees me in this *négligée* she will think it so—so informal! I *must* get up-stairs; but how can I?"

"I'll show you," he whispered, suddenly rising and picking her up as easily as if she were a child. "I'll be as impersonal as an elevator." Then, from the foot of the stairs, he called out: "Good night, mother! I'm going up now. Pleasant dreams!"

In the deep darkness there stole over the girl a strange new sense of peace, of security, as those strong arms bore her so gently. He paused at her door, delaying the relinquishment of his burden.

"If there was only another flight of stairs!" he groaned.

Judge Alexander had been struck by Brooke Pelham's self-control; but there are limits, when one is young and the month is May, and the girl you love is in your arms—though merely as a matter of convenience.

"Did you fasten the back door?" called an anxious voice. "I'm sure I heard something click!"

"It must have been the opening of the gates of Eden, mother, for I've fastened everything."

There was a ring of boyish gladness in the speaker's voice that made his mother think:

"Already that tonic is doing Brooke good!"

As her son sat by his window, too deeply happy for sleep, he thought of Fanny Grant, of the superficiality and selfishness which he had seen clearly since the glamour of his youthful infatuation had passed.

"If it had not been for mother, we might have been married now," he realized with a shiver of repugnance. "May I never forget that it was because of her that Fanny and I did not make the mistake of our lives!" Then the image of

Elizabeth drove away all disagreeable memories. "And it was through mother that I have had you in my arms to-night, sweetheart!"

IV

MRS. BROOKE PELHAM seated herself on her favorite south piazza. She caught the sound of a caller's voice in the sitting-room.

"If it's Mary Fenwick, I won't let her know I'm here," she thought, as she settled comfortably in a corner where she could watch the baby-carriage in which her son was taking his midday nap. "Why, she is talking about me! The way of the eavesdropper is hard."

"You don't mean to say that your daughter-in-law puts all the housekeeping on you?"

If Mrs. Pelham caught the implied criticism, there was no trace of it in her tranquil reply.

"Yes—she is so unselfish! She knows I've kept house here so long it would be a trial to me to change my ways, so she has stepped into the place of a real daughter."

"She seems to have an easy time. I heard Fanny Grant Strudwick say that young Mrs. Pelham spent most of her time taking the baby out driving."

"I think the baby's perfect health is due to the fact that Elizabeth keeps him

in the open air almost all day long. Will Strudwick has not been so fortunate as Brooke," returned Mrs. Pelham placidly. "I hope Elizabeth will have increasing leisure as the years go by. She certainly deserves it. 'The sweetest woman that e'er drew breath is my son's wife, Elizabeth.'"

A mist dimmed the eavesdropper's eyes. Before her marriage she had dreaded the prospect of having to burn perpetual incense before Brooke in order to satisfy his mother. And lo, she had found the burner lighted, with a new fire of tenderness, before herself! Brooke's wife was everything which was best in woman—his mother could not imagine him caring for anything less.

The crowning joy of life had come to the elder Mrs. Pelham in the advent of the little boy. She learned that the world is gentle to age; that while it bores the average person to hear a mother talk about her children, it is forgiven—nay, it is even expected—in a grandparent. Outsiders listened sympathetically to the latest developments of the baby's vocabulary; and two eager young people drank in every word, and enthusiastically agreed with her, when she declared her grandson wonderfully good and surpassingly clever.

At last the Worshiper had found an audience!

THE HOME OF THE HEART

I'm out in the garden, green and dusk,
Enrapt in its perfume, rose and musk;
But down the path is my waiting home,
Where elms clasp hands 'neath the starlit dome,
And sweet is the peace in their shadow.

A light gleams out from the lattice, bright,
Calling me in from the song of night
Where insects hum; and a whippoorwill
Cries, and the soul of the dark's athrill—
I'm alone in the garden's shadow.

So come back, part of me, from the wild!
Hasten, thou heart of me, wander-child;
My steps go down to the house of white;
I shut out the garden, leave the night,
For one waits me there in love's shadow!

Edith Livingston Smith



CZAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA SHOOTING ON HIS COUNTRY ESTATE AT EUXINOGRAD

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

THE NEW CZAR—FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

TWENTY-TWO years ago the throne of Bulgaria was vacant.

A committee of the Sobranje, or Bulgarian parliament, was despatched in search of some eligible person who would be willing to become the reigning prince of what was known as "the Peasant State." This deputation found that it had no easy task. The younger princes of many royal houses were approached, but not one of them cared to be Prince of Bulgaria. They would not listen to the deputation.

Nor was this surprising. Bulgaria had not very long before won a sort of

semi-independence. It was still tributary to Turkey, while Russia was unfriendly to it. The last prince, Alexander of Battenberg, had even been kidnaped in his palace by Russian emissaries and hurried away across the frontier because he had tried to make his country something more than a pawn in the game which Russia was playing in the Balkan states.

Therefore, the younger royal highnesses of Europe, the grand dukes—and even men of lower rank—were by no means eager candidates for a throne which was set amid a sort of political



CROWN PRINCE BORIS OF
BULGARIA

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

bramble-bush. When Alexander of Battenberg consented to accept the Bulgarian crown, eight years before, Bismarck had cynically said to the young German prince:

"Take it. It will always be to you an interesting reminiscence."

There seemed now to be no one willing to subject himself to violence and possible assassination on the mere chance of securing material for "an interesting reminiscence"; and the deputation of the Sobranje had practically given up all hope of inducing any one to become their

prince. On their way homeward they stopped for a day or two in Vienna. There, one evening, while sitting in a beer-garden, they met an Austrian nobleman whom they knew. They told him the story of their quest, whereupon he turned around and pointed to a youth of twenty-four who was sitting at a table in the beer-hall.

"There," said the Austrian, "is the very man you want. He is Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. His grandfather was King Louis Philippe of France, and he himself is the cousin



PRINCE CYRIL OF BULGARIA, YOUNGER SON OF CZAR FERDINAND

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

of almost every crowned head in Europe. The Emperor of Austria likes him, and the Czar will not object to him. Moreover, he is a man of great wealth, and

graphic message to the man who was really the master of their little state. This was Stepan Stambouloff, then and afterward known as "the Bismarck of



CZAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA, WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, FORMERLY PRINCESS ELEONORE OF REUSS-KÖSTRITZ, AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, THE PRINCESSES EUDOXIA AND NADEJDA, WHO ARE THE CHILDREN OF HIS FIRST WIFE

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

he will know how to deal with a people such as yours."

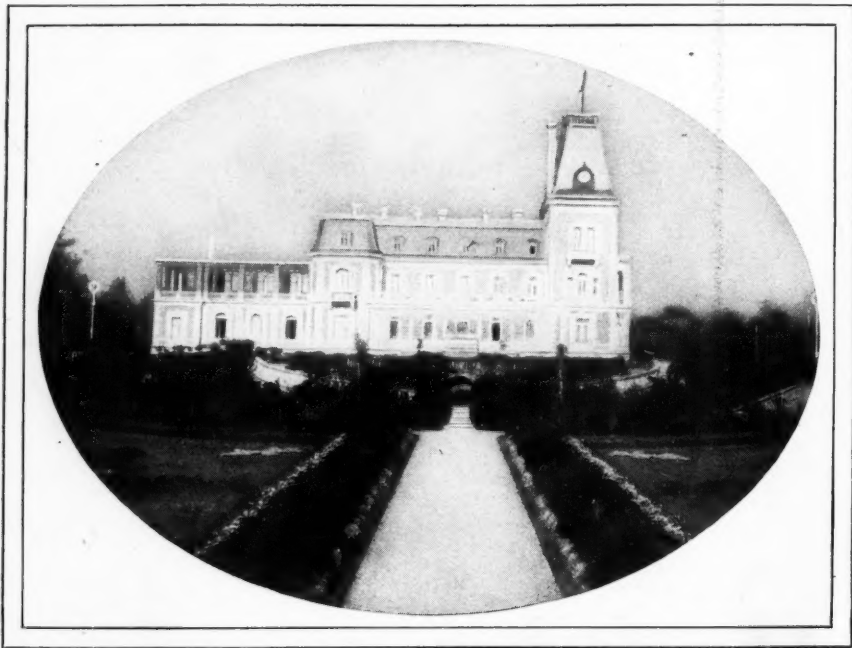
So it happened that next morning, after conferring with the Austrian chancellor, the commissioners sent a tele-

Bulgaria." Stambouloff was a rough peasant in his manners. He could be cruel, harsh, and even savage; but he loved his country, and was honest to the core. With his approval, Ferdinand of

Coburg was elected Prince of Bulgaria in 1887.

Ferdinand's mother, the Princess Clémentine, daughter of the French king Louis Philippe, was a woman of great tact and energy. She flitted from court to court, and tried to win the favor of the great powers for her son. She suc-

theless, the Bulgarian people are mainly of the Greek faith, and the Czar of Russia would not recognize the new ruler unless the heir to the principality adopted that religion. So, in 1896, Prince Boris, who was then but two years old, was baptized into the Orthodox Greek Church, much to the distress



THE CHÂTEAU OF EUXINOGRAD, CZAR FERDINAND'S COUNTRY-SEAT ON THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

ceeded so far that none of them molested him, even though they declined to give him formal recognition. And so he went on his way, ruling his turbulent state with skill and tact, and waiting for the time when he should be something more than prince.

In 1893 he married Marie Louise, the eldest daughter of Duke Robert of Parma, by whom he had four children—two sons, Boris and Cyril, and two daughters, Eudoxia and Nadejda. In marrying, Prince Ferdinand, who was himself a Catholic, solemnly promised that his children should be reared as Catholics. This, in fact, was an essential condition, without which his bride would not have accepted him. Never-

—and even anguish—of his mother, but to the great satisfaction of the Bulgarian people and of the Czar. Russia almost immediately recognized Prince Ferdinand as a lawful ruler, as did likewise the other great powers of Europe, including Turkey. The Princess Marie Louise died three years later in giving birth to her youngest daughter.

A SUCCESSFUL INTRIGUER

Ferdinand of Bulgaria was well fitted to play the difficult part assigned to him. Although descended from the royal family of old France, he bore a curious likeness to the third Napoleon—a likeness which he has partly disguised by wearing a full beard. His nose, how-

ever, is the nose of Napoleon III, and caricaturists have amused themselves with it ever since his coronation. He has much also of the intriguing spirit and *finesse* of the man whom he resembles. By these qualities he has managed not only to hold his throne, but to gain full independence for Bulgaria.

In the course of his reign he has steadily aimed at one end, to secure which he has sacrificed everything and every one that blocked his path. First of all, he threw over the stanch and stalwart Stambouloff, and became subservient to Russia. Stambouloff, with a peasant's rudeness, thereupon began a campaign in the press against the prince and princess, shocking in its indiscretion and vulgarity. This ended, however, when the former premier was assassinated in the streets of Sofia. It is characteristic of a country still half oriental that the principal assassin, one Michael Stavreff, should have been perfectly well known as the murderer, and yet should not have been punished, or even arrested, until seven years after the crime which he committed.

Since then Prince Ferdinand has gone on his way—a somewhat devious way, yet not more so, perhaps, than that of statesmen like Cavour or Bismarck. A little more than a year ago he married for the second time, his bride being the Princess Eleonore of Reuss-Köstritz. This lady, to speak quite frankly, possessed neither youth nor beauty, but it is understood that she brought Ferdinand a goodly dowry. She was a daughter of the late Prince Henry IV, one of the innumerable princelings of the many-branched House of Reuss.

In December last, during the general upheaval in the Balkans, the opportunity came to Ferdinand to execute the coup which undoubtedly had long been the object of his ambition and the goal of his diplomacy. Simultaneously with the annexation by Austria of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, he proclaimed his country's entire independence of the suzerainty of the Sultan. The Sobranje joined with him in declaring Bulgaria a kingdom, with Ferdinand as czar. This was not, as many have supposed, an arrogant assumption of a new and pompous title.

It was a reversion to what Bulgaria had been in the tenth century. At that time the Bulgarians, revolting from the Byzantine Empire, established a new realm, of which the capital was the ancient city of Tirnova. Bulgaria became a powerful state, extending to the Adriatic as well as to the Black Sea, and its chief ruler, Symeon, was crowned as czar. Thus Ferdinand's title is historic, and revives the ancient glories of Bulgaria.

BULGARIA AND ITS PEOPLE

The Bulgarian people were originally a race of invaders from the East, akin to the Finns and the Huns; but they long ago became amalgamated with a Slavic population, whose language they now speak. They are hardy, industrious, and honest; and they have shown themselves sturdy in war, both against the Turks, and in 1885 against the Servians. The country is not rich, but its resources are being rapidly developed; so that, after the new sovereign shall have been recognized by the powers of Europe, there is no reason why his country should not take rank with other European states of the second class.

Czar Ferdinand's royal palace is at Sofia; but his favorite residence is that of Euxinograde, situated on the Black Sea. There he spends much of his time amid some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The palace is surrounded by a wonderful park, on whose edges the sea splashes, affording a combination of landscape and seascape such as can be rarely found elsewhere.

The home life of the royal family is simple enough. Ferdinand is passionately devoted to botany and arboriculture, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to roam about his forests, collecting rare plants and observing the stately trees. Neither he nor his wife enjoys living at Sofia. By the fundamental law of the state, the ruler must permanently reside within his own dominions, but with that proviso he is free to fix his personal abode where he pleases. Therefore, it is only for official functions, and for a few months of the year, that he forsakes Euxinograde with its simple fêtes and domestic attractions for his rather unprepossessing residence in the Bulgarian capital.

THE WHITE SISTER*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET,"
"THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

SUDDEN and terrible misfortune has overtaken Angela Chiaromonte. Her father, the head of an old Roman house, has been killed in a street accident; and the dead man's sister-in-law, the Marchesa del Prato, has told the young girl that she is not her father's legitimate daughter, and will not inherit a penny of the family estate. It appears that in the controversy between church and state in Italy, the prince was so devoted an adherent of the papal cause that he refused to be married by civil ceremony, and to register his daughter's birth as required by the government regulations. In consequence, it is true that in the eye of the law she is illegitimate. The *marchesa*—who hates Angela because she herself had desired the late prince for a husband, and had made a loveless match with his younger brother when the elder Chiaromonte married another—follows up this disclosure by warning her niece that she need expect no help from the family, and by recommending her to apply to one of the two convents on which her dead father had lavished money.

Angela has two friends—Giovanni Severi, a young officer whom she loves and hopes to marry, and Mme. Bernard, her old French governess; and the latter takes the girl to her own lodging. Severi is anxious to marry her as soon as possible; and as he has no income beyond his pay, he tells her that he will leave the army and enter civil life, in which, being a skilled engineer, he counts on finding remunerative work. Angela, however, makes him promise to wait a month before resigning.

Before the month passes, Severi is ordered to join a surveying-expedition on the Red Sea coast—a service of some difficulty and danger. He wishes to refuse the commission; but when he goes to Mme. Bernard's to see Angela, the girl tells him that it is a call of duty, which he cannot honorably decline. He therefore sails for Africa, and a few weeks later the news comes that his party has met hostile natives and has been exterminated. For a time Angela is stunned by this new and crushing disaster. When she finds relief for her sorrow, it is by working in the convent hospital of Santa Giovanna d'Aza. She shows aptitude for nursing, and applies for admission to the convent as a novice. The mother superior tells her that if she has a sincere and lasting desire to become a nun, she may enter upon her novitiate at once.

X (continued)

"I AM ready," Angela replied.

"Very well," returned the mother superior. "I have only one piece of advice to give you, and perhaps I shall remind you of it often, for it was given to me very late, and I should have been the better for it. Try to remember what I tell you."

"I will remember, mother."

"It is this—count your failures, but not your successes. You cannot surprise God by the amount of good you do. There are girls who enter upon the novitiate just as hard-working students go up for an examination, hoping to aston-

ish their examiners by the amount they know. That is well enough at the university, but it is all wrong in religion. Work how you will, you cannot be perfect; and if you were, you could only be what God made man before sin came. Each student is trying to beat all the others, and one succeeds. We are not trying to outdo one another; there are no marks in our examination, and there is no competition. We are working together to save life in a world where millions die for want of care. To do less than the best we can is failure, for each of us, and the best we can all do together is very little compared with all there is to be done. Faith, hope, and

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charity are all we have to help us, all we can ask of Heaven. Believe, hope, and help others while you live, and all will go well hereafter, never fear! Not to help, not to believe, not to hope, even during one moment, is to fail in that moment. Where the sun is light, it is easy to count the dark places, but not the light itself. That is what I mean, my daughter, when I say, keep account of your failures, but not of your successes. Try to remember it."

"Indeed I will," Angela answered.

She went back to her work, and the mother superior's words thereafter became the rule of her life; but she was not sent for again to listen to a lecture on vanity; and the small White Volcano was inclined to think that it had made a mistake in breaking out, and inwardly offered a conditional apology.

XI

ANGELA worked hard, and made such progress that before the two years of her novitiate were over Dr. Pieri said openly that she was the best surgical nurse in the hospital, and one of the best for ordinary illnesses, considering how limited her experience had been. The nursing of wounds is more mechanical than the nursing of a fever, for instance, and can be sooner learned by a beginner, where the surgeon himself is always at hand. On the other hand, the value of surgical nursing depends on relative perfection of detail and rigorous adherence to the set rules of prophylaxis, whereas other nursing often requires that judgment which only experience can give. Surgery is a fine art that has reached a high degree of development in the treatment of facts, about which good surgeons are generally right. A great deal of noise is made over surgeons' occasional mistakes, which are advertised by their detractors, but we hear little of their steady and almost constant success. Medicine, on the other hand, must very often proceed by guesswork; but for that very reason it covers up its defects more anxiously, and is more inclined to talk loudly of its victories. Every great physician admits that a good deal of his science is psychological; and psychology deals with the unknown, or with what is only partially knowable.

This explains why Angela was a better nurse in surgical cases than in ordinary illnesses after she had been two years in training; and that circumstance is connected with what happened to her later.

In most respects she changed very little, so far as any one could see. No one in the convent knew how she hoped against all reason, during those two years, that Giovanni might yet be heard of, though there was not the least ground for supposing that he could have escaped when all the others had perished. Indeed, while she still hoped, she felt that it was very foolish; and when she had a long talk with Monsignor Saracinesca before taking the veil, she did not even speak of such a possibility.

She had long ago decided that she would take the veil at the expiration of the two years, but she wished to define her position clearly to the three persons whom she cared for and respected most. These were Mme. Bernard, Monsignor Saracinesca, and the mother superior—three people whose characters were as different as it would have been possible to pick out among the acquaintance of a lifetime.

Angela asked permission to go with Mme. Bernard to the cemetery of San Lorenzo, where a monument marked the grave of those who had fallen in the expedition. It was a large square pillar of dark marble, surmounted by a simple bronze cross. On the four sides there were bronze tablets, on which were engraved the names of the officers and men, and that of Giovanni Severi was second, for he had been the second in command.

No one was near, and Angela knelt down upon the lowest of the three steps that formed the base. After a moment Mme. Bernard knelt beside her. The novice's eyes were fixed on the bronze tablet, and her lips did not move. Her companion watched her furtively, expecting to see some sign of profound emotion, or of grief controlled, or at least the shadow of a quiet sadness. But there was nothing, and after two or three minutes Angela rose deliberately, went up the remaining steps, and pressed her lips upon the first letters of Giovanni's name. She turned and descended the steps with a serene expression, as Mme. Bernard got up from her knees.

"Death was jealous of me," Angela said.

She had never heard of Erinna; she did not know that a maiden poetess had made almost those very words immortal in one lovely, broken line that has come down to us from five and twenty centuries ago. In the Everlasting Return they fell again from a maiden's lips, but they roused no response. Mme. Bernard took them for a bit of girlish sentiment, and scarcely heeded them, while she wondered at Angela's calmness.

They walked back slowly along the straight way between the tombs.

"I loved him living and I love him dead," said the young novice slowly. "He cannot come back to me, but I some day may go to him."

"Yes," answered Mme. Bernard without conviction.

The next world had always seemed very vague to her; and, besides, poor Giovanni had been a soldier, and she knew something of military men, and wondered where they went when they died.

"You are a very good woman," Angela continued, following her own train of thought. "Do you think it is wrong for a nun to love a dead man?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little Frenchwoman in some surprise. "How can one love a man who is dead? It is impossible; consequently it is not wrong."

Angela looked at her quickly, and then walked on.

"There is no such thing as death," she said.

It was Filmore Durand's odd speech that had come back to her often during two years; when she repeated it to herself she saw his portrait of Giovanni, which still hung in Mme. Bernard's sitting-room, and presently it was not a picture seen in memory, but Giovanni himself.

Mme. Bernard shrugged her shoulders and smiled vaguely.

"Death is a fact," she said prosaically. "It is the reason why we cannot live forever."

The reason was not convincing to Angela; but as she saw no chance of being understood, she went back to the starting-point.

"Then you do not think it can possibly be wrong for a nun to love some one who is dead?" she asked, her tone turning the statement into a question.

"Of course not," cried the governess almost impatiently. "You might as well think yourself in love with his tombstone, and then fancy it a sin!"

So one of Angela's three friends had answered her question very definitely. The answer was not worthless, because Mme. Bernard was a very honest, matter-of-fact woman; on the contrary, it represented a practical opinion, and that is always worth having, though the view it defines may be limited.

Angela did not try to explain further what she had meant, and Mme. Bernard always avoided subjects she could not understand. The two chatted pleasantly about other things as they returned to the convent, and the little Frenchwoman trotted contentedly back to her lodgings, feeling that the person she loved best in the world was certain to turn out a very good and happy nun.

Angela was not yet so sure of this, and she took the first opportunity of consulting Monsignor Saracinesca. They sat and talked together on one of the stone seats in the cloistered garden. He is a tall, thin man, with a thoughtful face and a quiet manner. In his youth he was once entangled in the quarrels of a Sicilian family, as I have narrated elsewhere, and behaved with great heroism. After that, he labored for many years as a simple parish priest in a fever-plagued district, and he only consented to return to Rome when he realized that his health was gravely impaired.

Angela put her question with her usual directness, and watched his face. He knew her story, so that there was nothing to explain.

"Is it wrong to love him still?" she asked.

But Monsignor Ippolito did not speak until his silence had lasted so long that Angela was a little frightened; not that he had any real doubt as to her intention, but because it was his duty to examine such a case of conscience in all its aspects.

"What does your own instinct tell you?" he asked at last.

"That it will not be wrong," Angela

answered with conviction. "But I may be mistaken. That is why I come to you for advice."

Again the churchman mused in silence for a while.

"I will tell you what I think," he said, when he had made up his mind. "There is a condition, which depends only on yourself, and of which you are the only judge. You ask my advice, but I can only show you how to ask it of your own heart. If your love for the man who is gone looks forward, prays, and hopes, it will help you; if it looks back with tears for what might have been and with longing for what can never be, it will hinder you. More than that I cannot say."

"I look forward," Angela answered confidently. "I pray and I hope."

"If you are sure of that, you are safe," said Monsignor Saracinesca. "No one but yourself can know."

"I began to work here, hoping and praying that if I could do any good at all it might help him, wherever he is," Angela went on. "That is the only vocation I ever felt; and now I wish to take the veil because I think that as a professed nun I may be able to use better what little I have learned in two years and a half than if I stay on as a lay sister. It is not for myself, except in so far as I know that the only way to help him is to do my best here. As I hope that God may be merciful to him, so I hope that God will accept my work, my prayers, and my faith."

The prelate looked at the delicate face and earnest eyes; and the quietly spoken words satisfied him, and a little more. There could be nothing earthly in such love as that, he was sure, and such simple faith would not be disappointed. It was not the first time in his experience as a priest that he had known and talked with a woman from whom sudden death had wrenched the man she loved, or whom inevitable circumstances had divided from him beyond all hope of reunion; but he had never heard one speak just as Angela spoke, nor seen that look in another face. He was convinced, and felt that he could say nothing against her intention.

But she herself was not absolutely sure even then, and she went to the mother superior that evening to ask her

question for the last time. The mother was seated at her writing-table, and one strong electric lamp shed its vivid light from under a perfectly dark shade upon the papers that lay under her hand and scattered before her — bills, household accounts, doctors' and nurses' reports, opened telegrams, humble-looking letters written on ruled paper, and smart notes in fashionable handwritings. People who imagine that the mother superior of a nursing order which has branches in many parts of the world spends her time in meditation and prayer are much mistaken.

"Sit down," said the small White Volcano, without looking up or lifting her thin forefinger from the column of figures she was checking.

The room would have been very dark but for the light which the white paper reflected upward upon the nun's whiter face, and into the dark air. Angela sat down at a distance, as she was bidden, and waited some minutes, till the mother superior had set her initials at the foot of the sheet with a blue pencil and raised her face to peer into the gloom.

"Who is it?" she asked in a business-like tone, still dazzled by the light.

"I am Angela, mother. May I ask you a question?"

"Yes."

The voice had changed even in that single word, and was kind and encouraging.

"Two years ago, before I became a novice, you asked me why I wanted to be a nun, mother. You thought my intention was good. Now that there is still time before I make my profession, I have come to ask you once again what you think."

"So far as I know, I think you can be a good nun," answered the mother superior without waiting to hear more, for she never wasted time if she could possibly help it.

Angela understood her, and told her own story quickly and clearly, without a quiver or an inflection of pain in her voice. It was necessary, for the mother did not know it all, and listened with concentrated attention. But before it was ended she had made up her mind what to say.

"My dear child," said she, "I am not

your confessor. And, besides, I am prejudiced, for you are a good nurse, and I need you and wish you to stay. Do you feel that there is any reason why you should be less conscientious than you have been so far, if you promise to go on working with us as long as you live?"

"No," Angela answered.

"Or that there is any reason why you should have less faith in God, less hope of heaven, or less charity toward your fellow creatures if you promise to give your whole life to God, in nursing those who suffer, with the hope of salvation hereafter?"

"No, I do not feel that there can be any reason."

"Then do not torment yourself with any more questions, for life is too short. To throw away time is to waste good and save evil. Believe always, and then work with all your might. Work, work, work! Work done for God's sake is prayer to God, and a thousand hours on your knees are not worth as much as one night spent in helping a man to live—or to die—when you are so tired that you can hardly stand, and every bone in your body aches, and you are half starved, too. Work for every one who needs help, spare every one but yourself, think of every one before yourself. It is easy to do less than your best, it is impossible to do more, and yet you must try to do more—always more, till the end. That should be a nun's life."

The mother superior had led that life till it was little less than a miracle that she was still alive herself, and altogether a wonder that her fiery energy had not eaten up the small, frail, earthly part of her long ago.

"But it must not be for the sake of the end," she went on, before Angela could speak, "else you will be working only for the hope of rest, and you will try to kill yourself with work, to rest the sooner. You must think of what you are doing, because it is for others, not for what it will bring you by and by, God willing. Pray to live long and to do much more before you die, if it be good; for there is no end of the sickness and suffering and pain in this world; but few are willing to help, and fewer still know how."

She was silent, but her eyes were

speaking still as Angela saw them looking at her over the shaded light, her pale features illuminated only by the soft reflection from the paper on the table.

The young girl felt a deep and affectionate admiration for her, and resolved never to forget the brave words, but to treasure them with those others spoken two years ago: "Count your failures, but not your successes."

She rose to take her leave, and, standing before the writing-table, with each hand hidden in the opposite sleeve, she bent her head respectfully.

"Thank you, mother," she said.

The nun nodded gravely, still looking at her, but said nothing more, and Angela left the room, shutting the door without noise. The mother superior did not go back to her accounts at once, though her hand mechanically drew the next sheet from the pile, so that it lay ready before her. She was thinking of her own beginnings, more than twenty years ago, and comparing her own ardent nature with what she knew of Angela's; and then, out of her great experience of character, a doubt arose and troubled her strangely, though she opposed it as if it had been a temptation to injustice, or at least to ungenerous thinking. It was a suspicion that such marvelous calm as this novice showed could not be all real; that there was something not quite explicable about her perfect submission, humility, and obedience; that under the saintly exterior a fire might be smoldering which would break out irresistibly some day, and not for good.

The woman who had been tried doubted the untried novice. Perhaps it was nothing more than that, and natural enough; but it was very disturbing, because she also felt herself strongly attached to Angela, and to suspect her seemed not only unfair, but disloyal. Yet it was the mother superior's bounden duty to study the characters of all who lived under her authority and direction, and to forestall their possible shortcomings by a warning, an admonition, or an encouraging word, as the case might be.

She had done what she could, but she was dissatisfied with herself; and at the very moment when Angela was inwardly repeating her stirring words and com-

mitting them to memory for her lifetime, the woman who had spoken them was tormented by the thought that she had not said half enough, or, still worse, that she had perhaps made a mistake altogether. For the first time since she had fought her first great battle with herself, she had the sensation of being near a mysterious force of nature which she did not understand; but she had been twenty years younger then, and the present issue was not to depend on her own strength, but on another's; and it involved the salvation of another's soul.

It was long before she bent over the columns of figures again, yet she did not reproach herself with having wasted time. The first of all her many duties, and most arduous, was to think for others; to work for them was a hundred times easier, and was rest and refreshment by contrast.

Angela would have been very much surprised if she could have known what was passing in the mother superior's mind, while she herself felt nothing but relief and satisfaction because her decision had now become irrevocable. If she had been bidden to wait another year, she would have waited patiently and without a murmur, because she could not be satisfied with anything less than apparent certainty; but, instead, she had been encouraged to take the first step, after which there could be no return.

That was the inevitable. Human destiny is most tragic when the men and women concerned are doing their very utmost to act bravely and uprightly, while each is in reality bringing calamity on the other.

Acting on the only evidence she had a right to trust, the mother superior knew that she would not be justified in hindering Angela from taking the veil. Few had ever done so well in the novitiate, none had ever done better, and her natural talent for the profession of nursing was altogether unusual. There had never been one like her in the hospital. As for her character, she seemed to have no vanity, no jealousy, no temper, no moodiness. The mother had never known such an even and well-balanced disposition as hers.

Would it have been wise to keep her back longer, because she seemed too per-

fect? Would it have been just? Would it not, indeed, have been very wrong to risk discouraging her, now that she was quite ready? She was almost twenty-one years old and had taken no step hastily. More than two years and a half had passed since she had entered the convent, and in all that time no one had been able to detect the smallest fault in her, either of weakness or of hastiness, still less of anything like pride in the superiority she might actually have felt. To keep her back now would be to accuse perfection of being imperfect; it would be as irrational as to call excellence a failing. More than that, it would have a bad effect on the whole community, a danger which could not be overlooked.

Three years later, the mother understood the warning doubt that had assailed her; and when a precious life was in the balance she put herself on trial before her judging conscience and the witness of her memory. But though the judge was severe and the testimony unerring, they acquitted her of all blame, and told her that she had acted for the best, according to her light, on that memorable evening.

Within less than a month Angela took the veil in the convent church, and thenceforth she was Sister Giovanna, for that was the name she chose.

XII

FIVE years after Giovanni Severi had left Rome to join the ill-fated expedition in Africa, his brother Ugo obtained his captaincy, and at the same time was placed in charge of the powder-magazine at Monteverde, which Sister Giovanna could see in the distance from her latticed window.

The post was of considerable importance, but was not coveted, because it required the officer who held it to live at a considerable distance from the city, with no means of getting into town, which he could not provide for himself; for there is no tramway leading down the right bank of the Tiber. The magazine was actually guarded by a small detachment of artillery under two subalterns, who took the night duty by turns, and both officers and men were relieved at regular intervals by others; but the

captain in command held his post permanently, and lived in a little house by himself, a stone's throw from the gate of the large, fenced enclosure in which the low buildings stood. For some time it had been intended to build a small residence for the officer in charge, but this had not been begun at the date from which I now take up my story.

The neighborhood is a lonely one, but there are farmhouses scattered about at varying distances from the highroad which follows the river, mostly in the neighborhood of the hill that bears the name of Monteverde, and seems to have been the site of a villa in which Julius Cæsar entertained Cleopatra.

As every one will understand, Ugo Severi's duties consisted in keeping an account of the ammunition and explosives deposited in the vaults of the magazine, and in exercising the utmost vigilance against fire and other accidents. The rule against smoking, for instance, did not apply outside the stockaded enclosure, but Ugo gave up cigarettes—even in his own house—as soon as he was appointed to the post, and let every one know that he had done so.

He was a hard-working, hard-reading, rather melancholic man, who had never cared much for society, and who preferred solitude to a club; a fair man, with the face of a student, and not over robust, but nevertheless energetic and determined where his duty was concerned. He lived alone in the little house, with his orderly, a clever Sicilian, who cooked for him. A peasant woman from a neighboring farmhouse came every morning to sweep the rooms, make the two beds, scrub the two stone steps before the door, and clean the kitchen.

The house was like hundreds of other little houses in the Campagna. On the ground floor there was a much-vaulted hall where the captain transacted business and received the reports of the watch. There were also a tiny kitchen, a stable at the back for two horses, and a narrow chamber adjoining it, in which Pica, the orderly, slept. Up-stairs there was only one story, consisting of a large room with a *loggia* looking across the river toward San Paolo, a bedroom of moderate dimensions, and a dressing-room.

The place was more luxuriously furnished than might have been expected; for, though Captain Ugo was not a rich man, he was by no means dependent on his pay. General Severi had lived to retrieve a part of his fortune, and had died rather suddenly of heart-failure after a bad attack of influenza, leaving his property to be divided equally among his two surviving sons and their sister. The latter had married away from Rome, and Ugo's younger brother was in the navy, so that he was now the only member of his family left in Rome.

He was a man of taste and reading, who had entered the army to please his father, and would have left it on the latter's death if he had not been persuaded by his superiors that he had a brilliant career before him, and might be a general at fifty, if he stuck to the service. He had answered that he would do so if he might have some post of trust in which he would have time for study. The command of the magazine at Monteverde was vacant just then; and as no more influential person wanted to live in such a dull place, he got it.

Yet his house was not much more than a mile from the Porta Portese, by a good highroad; whence it is clear that his solitude was a matter of choice, and not of necessity. He had few friends, however, and none who showed any inclination to come and see him, though his acquaintances were numerous; for he had been rather popular in society when a young subaltern, and had been welcome wherever his elder brother Giovanni took him.

Giovanni Severi had been very reticent about his affairs, even with his own family; and during that last winter in Rome, when he had fallen in love with Angela Chiaromonte, Ugo had been stationed in Pavia and had known nothing of the affair. Ugo had a vague recollection that Giovanni was supposed to have been unduly devoted to the gay Marchesa del Prato when he had been a mere stripling of a sub-lieutenant, fresh from the military academy and barely twenty years old, though the *marchesa* had been well over thirty even then. Ugo had been introduced to her long afterward, when she was the Princess Chiaromonte, and she had shown

that she liked him, and had asked him to a dance, to which he had not gone simply because he had given up dancing.

The princess, however, had misunderstood his reason for not accepting her invitation, and had supposed that he kept away because he knew Angela's story and resented, for his brother's sake, the treatment the girl had received. In an hour of idleness it now occurred to her that she might find out whether she had been mistaken in this.

For some one had spoken of Giovanni on the previous evening, in connection with a report that had lately reached Rome to the effect that an Italian officer, hitherto supposed to have been among the dead after the battle of Dogali, had been heard of and was living in slavery somewhere in the interior of Africa. A newspaper had made a good story of the matter, out of next to nothing, and it had been a subject of conversation during two or three days. The lady who told it to the Princess Chiaromonte had been one of her most assiduous and intimate enemies for years, and, in order to make her uncomfortable, advanced the theory that the officer in question was no other than Giovanni Severi himself.

The princess was not so easily disturbed, however, and smiled in her designing friend's face. The poor man was dead and buried, she said, and every one knew it. The report rested on nothing more substantial than a letter said to have been written by an English traveler and lion-hunter to one of the secretaries at the British Embassy in Washington. The secretary again was said to have mentioned the fact to an Italian colleague, who had repeated it in writing to his sister, who lived somewhere in Piedmont, and had spoken of it to some one else; and so on, till the story had reached the ears of a newspaper paragraph-writer. All this the princess knew, or invented, and she ran off her explanation with a fluency that disconcerted her assailant.

The immediate result was that she thought her of Ugo Severi, whom she had passed lately in her motor as he was riding leisurely along the road beyond Monteverde. She had noticed him because her chauffeur had slackened speed a little, and she had nodded to him,

though it was not likely that he could recognize her face through her veil. She had thought no more about him at the time; but she now telephoned to a friend at headquarters to find out where he was living, and she soon learned that he was in charge of the magazine.

After a little reflection, she wrote him a note, recalling their acquaintance and the fact that she had known his poor brother very well. She had never seen a powder-magazine, she said; would he show the one at Monteverde to her and two or three friends next Wednesday?

Ugo answered politely that this was quite impossible without a special permission from the commander-in-chief or the War Office, and that he greatly regretted his inability to comply with her request. As he was a punctilious man, though he lived almost like a hermit, he took the trouble to send his orderly into the city on the following afternoon with a couple of cards to be left at the Palazzo Chiaromonte for the prince and princess, in accordance with Roman social custom.

A few days later a smart limousine drew up to the door of Ugo's little house, and a footman rang the old-fashioned bell, which went on tinkling in the distance for a long time after the rusty chain had been pulled. Ugo's Sicilian orderly opened the door at last in a leisurely way, and appeared on the threshold in gray linen fatigue dress; on seeing the car and the princess he straightened himself and saluted.

His master was riding, he said, and would not come home for an hour. The princess wrote a message on a card, asking if Ugo Severi would come and see her any day after five o'clock, and she wrote down the number of her telephone. She gave the card to the man, and, by way of impressing its importance on him, added that she was a very old friend of the family, and had known the captain's mother, as well as the brother who had been lost in Africa. She also smiled sweetly, for the Sicilian was a handsome young man; she had a way of smiling at handsome men when she was speaking to them, especially if she wished them to remember what she said.

When the car was gone, Salvatore Pica, the orderly, shut the door and went

into the hall where the telephone was. He looked at the visiting-card before leaving it on the brass salver on the table, where letters and reports were placed for the captain whenever he was out; and being an intelligent man and considerably impressed by what the princess had told him, he promptly copied the name, address, and telephone number in the address-book, which hung by a string beside the instrument. For Ugo never telephoned himself if he could help it; and was careless about addresses, which it was Pica's business to note and have at hand when needed.

Moreover, the princess had represented herself as being a very old friend of the captain's family; and Pica mentally noted the fact, because he had often wondered that his master should apparently have no intimate friends at all, though he was evidently respected and liked by his brother officers.

When Ugo came home and dismounted at the door, Pica at once told him of the princess's visit, repeating her message without a mistake, and adding that he had copied her name and address in the telephone-book. Captain Severi nodded gravely and looked at the card before he went up-stairs, but said nothing to his man. Being very careful and punctilious in such matters, as I have said, he wrote a line that evening, thanking the princess for her kind invitation and saying that he hoped to avail himself of it some day, but that he was very busy just at present. This was true, in a sense, for he had just received an important new book in two thick volumes, which he was anxious to read without delay. The fact that it was an exhaustive history of Confucianism, and could not be considered as bearing on his professional duties, was not likely to interest the princess.

She was not used to such rebuffs, however, and before long she made another attempt. This time she herself called up Pica and asked him at what hour the captain could see her on a matter of importance. When the orderly delivered the message, Severi was at first inclined to make an excuse; but the princess's persistency in trying to see him was obvious; and as he thought it possible that she might wish to ask him some question relating to Giovanni, he bade Pica an-

swer that he would stay at home that afternoon, if it suited her convenience to come. She replied that she would appear about four o'clock.

Ugo was buried in the history of Confucianism when his man came to tell him this, and he merely nodded, but looked up quickly when Pica turned to the door.

"Shave and dress," he said laconically, and at once began to read again.

It was the order he gave when he expected the visit of a superior officer; for, as a rule, Pica only shaved twice a week, and never put on a cloth tunic except when he had leave for the afternoon and evening. The little house at Monteverde was a lonely place, and the soldier did no military duty, living the life of an ordinary house-servant. It was a good place, for the captain was generous.

XIII

WITH an affectation of extreme punctuality, the princess's footman rang the bell at four o'clock precisely; and almost before the distant tinkle was heard, Pica opened the door wide and saluted the visitor, flattening himself against the door-post to give her plenty of room. He looked very smart in his best uniform, and she smiled and glanced at his handsome Saracen face as she passed in. He shut the door at once, leaving the footman outside.

At the same moment Captain Severi was descending the short flight of stone steps to meet her. He was not very like Giovanni, but in the half light the princess saw a resemblance that made her start. Ugo was less energetically built; but he wore his uniform well, and there was much in his gait and the outline of his figure that recalled his brother.

The princess took his hand almost affectionately, and held it in silence for a moment while she looked into his mild blue eyes. Pica noticed her manner, which certainly confirmed what she had said about being a friend of the family.

The mere suggestion of a delicate and exotic perfume had floated into the house with her. At first it faintly recalled Indian river-grass; but presently Ugo thought it reminded him of muscatel grapes, and then again of dried rose-leaves and violets. She smiled as she withdrew her hand, and spoke:

"You did not guess that a woman could be so persistent, did you?"

Ugo also smiled, but without cordiality, and then led the way up-stairs. On reaching the large room, the princess looked about her, judged the man, and at once expressed her admiration for his good sense in leading a student's life, instead of squandering his time in the futilities of society.

The captain did not ask her what she wanted of him; but offered to make tea for her, and she saw that a little table had been set for the purpose. Everything was very simple, but looked so serviceable that she accepted, judging that she ran no risk of being poisoned. In Italy it is only society that drinks tea. It was a little early for it, but that did not matter. The water was boiling in a small copper kettle shaped like a flat sponge-cake, the tea-caddy was Japanese, and the teapot was of plain brown earthenware; but the two cups were of rare old Capodimonte, and the spoons were evidently English. She noticed also that the sugar was of the crystallized kind, and was in a curiously chiseled silver bowl. The princess had a good eye for details.

"You seem to have made yourself very comfortable in your remote little house," she laughed, with approval.

"I only hope that you may be, as long as you please to stay," he answered, making the tea scientifically.

It was very good, and she chatted idly while she slowly drank it and nibbled a thin, crisp biscuit. When she finished, he took her cup and offered to refill it; but she declined, and leaned back in the red-leather easy chair.

"I dare say you heard that story about an officer who is reported to be living in slavery in Africa?" she said, her tone changing and becoming very grave.

Ugo had read of it in the newspapers.

"Did it occur to you, as it did to me, that he might be Giovanni?" she asked.

It had occurred to him, and he had made inquiries at the War Office, but had been told that the story had no foundation. He had expected no other answer. The princess was silent for a moment.

"One grasps at straws," she said presently, in a low voice.

He understood that she had really cared for his brother, and looked at her with more interest than he had hitherto shown.

"I am afraid that there is not the slightest possibility of his being alive," he said, with a sadness in which there was also some sympathy for her.

She had hoped for an indiscreet question, which would allow her to say something more. It was of no real importance to her to know whether he bore her any grudge or not, but since she had taken so much trouble to see him she did not mean to go away without knowing the truth; and though her curiosity was a mere caprice, it was perhaps not a very unreasonable one.

"Had you seen much of him during the last months before he went to Africa?" she asked. "I did not know you till long after that, you know. I think you were always away."

"I was stationed in Pavia," the captain answered. "Giovanni joined the expedition at short notice, and I was not able to see him before he started. I have always regretted it, for we had not met for eighteen months."

"You were never very intimate, I suppose?" suggested the princess.

"We were always very good friends, but after he was appointed to the Staff College we saw little of each other."

The princess mused in silence for a few moments.

"I was very fond of him," she said at last. "Did he ever talk about me to you?"

"No," Ugo answered. "Not that I can remember."

Their eyes met, and she saw that he was telling the truth—as, in fact, he always did.

"I suppose you have heard that he was in love with my poor niece, who went into a convent after he was lost?" she said tentatively, and watching his face.

"Indeed?" He showed more interest. "I never heard of that. Were they engaged to be married?"

"No. At least, there was no formal engagement. My brother-in-law was killed in a motor accident just at that time. Then Giovanni went to Massowah, and you know the rest. But they

were very much in love with each other, and Angela was broken-hearted."

She now knew what she had come to find out, and she did not care to rouse his curiosity as to her own share in the story, since no gossip had taken the trouble to enlighten him.

"Has she taken permanent vows?" he asked.

"Yes. Three years ago, and now it is said she means to go out to the Rangoon Leper Hospital. I dare say you have heard that a good many nuns do that. It is almost certain death, and we all feel very badly about Angela."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Ugo. "She must have cared for him so much that she is tired of living. Very few of those sisters ever come back, I believe."

"None," said the Princess Chiaromonte in a tone that would certainly have arrested his attention if he had known everything. "It is the saddest thing in the world," she went on quickly, fearing that her hatred had betrayed itself. "To think that year after year those good women voluntarily go to certain death! And not even to save life, for lepers cannot be cured, you know. The most that can be done is to alleviate their suffering."

She said this very well, though the words were hackneyed.

"It is heroic," said Captain Ugo quietly.

She stayed some time longer, and he showed her the finest of his books and a number of old engravings and etchings; and these really impressed her, because she knew something of their current value, which was her only standard in judging works of art.

At last she showed that she was thinking of going. Women of the world generally give warning of their approaching departure, as an ocean steamer blows its horn at intervals before it starts. The princess's voice grew suddenly colorless; and what she said became more and more general, till she observed that it was really a lovely day. She looked down at her skirt critically, and then glanced quickly at the walls, one after another. When you do not know what a woman is looking for in an unfamiliar drawing-room, it is a mirror to see whether her hat is straight. The princess saw none,

and rose gracefully out of the deep easy chair.

"It has been such a great pleasure to see you!" she said, the cordiality returning to her tone as soon as she was on her feet.

"I am very much obliged for your visit," Ugo answered politely, because nothing else occurred to him to say, and he clapped his heels together with a jingle of his spurs as he took her proffered hand.

He was neither shy nor dull of comprehension where women were concerned, and he understood quite well that she had not come with the intention of making an impression on him, nor out of mere curiosity to see what Giovanni's brother was like. He knew what her reputation had been, but he did not know whether she had retired from the lists at last or still kept the field; and he cared very little, though he had sometimes reflected that whereas Balzac had written of the "Woman of Thirty," the woman of forty was still to be studied by a clever novelist; unless, indeed, Sophocles had made an end of her forever when *Jocasta* hanged herself.

One thing, however, was clear—the princess had not sought him out with any idea of casting upon him the spell of a flirtation to make him a sort of posthumous substitute for his brother. She had faced the light boldly several times in the course of her visit, so that he had very distinctly seen the fine lines of middle age about her mouth and eyes; and she had neither made any attempt to show herself off before him, nor to lead him on with subdued confidences concerning the human affections as she had known them. He believed that she had come to find out whether he thought that Giovanni might possibly be alive or not. He rather liked her for what seemed to him her frankness and courage, and was unconsciously flattered, as the best men may be, by her trusting him so simply.

No doubt it might be true that since the world had put up with her rather irregular behavior for more than fifteen years, her reputation would not be lost at this late date by her spending an hour at the rooms of an officer who was quartered out of town. No doubt, too, that same reputation was a coat of many

colors, on which one small stain more would scarcely show at all; but she had never been in the habit of risking spots for nothing. Moreover, it is a curious fact that men are better pleased at being trusted by a clever woman who has had many adventures than when an angel of virtue places her good name under their protection. There is less irksome responsibility in playing confidant to *Lady Jezebel* than in being guardian to the impeccable *Lucretia*.

If nothing more had happened, the princess's visit would have had little or no importance in this story; but, as things turned out, the incident was one of the links in a long chain of events, as will before long clearly appear.

Fate often behaves like a big old lion, when he opens his sleepy eyes and catches a first sight of you as he lies alone, far out on the plain. He lifts his tawny head and gazes at you quietly for several seconds, and then lowers it as if not caring what you do. You creep nearer—cautiously, noiselessly, and holding your breath—till some faint noise you make rouses his attention again. He takes another look at you—longer this time and much less lazy—while you stand motionless. Nevertheless, you are only a man, and not worth killing; if he is an old lion, he may have eaten a score like you—white and black; but he is not hungry just now, and wants to sleep. Down goes his head again, and his eyes shut themselves for another nap.

On you go, stealthily—nearer and nearer—your rifle ready in both hands. But a dry stalk of grass cracks under your foot, and almost before you can stand still he is up and glaring at you, his long tufted tail showing upright against the sky. If you move, even to lift your gun to your shoulder, he will charge; and sooner or later, move *you* must. Then, suddenly, he is bounding forward, by leap after leap, hurling his huge strength through the air, straight at you, and as the distance lessens you see his burning eyes with frightful distinctness. Two more such bounds as the last will do it. Take care, for within ten seconds either you or he will be dead. There is no other end possible.

Fate does not always kill, it is true; but you have not that one chance against

her which your weapon gives you against the lion, and she may maul you badly before she has done with you—even worse than the biggest cat would.

It was not Ugo Severi's fate that was waking, and that began to look toward Monteverde when the Princess Chiaromonte paid him a visit. It was not even the princess's own.

When she was gone, he went back to his history of Confucianism, and Pica got into his gray linen fatigue suit again, and carefully brushed his smart uniform before folding it and putting it away in the chest. Then he washed the tea-things, rubbed the two silver spoons with a special leather he kept for them, and shut up everything in the cupboard. After that, he opened the front door and sat down on the brick seat that ran along the front of the house. He would have liked to smoke a pipe; but Captain Ugo was very particular about that, so he took out half of a villainous-looking *napoletano* cigar, bit off three-quarters of an inch of it, and returned the small remainder to his pocket; and after a few minutes he concluded, as usual, that a chew was far cheaper than a smoke, and lasted much longer.

As the sun sank, he looked across the yellow river toward San Paolo, and because he had been bred in sight of the sea it struck him that the distant belfry-tower was very like a lighthouse; and he smiled at the thought, which has occurred to men of more cultivation than he had.

His eyes wandered to his left; and the sunset glow was on the low city walls, not a mile away, reddening the upper story of an ancient convent beyond. His sharp eyes counted the windows mechanically. One of them belonged to the cell of Sister Giovanna, the Dominican nun, though he did not know it; and much less did he guess that before very long he himself, and his master, and the fine lady who had come in a motor that afternoon, were all to play their parts in the nun's life. If he had known that, he would have tried to guess which window was hers.

The first bitter tang of the vile tobacco was gone out of it, and Pica thoughtfully rolled the quid over his tongue to the other side of his mouth. At that moment he was aware of a man in a little

brown hat and shabby clothes, who must have come round the house very quietly from the direction of the magazine, for he was already standing still near the corner, looking at him.

"What do you want?" Pica asked rather sharply.

The man looked like a bad character, but raised his hat as he answered with a North Italian accent.

"I am a stranger," he said. "Can you tell me how to reach the nearest gate?"

"There is the road," the soldier replied, pointing to it, "and there is Rome, and the nearest gate is the Porta Portese."

"Thank you," the man said, and went on his way.

XIV

DURING the month of December the Princess Chiaromonte fell ill, much to her own surprise and that of her children, for such a thing had never happened to her since she had been a mere child and had caught the measles; but there was no mistaking the fact that she now had a bad attack of influenza, with high fever, and her head felt very light. During the first two days, she refused to stay in her room, which made matters worse; but on the third morning she yielded and stayed in bed, very miserable and furiously angry with herself. It had always been her favorite boast that she never caught cold, never had a headache, and never broke down from fatigue; and, considering the exceedingly gay life she had led, she certainly had some cause to be vain of her health.

Her eldest daughter and her maid took care of her that day; and her maid sat up with her during the following night, after which it became quite clear that she must have a professional nurse. The doctor insisted upon it, though the princess herself flew into a helpless rage at the mere suggestion; and then, all at once, and before the doctor had left the room, she began to talk quite quietly about ordering baby frocks and a perambulator, though her youngest boy was already twelve years old and went to school at the Istituto Massimo.

The doctor and the maid looked at each other.

"I will telephone for one of the White Sisters," the doctor said.

It happened that the nurses of Santa Giovanna were much in demand at that time, for there was an epidemic of influenza in the city; and as they were almost all both ladies and Italians, society people preferred them to those of other orders.

Three-quarters of an hour after the doctor had telephoned, one of them appeared at the Palazzo Chiaromonte—a rather stout, grave woman of forty or more, who knew her business. She at once said, however, that she had come on emergency, but could not stay later than the evening, when another sister would replace her; it would be her turn on the next morning to begin her week as supervising nun in the convent hospital—a duty taken in rotation by three of the most experienced nuns—and it was absolutely necessary that she should have her night's rest before taking charge of the wards.

The princess had fallen into a state of semiconsciousness, which was neither sleep nor stupor, but partook of both; and her face was scarlet from the fever. Two or three times in the course of the afternoon, however, she was evidently aware of the nurse's presence, and she submitted without resistance to all that was done for her. The maid, who had been in the sick-room all night and all the morning, was now asleep, and the doctor had advised that the children should be kept away from their mother altogether. When the doctor came again, about six o'clock, the nun explained her own position to him, and begged him to communicate with the convent before leaving the palace, as the princess should certainly not be left without proper care, even for an hour. He did what she asked, and the answer came back in the mother superior's own voice. She said that she was very short of nurses, and that it would be extremely inconvenient to send one, and she therefore begged of him to get a sister from another order.

He replied very crossly that he would do nothing of the sort; that he believed in the White Sisters, and meant to have a White Sister, and that a White Sister must come, and a good one; and that if it was only a matter of inconvenience, it

was better that the convent should be inconvenienced for him than that he should be disappointed. He added so much more to the same effect, with so many emphatic repetitions, that the mother superior promised to break all rules and come herself within an hour, if no other sister were available. For she had a very high regard for him, in spite of his rough tone and harsh voice.

Her difficulty was a very simple one. The only nurse who was free that evening was Sister Giovanna, who had returned just before midday from a case that had ended badly, and she had been asleep ever since. But the mother superior knew how the princess had treated her niece and robbed her of her fortune, and she could not foresee what might happen if the young nun took charge of the case. After giving her somewhat rash promise to the doctor, she sent for her, therefore, and explained matters.

"I do not think that my aunt will recognize me," said Sister Giovanna. "She has never set eyes on me since I was a girl of eighteen in deep mourning. Our dress changes us very much, and I must have changed, too, in five years. Even my voice is not the same, I fancy."

The mother superior looked at her keenly. She had grown very fond of her by degrees, but it had never occurred to her to consider whether the young sister's appearance had altered or not. Yet her own memory for faces was good; and when she recalled the features of the slender, fair-haired girl in black, whom she had first seen, and compared the recollection with the grave and almost saintly face before her, closely confined by the white wimple and gorget, and the white veil that bound the forehead low above the serious brow, she really did not believe that any one could easily recognize the Angela of other days.

"I suppose I never realized how changed we all are," she said thoughtfully. "But do you not think the Princess Chiaromonte may remember you when she hears your name?"

"Many sisters have taken it," Sister Giovanna answered. "And, after all, what harm can there be? If she recognizes me and is angry, she can only send me away; and meanwhile she will be taken care of—at least, for the night.

That is the main thing, mother, and one of the sisters will surely be free to-morrow morning."

So the matter was settled. Sister Giovanna got her little black bag, her breviary, and her long black cloak, and in half an hour she was ascending the grand staircase of the palace in which she had lived as a child.

She felt more emotion than she had expected, but no sign betrayed that she was moved or showed the servant who led her through the apartments and passages that she was familiar with every turn. Though she went through the great hall, and her feet trod upon the very spot where the dead Knight of Malta had lain in state, not a sigh escaped her, nor one quickly drawn breath.

She was ushered to the very room that had been her father's, and stood waiting after the servant had tapped softly at the door. The other nun came out noiselessly and pulled the door after her without quite closing it. She explained the case to Sister Giovanna, and said that the princess seemed to be asleep again. She probably knew nothing of any relationship between the patient and Sister Giovanna; but if she remembered anything of the latter's story, it was not her business to comment on the circumstance, even mentally.

Even in the nursing orders, where the real names of the sisters may often be known to others besides the mother superior, the sisters themselves scrupulously respect one another's secret, though it may be almost an open one, and never discuss the identity of a member of their community. Where nuns are cloistered, actual secrecy is preserved as far as possible; and though a sister may sometimes talk to another about her former life—and especially of her childhood—she never mentions her family by name.

Sister Giovanna entered the sick-room alone, as the other nurse seemed to think that the unexpected sight of two nuns might disturb the patient. If the princess noticed the new face when she next opened her eyes, she made no remark and showed no surprise; so that Sister Giovanna felt quite sure of not having been recognized. There was very little light in the room, too, by the doctor's advice; and a high screen, covered with

old Cordova leather, stood between the bed and the table, on which the single shaded candle was placed.

The nun stood beside the pillow and looked long at the face of the woman who had wronged her so cruelly and shamefully. After a few seconds she could see her very distinctly in the shadow; the features were flushed and full, and strangely younger than when she had last seen them, as often happens with fair people of a certain age at the beginning of a sharp fever, when the quickened pulse sends the hot blood to the cheeks and brings back the vivid brilliancy of youth. But the experienced nurse knew that, and was not surprised. After taking the temperature and doing all she could for the moment, she left the bedside and sat down to read her breviary by the light on the other side of the screen.

The illness was only an attack of influenza, after all, and she knew how strong her aunt had always been; there was no cause for anxiety, nor any necessity for sitting constantly within sight of the patient. Twice an hour she rose, went to the sick woman's side, and gave her medicine, or drink, or merely smoothed the pillow a little, as the case might be, and then came back to the table. The princess was not so restless as most people are in fever, and she did not try to talk, but took whatever was given her like a model of resignation.

Reading slowly, and often meditating on what she read, it was nearly midnight when Sister Giovanna finished the office for the day and closed her book. Her old watch lay on the table beside the candlestick, and her eyes were on the hands as she waited till it should be exactly twelve before taking the patient's temperature again. But it still wanted three minutes of the hour when the princess's voice broke the profound silence. The words were spoken quietly, in a far-away tone:

"I stole it."

Sister Giovanna started more nervously than a nurse should, and looked straight at the screen, as if she could see her aunt's face through the leather. In a few seconds she heard the voice again; and, though the tone was lower, the

words were as distinct as if spoken close to her ear.

"I hid it on me, and left my little bag behind on purpose, because the footman would be sure to open that to take my cigarettes. I knew he often did. He will swear that he went back for the bag, and that there were no papers in it."

It was not the first time, by many, that Sister Giovanna had heard a delirious patient tell a shameful secret that had been kept long and well. She rose with an effort, pressing one hand upon the table. It was plainly her duty to prevent any further revelations if she could, and to forget what she had heard; for a trained nurse's standard of honor must be as high as a doctor's, since she is trusted as he is.

Yet the nun waited a moment before going round the screen, unconsciously arguing that if the patient did not speak again it would be better not to disturb her at that moment. To tell the truth, too, Sister Giovanna had not fully understood the meaning of what her aunt had said. She stood motionless during the long pause that followed the last words.

Then, without warning, the delirious woman began to laugh, vacantly and foolishly at first, and with short interruptions of silence; but then more loudly, and by degrees more continuously, till the spasms grew wild and hysterical and bad to hear. Sister Giovanna went quickly to her, and at once tried to put a stop to the attack.

The princess was rolling her head from side to side on the pillows, with her arms stretched out on each side of her, and her white hands clawing at the broad hem of the sheet with all their strength, as if they must tear the fine linen to strips; and she was shrieking with uncontrollable laughter.

Sister Giovanna bent down and grasped one arm firmly with both hands.

"Control yourself!" she said in a tone of command. "Stop laughing at once!"

The princess shrieked again and again.

"Silence!" cried the nurse in a stern voice, and she shook the arm she held with a good deal of roughness, for she knew that there was no other way.

(To be continued)



"SERGEANT McKINLEY"—A MEMORIAL TABLET MODELED BY JAMES EDWARD KELLY AND
RECENTLY UNVEILED AT WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

The scene depicted occurred on the battle-field of Antietam, September 17, 1862, when William McKinley, then commissary-sergeant of the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteers, drove a supply-wagon to the firing-line and served the hungry men of his regiment.

McKINLEY AT ANTIETAM

BY JOHN W. RUSSELL

THE memorial erected to President McKinley at Wilmington, Delaware, and there unveiled on the seventh anniversary of his death, September 14 last, recalls one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. It was fought on September 16 and 17, 1862, and may best be described as an earlier Gettysburg. General Lee, after routing the Federal commander, Pope, on the Rappahannock, crossed the Potomac and prepared for a whirlwind attack on the North. On his way he divided his army.

One division of it, under Stonewall Jackson, captured Harper's Ferry and took more than twelve thousand prisoners. It seemed likely that the Southern army, when reunited, would sweep through Maryland and into Pennsylvania, in spite of all resistance that could be offered.

General McClellan had been somewhat under a cloud; but the Union soldiers loved and trusted him, and President Lincoln once more placed him at the head of the Army of the Potomac. He at once moved forward to meet Lee, and

on September 14 his advance guard, under Generals Franklin and Reno, fought and won the battle of South Mountain. On the 16th his fine army of seventy thousand men faced Lee's force, which numbered about forty thousand, on the opposite banks of a sluggish little stream known as the Antietam. On that day there was only indecisive skirmishing; but at sunrise on the 17th, while the Union troops were preparing for their breakfast, the thunder of the Confederate cannon was heard, and in half an hour there began one of the most fiercely contested battles of modern times.

Until sunset the two armies fought savagely in corn-fields, forests, and roadways, amid scenes of dreadful slaughter. One little country church, known as the Dunker Church, was used as a common hospital; but so hot was the conflict that the building was pierced by shells and riddled with bullets, while about it the dead and the dying lay almost in rows, as if they had been mowed down where they stood.

William McKinley was then serving as commissary-sergeant to one of McClellan's regiments, the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. His colonel's orders kept him with the supply-train, two miles behind the army, and there he remained throughout the morning of the 17th, feeding the stragglers and the wounded who streamed to the rear. In the afternoon, having loaded two large mule-wagons with supplies, Sergeant McKinley took them forward to the battle-field under his personal charge. The mules that drew one of the wagons were shot down, and McKinley, with the other, was repeatedly warned to turn back; yet he managed to reach the firing-line, and there he remained until every man of his regiment had been served with the food that was so sorely needed. As the youth dispensed his supplies to one severely wounded comrade, the sufferer was heard to murmur:

"God bless the lad!"

In later years, long after the war had ended, Mr. McKinley used to say that these words were the highest reward that he could possibly have received.

It is to this scene that the sculptor has given permanence in the bronze tablet on the monument at Wilmington. It sym-

bolizes at once courage and humanity; and it fitly commemorates a service which was far more valuable than any which the young commissary-sergeant could have accomplished with a musket. In fact, shortly after his regiment had been refreshed and rested, a charge was ordered, and was carried out with a spirit and dash that would have befitted a body of men who had just come on the field. Nearly a thousand soldiers of the Twenty-Third Ohio went into the struggle renewed, if not inspired, by the calm courage of a boy.

Mr. James Edward Kelly, who has sometimes been called "the American historian in bronze," told the McKinley Memorial Committee how he came to choose this scene as the subject for his design. He said: "I wanted to show the germ of that spirit of charity which at the very hour of his death led President McKinley to plead for the life of his assassin."

Mr. Kelly is known by many other works in bronze which relate to American history. It was he who designed the statue of General Buford, the Federal cavalry leader, which stands on the spot where the first gun was fired at Gettysburg. There is another specimen of his work elsewhere on that same field—the memorial of the Sixth New York Cavalry. One of his earlier productions was the series of five bronze tablets on the monument commemorating the battle of Monmouth, in New Jersey. His designs for these panels were accepted over those of sixty competitors. He also received the first prize in a competition at Boston for a suitable memorial to Paul Revere. In making studies for his "Grant at Donelson," he had the benefit of many suggestions from the general himself, and he is perhaps the only living person to whom Grant ever told the story of the day at Belmont.

The largest statue made by Kelly is the seventeen-foot bronze on the Soldiers' Monument at Troy, New York. Here Columbia is shown as a young girl startled by the first shot of the Civil War and grasping a trumpet, with a sheathed sword, to symbolize "The Call to Arms." The memorial of "Sergeant McKinley," his latest work, is realistic, spirited, and unconventionally true.

THE HIGHER PRAGMATISM

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "HELPING THE OTHER FELLOW," "SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



WHERE to go for wisdom has become a question of serious import. The ancients are discredited; Plato is boiler-plate; Aristotle is tottering; Marcus Aurelius is reeling; Æsop has been copyrighted by Indiana; Solomon is too solemn; you couldn't get anything out of Epictetus with a pick.

The ant, which for many years served as a model of intelligence and industry in the school readers, has been proven to be a doddering idiot and a waster of time and effort. The owl to-day is hooted at. Chautauqua conventions have abandoned culture and adopted diabolism. Graybeards give glowing testimonials to the venders of patent hair-restorers.

There are typographical errors in the almanacs published by the daily newspapers. College professors have become—

But there shall be no personalities.

To sit in classes, to delve into the encyclopedia or the past performance page, will not make us wise. As the poet says: "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Wisdom is dew, which, while we know it not, soaks into us, refreshes us, and makes us grow. Knowledge is a strong stream of water turned on us through a hose. It disturbs our roots.

Then, let us rather gather wisdom. But how to do so requires knowledge. If we know a thing, we know it; but

very often we are not wise to it that we are wise, and—

But let's get on with the story.

II

ONCE upon a time I found a ten-cent magazine lying on a bench in a little city park. Anyhow, that was the amount he asked me for when I sat on the bench next to him. He was a musty, dingy, and tattered magazine, with some queer stories bound in him, I was sure. He turned out to be a scrap-book.

"I am a newspaper reporter," I said to him, to try him. "I have been detailed to write up some of the experiences of the unfortunate ones who spend their evenings in this park. May I ask you to what you attribute your downfall in—"

I was interrupted by a laugh from my purchase—a laugh so rusty and unpractised that I was sure it had been his first for many a day.

"Oh, no, no," said he. "You ain't a reporter. Reporters don't talk that way. They pretend to be one of us, and say they've just got in on the blind baggage from St. Louis. I can tell a reporter on sight. Us park bums get to be fine judges of human nature. We sit here all day and watch the people go by. I can size up anybody who walks past my bench in a way that would surprise you."

"Well," I said, "go on and tell me. How do you size me up?"

"I should say," said the student of human nature with unpardonable hesitation, "that you was, say, in the contracting business—or maybe worked in a store—or was a sign-painter. You stopped in the park to finish your cigar, and thought you'd get a little free monologue out of me. Still, you might be a plasterer or a lawyer—it's getting kind of dark, you see. And your wife won't let you smoke at home."

I frowned gloomily.

"But, judging again," went on the reader of men, "I'd say you ain't got a wife."

"No," said I, rising restlessly. "No, no, no, I ain't. But I *will* have, by the arrows of Cupid! That is, if—"

My voice must have trailed away and muffled itself in uncertainty and despair.

"I see you have a story yourself," said the dusty vagrant—impudently, it seemed to me. "Suppose you take your dime back and spin your yarn for me. I'm interested myself in the ups and downs of unfortunate ones who spend their evenings in the park."

Somehow, that amused me. I looked at the frowzy derelict with more interest. I did have a story. Why not tell it to him? I had told none of my friends. I had always been a reserved and bottled-up man. It was psychical timidity or sensitiveness—perhaps both. And I smiled to myself in wonder, when I felt an impulse to confide in this stranger and vagabond.

"Jack," said I.

"Mack," said he.

"Mack," said I, "I'll tell you."

"Do you want the dime back in advance?" said he.

I handed him a dollar.

"The dime," said I, "was the price of listening to *your* story."

"Right on the point of the jaw," said he. "Go on."

And then, incredible as it may seem to the lovers in the world who confide their sorrows only to the night wind and the gibbous moon, I laid bare my secret to that wreck of all things that you would have supposed to be in sympathy with love.

I told him of the days and weeks and months that I had spent in adoring Mildred Telfair. I spoke of my despair, my grievous days and wakeful nights, my dwindling hopes and distress of mind. I even pictured to this night-prowler her beauty and dignity, the great sway she had in society, and the magnificence of her life as the elder daughter of an ancient race whose pride overbalanced the dollars of the city's millionaires.

"Why don't you cop the lady out?" asked Mack, bringing me down to earth and dialect again.

I explained to him that my worth was so small, my income so minute, and my fears so large that I hadn't the courage to speak to her of my worship. I told him that in her presence I could only blush and stammer, and that she looked upon me with a wonderful, maddening smile of amusement.

"She kind of moves in the professional class, don't she?" asked Mack.

"The Telfair family—" I began haughtily.

"I mean professional beauty," said my hearer.

"She is greatly and widely admired," I answered cautiously.

"Any sisters?"

"One."

"You know any more girls?"

"In a way you have outlined the situation with approximate truth," I admitted.

"I thought so," said Mack grimly. "Now, that reminds me of my own case. I'll tell you about it."

I was indignant, but concealed it. What was this loafer's case or anybody's case compared with mine? Besides, I had given him a dollar and ten cents.

"Feel my muscle," said my companion,



"YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT REDDY BURNS, THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT OF THE WORLD!"

"Why, several," I answered. "And a few others."

"Say," said Mack, "tell me one thing—can you hand out the dope to other girls? Can you chin 'em and make matinee eyes at 'em and squeeze 'em? You know what I mean. You're just shy when it comes to this particular dame—the professional beauty—ain't that right?"

ion, suddenly flexing his biceps. I did so mechanically. The fellows in gyms are always asking you to do that. His arm was as hard as cast iron.

"Four years ago," said Mack, "I could lick any man in New York outside of the professional ring. Your case and mine is just the same. I come from the West Side—between Thirtieth and Fourteenth—I won't give the number

on the door. I was a scrapper when I was ten, and when I was twenty no amateur in the city could stand up four rounds with me. 'S a fact. You know Bill McCarty? No? He managed the smokers for some of them swell clubs. Well, I knocked out everything Bill brought up before me. I was a middle-weight, but could train down to a welter when necessary. I boxed all over the West Side at bouts and benefits and private entertainments, and was never put out once.

"But, say, the first time I put my foot in the ring with a professional I was no more than a canned lobster. I dunno how it was—I seemed to lose heart. I guess I got too much imagination. There was a formality and publicness about it that kind of weakened my nerve. I never win a fight in the ring. Light-weights and all kinds of scrubs used to sign up with my manager and then walk up and tap me on the wrist and see me fall. The minute I seen the crowd and a lot of gents in evening clothes down in front, and seen a professional come inside the ropes, I got as weak as ginger-ale.

"Of course, it wasn't long till I couldn't get no backers, and I didn't have any more chances to fight a professional—or many amateurs, either. But lemme tell you—I was as good as most men inside the ring or out. It was just that dumb, dead feeling I had when I was up against a regular that always done me up.

"Well, sir, after I had to get out of the business, I got a mighty grouch on. I used to go round town licking private citizens and all kinds of unprofessionals just to please myself. I'd lick cops in dark streets and car-conductors and cab-drivers and draymen whenever I could

start a row with 'em. It didn't make any difference how big they was, or how much science they had, I got away with 'em. If I'd only just have had the confidence in the ring that I had beating up the best men outside of it, I'd be wearing black pearls and heliotrope silk socks to-day.

"One evening I was walking along near the Bowery, thinking about things, when along comes a slumming-party. About six or seven they was, all in swallowtails, and these silk hats that don't shine. One of the gang kind of shoves me off the sidewalk. I hadn't had a scrap in three days, and I just says, 'De-light-ed!' and hits him back of the ear.

"Well, we had it. That Johnnie put up as decent a little fight as you'd want

to see in the moving pictures. It was on a side street, and no cops around. The other guy had a lot of science, but it only took me about six minutes to lay him out.

"Some of the swallowtails dragged him up against some steps and began to fan him. Another one of 'em comes over to me and says:

"'Young man, do you know what you've done?'

"'Oh, beat it,' says I. 'I've done nothing but a little punching-bag work. Take Freddy back to Yale and tell him to quit studying sociology on the wrong side of the sidewalk.'

"'My good fellow,' says he, 'I don't know who you are, but I'd like to. You've knocked out Reddy Burns, the champion middle-weight of the world! He came to New York yesterday, to try to get a match on with Jim Jeffries. If you—'

"But when I come out of my faint I was laying on the floor in a drug-store



"WILL YOU MARRY ME OR NOT?"

saturated with aromatic spirits of ammonia. If I'd known that was Reddy Burns, I'd have got down in the gutter and crawled past him instead of handing him one like I did. Why, if I'd ever been in a ring and seen him climbing over the ropes, I'd have been all to the sal volatile.

"So that's what imagination does," concluded Mack. "And, as I said, your case and mine is simultaneous. You'll never win out. You can't go against the professionals. I tell you, it's a park bench for yours in this romance business."

Mack, the pessimist, laughed harshly.

"I'm afraid I don't see the parallel," I said coldly. "I have only a very slight acquaintance with the prize-ring."

The derelict touched my sleeve with his forefinger, for emphasis, as he explained his parable.

"Every man," said he, with some dignity, "has got his lamps on something that looks good to him. With you, it's this dame that you're afraid to say your say to. With me, it was to win out in the ring. Well, you'll lose just like I did."

"Why do you think I shall lose?" I asked warmly.

"'Cause," said he, "you're afraid to go in the ring. You dassen't stand up before a professional. Your case and mine is just the same. You're an amateur; and that means that you'd better keep outside of the ropes."

"Well, I must be going," I said, rising and looking with elaborate care at my watch.

When I was twenty feet away, the park benchman called to me.

"Much obliged for the dollar," he said. "And for the dime. But you'll never get 'er. You're in the amateur class."

"Serves you right," I said to myself, "for hobnobbing with a tramp. His impudence!"

But, as I walked, his words seemed to repeat themselves over and over again in my brain. I think I even grew angry at the man.

"I'll show him!" I finally said aloud. "I'll show him that I can fight Reddy Burns, too—even knowing who he is."

I hurried to a telephone-booth and rang up the Telfair residence.

A soft, sweet voice answered. Didn't I know that voice? My hand holding the receiver shook.

"Is that you?" said I, employing the foolish words that form the vocabulary of every talker through the telephone.

"Yes, this is I," came back the answer in the low, clear-cut

tones that are an inheritance of the Telfairs. "Who is it, please?"

"It's me," said I, less ungrammatically than egotistically. "It's me, and I've got a few things that I want to say to you right now and immediately and straight to the point."

"Dear me," said the voice. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Arden!"

I wondered if any accent on the first word was intended; Mildred was fine at saying things that you had to study out afterward.

"Yes," said I. "I hope so. And now to come down to brass tacks." I thought that rather a vernacularism, if there is such a word, as soon as I had said it; but I didn't stop to apologize. "You know, of course, that I love you, and that I have been in that idiotic state for a long time. I don't want any more foolishness about it—that is, I mean I want an answer from you right now. Will you marry me or not? Hold the wire, please. Keep out, Cen-



tral. Hello, hello! Will you, or will you *not?*"

That was just the upper-cut for Reddy Burns's chin. The answer came back:

"Why, Phil, dear, of course I will! I didn't know that you—that is, you never said—oh, come up to the house, please—I can't say what I want to over the phone. You are so importunate. But please come up to the house, won't you?"

Would I?

I rang the bell of the Telfair house violently. Some sort of a human came to the door and shooed me into the drawing-room.

"Oh, well," said I to myself, looking at the ceiling, "any one can learn from any one. That was a pretty good philosophy of Mack's, anyhow. He didn't take advantage of his experience, but I get the benefit of it. If you want to get into the professional class, you've got to—"

I stopped thinking then. Some one

was coming down the stairs. My knees began to shake. I knew then how Mack had felt when a professional began to climb over the ropes. I looked around foolishly for a door or a window by which I might escape. If it had been any other girl approaching, I mightn't have—

But just then the door opened, and Bess, Mildred's younger sister, came in. I'd never seen her look so much like a glorified angel. She walked straight up to me, and—and—

I'd never noticed before what perfectly wonderful eyes and hair Elizabeth Telfair had.

"Phil," she said, in the Telfair, sweet, thrilling tones, "why didn't you tell me about it before? I thought it was sister you wanted all the time, until you telephoned to me a few minutes ago!"

I suppose Mack and I always will be hopeless amateurs. But, as the thing has turned out in my case, I'm mighty glad of it.

RUS IN URBE

WHEN bricks and stones are beautiful
As springtime flowers are;
When asphalt pavements rest the soul,
And grass is caviar;

When cornices of gilded zinc
Are pleasing to the eye,
As is the sweep majestic of
The broad inviting sky;

When raucous noises of the mart,
In hopeless jangle stirred,
Fall on the ear more pleasantly
Than songs of soaring bird;

When cañons fraught with misery
And all its sordid yields
Inspire the soul with sweeter thoughts
Than harvest-laden fields;

Ah, then, and not till then, will I,
Amid this restless tide
Of nerve-racked folk, cease to lament
My well-loved countryside!

Blakeney Gray

OLD CHELSEA AND ITS FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE

FROM the sixteenth-century days of gaily decked barges on the river and strap-hung carriages on the wretched roads; from the days when Chelsea was genuine country, on through all its gradations to its present state of semicommercialism and pseudo-bohemianism, an integral unit in London's great sum—there is no other suburb of any great city so rich in its associations of genius and the interesting personalities of yesterday.

The very adjective "old," which is almost invariably linked to the proper name, is as suggestive of kindly appreciations and pleasing memories as of mere age. It seems to recall that Chelsea was a favorite haunt of Henry VIII; that it was the residence of his sixth queen, Catharine Parr, who was lucky enough to survive him; that Henry's great lord chancellor, More, had his country home here. It suggests the haunts of the second Charles and "sweet Nell of old Drury." It brings back memories of that frivolous, great-hearted Frenchwoman, the Duchesse de Mazarin, who in her latter days lived back in comparatively humble Paradise Row, entertaining royally, but sadly in arrears with her parish rates. It was in Chelsea that the great Holbein was presented to King Hal—the first of the long line of artists whose names rise up at Chelsea's mention. Dyce was one, and Maclise; Turner and Whistler, of course, and to-day Sargent and Abbey.

In the coffee-house days, Chelsea knew Dr. Arbuthnot and Sir Isaac Newton, Locke and Shadwell and Smollett. Shadwell—Dryden's enemy, and his successor as poet laureate—is buried in Chelsea Old Church, and the house which Smollett describes in "Humphrey

Clinker" was his own Chelsea home, with the door standing wide open every Sunday, that less fortunate authors might enjoy a genuine dinner at least once a week. If we think of the suburb—to call it what it has ceased to be—usually in connection with Carlyle and Hunt and Rossetti and George Eliot, yet is it to be realized that even to-day Lord Cadogan, the great Chelsea landlord, numbers among his tenants several whose names are known in two hemispheres? Edward F. Benson lives there, filling his house with old furniture and Jacobean silver; Bram Stoker lives on St. Leonard's Place; Sargent and Abbey have their studios on Tite Street, and not far off are the homes of the Marquis of Ripon, Lady de Bathe, and Herbert Paul.

TO CHELSEA BY THE RIVER

Approach this Mecca of yesterday's associations and to-day's pleasures from the river. Take one of the little penny steamers at some Embankment station. Your fellow passengers will not be of the upper classes, and probably some of them will suggest Whistler's famous newsboy, who insisted that he was only eight years old, although the artist declared he could not have got that dirty in so short a time. But the busy little boat will take you up past historic Lambeth and Ranelagh Gardens, with the art-gallery of Sir Henry Tate showing white among the timber-yards and ship-yards on the western shore, looking for all the world like one of that gentleman's own sugar-loaves on a littered carpenter's bench.

When you come home, take one of the King's Road busses, on the top of which Carlyle used to show his battered white

hat. If one is to go by appearances, some of those self-same busses are still in use, rumbling along over the cobbles where once the courtiers of Charles II galloped and gossiped, while the merry monarch and Mistress Gwyn watched the progress of the work on the royal hospital. Between the river and the road lies Chelsea, with its charm of ancient bricks and mortar, under the guardianship of venerable trees, peaceful with the quiet of a half-forsaken river-bank.

A FAMOUS OLD LONDON CHURCH

As the steamer bumps against the pier near Battersea — almost exactly where once stood the broad-topped water-gate of Sir Thomas More's home, from which he would watch the sunset across the fields—one sees first the square, stocky Norman tower of Chelsea Old Church. Never yet "restored," it stands for the oldest of old Chelsea, stout and solid and squat, with great ceiling-beams laid when builders were prodigal of both wood and time; with queer glass in its windows which may be valuable, as the guide-book says, and which certainly is venerable. Charles and Henry Kingsley were brought up in the rectory, the latter fitly commemorating the ancient house of worship in "The Hillyars and the Burtons." "Four hundred years of memory," he makes *Joe Burton* say, "are crowded into that old church, and the great flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumbers. It is a church of the dead."

To-day's visitor receives just this impression. Tombs are everywhere, till one is in danger of overlooking those venerable chained volumes, which Sir Hans Sloane presented in his long-past day as lord of the manor. And what tombs some of them are! The little boys, rough carven, kneel in nice perspective behind their kneeling father; and the little girls, behind the mother, round out the family in a way that would delight President Roosevelt. Knights in stiff ruffs, and titled matrons in hooped petticoats, recline on their elbows in the easy angles of mansard roofs.

Half-way along one of the side walls is the tomb of More—he worshiped here and was buried here—buried *minus* the head which an ungrateful monarch demanded of him. One wonders how Henry could have so completely forgotten the summer evenings when he trod the gravel paths of his chancellor's gardens with the royal arm around that neck which he was so soon to sever. Those were the days when Colet came down from Oxford to meet the Dutch Erasmus at Sir Thomas's; when five-pound salmon were to be caught in the Thames, and when snipe could be shot in Five Fields. Five Fields now is Eaton Square, and the only snipe which frequent it are those waifs and strays of a great city's gutters, which the late Phil May depicted.

MEMORIES OF WHISTLER AND TURNER

Whistler and Turner both lived near Chelsea Old Church. Whistler's "White House" is to be sought back in Lindsay Row, but some time before his death the etcher moved down to the river-front, into the house which now stands third from the church. Before it is soon to stand Rodin's statue of him—one great eccentric depicted by another. It was there that the father of the present Lord Lansdowne came to call upon the American artist, only to be met by a storming charwoman, who took him for the cats'-meat man and railed at him for making away with her pet. The nobleman never met Whistler; one such discouragement was enough.

Turner's house stands in Cheyne Walk, at No. 119, beyond the church, bearing a properly artistic tablet designed by Walter Crane. It is a cottage rather than a house, with palings around it, and steps leading down to the two-by-four front garden. For the last of his seventy-nine years the great English colorist lived and worked there. Along the shores of the river, flooded at evening "with waves of dusky gold," the shabby old gentleman used to wander in search of the sunset effects that he loved so much, hailed by cheeky street Arabs as "Puggy Booth." Where the legend came from no one seems to know; but the Cheyne Walk neighborhood believed the artist to be a retired, broken-down

old admiral, Booth by name. To-day it is realizing that Turner's associations with Chelsea are worth shillings and pence to it.

At the other end of Cheyne Walk, at No. 4, one finds the home to which

less than a year later. The prim, uncompromising four-story brick front seems not unsuggestive of that land-agent's daughter, that adept in philosophy—that great positive spirit of imaginative literature—and yet, in Chelsea,



NELL GWYN, ONE OF THE FAMOUS RESIDENTS OF OLD CHELSEA

From a copyrighted photograph by Emery Walker, London, after the painting by Sir Peter Lely, in the National Portrait Gallery

George Eliot moved soon after she had become Mrs. Cross; where her voluminous library was arranged with such care, "as nearly as possible in the same order as at the Priory." She died here

she who created *Adam Bede* and *Maggie Tulliver* and *Felix Holt* is, after all, more of a name than a personality. The artist Maclise, who lived in No. 4 earlier, is more closely associated with the place.



"THE HOUSE WHERE WHISTLER DIED"—ON THE LEFT IS THE SQUARE TOWER OF
CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

From the etching by Joseph Pennell—reproduced by permission of Frederick Keppel & Co., New York

Comte Alfred d'Orsay, too, who had rooms at No. 10, had a longer residence here, though one naturally thinks of him in connection with Gore House and Lady Blessington and fashionable Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

No. 16 in this same famous riverside street is the most noticeable building in the neighborhood, partly because of the Mercury precariously balanced on one foot upon the pole of a globe, placed upon the top of the gable by Professor Haweis, but also because of the prosperous, dignified looks of the house itself. They call it Queen's House in Chelsea, for it stands on the site of a manor which Henry VIII gave to Catharine Parr, and to which she came to live during the brief and troubled reign of her stepson, the sixth Edward. The Princess Elizabeth was with her, and Admiral Seymour used to come there courting the widow of his quondam royal master. There is a story that Elizabeth flirted so outrageously with the admiral

as to endanger the success of his suit; but Catharine married him, and he hung up his hat in her Chelsea mansion. The letters "C. R.," which show to-day in the ironwork over the gate, do not refer, however, to that Catharine; they date from a later period, when Catharine of Braganza, practically deserted by the king "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," came here to pass, as best she might, her tedious days.

Sir Hans Sloane lived here, later, when he was planning his famous "physick gardens"; Blumenthal, the musician, as well as Haweis, lecturer and critic, have been residents, too; but the house's most famous tenants were Swinburne and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. When the Preraphaelite Brotherhood was very young, these two—with William Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and George Meredith—planned to set up here, at No. 16, a sort of bachelor ménage. Hunt was there for a little time; Swinburne longer, writing many of his best

poems here; but Meredith, after one glimpse at the poet-artist's morning repast—a great slab of breakfast bacon, upon which three eggs had “bled themselves to death”—paid his quarter's rent and went back to Mayfair.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI IN CHELSEA

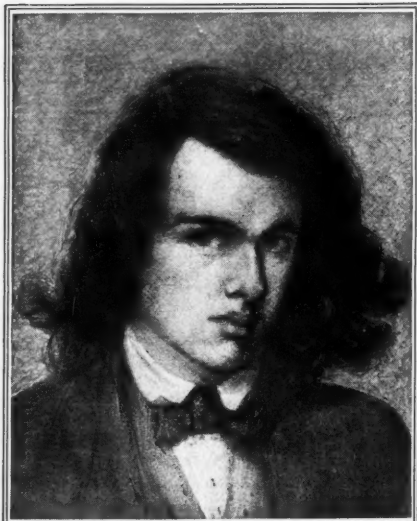
Rossetti's residence in Chelsea has given rise to many strange tales told to present-day travelers by Cheyne Walk guides. For eighteen years he who was

to write those “luscious lines” turned No. 16 into a sort of private zoo. He began with a bull, which had eyes, he thought, like those of Janie Morris. The animal was tied to the palings of the front yard till its temper, which was not of the placid sort that might have been expected to go with such eyes, bent the Jacobean ironwork and dangerously threatened the cedar-trees which Sir Hans had planned two centuries before. When the bull had been sold, a white



JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST, WHO LIVED FOR THIRTY YEARS IN CHELSEA AND DIED THERE IN 1903

From a crayon portrait by Paul Adolphe Rajon



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, WHO LIVED AT NO. 16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS

From a copyrighted photograph by Emery Walker, London, after a drawing by Rossetti, in the National Portrait Gallery

peacock was introduced; but the neighbors objected to its persistent vocal efforts, and it had to be kept in the parlor, where it insisted on staying under the sofa; and the most splendid peacock in the world shows off poorly in such circumstances.

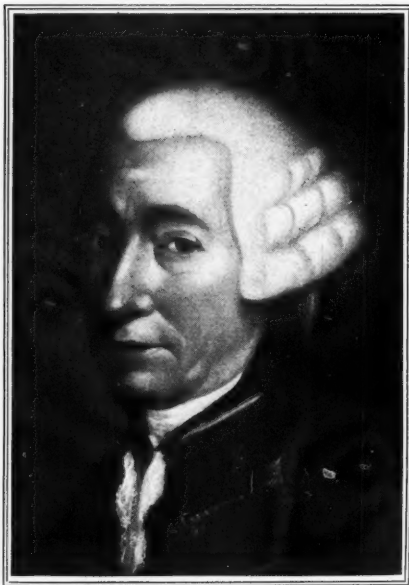
Then there were white mice, which died from lack of attention; and tortoises, bought that they might eat up the beetles; but they, too, were forgotten when the novelty of their arrival had passed off; and, some days later, search showed that the beetles had eaten all of the tortoises except the shells. There were armadillos, and parrots, a wombat, a monkey, and rabbits, and so on down through the list of pets, usual and unusual; and then, two years after the death of George Eliot, Rossetti's demise terminated his lease. To-day Lord Cadogan's agents allow none of their master's tenants to keep bulls or peacocks; there are serious clauses in the leases to that effect.

Next door to the Queen's House stands Don Saltero's, yet another reminder of Stuart days, when the barber Salter—ennobled and en-Spaniarded by bluff old Admiral Manlove—kept a sort

of coffee-house *plus* club, barber-shop *plus* museum, and entertained such men as Steele and Smollett and our own Ben Franklin. Here, surely, is the house told of in the *Spectator*; and perhaps it was directly in front of this "knackatery" that Franklin dived into the river for that long swim, of which the autobiography tells us, when he came ashore at Blackfriars.

CARLYLE, THE SAGE OF CHELSEA

Midway between the Eliot house, at No. 4, and the Turner cottage, at No. 119, stands Boehm's statue of the Sage of Chelsea, that "intellectual ocean who was De Quincey *plus* genius." To-day the bronze Carlyle, weary and wrinkled as some Tithonus, looks across the river into a beyond only to be guessed at, and turns its back on the little street of Cheyne Row, "flag-pathed, sunk-storied, iron-railed, all old-fashioned and tightly done up," as he once described it, and his words are still photographic. There, some fifty yards back from the turf and trees of the Embankment, stands the literary Mecca more sought out by trav-



TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, THE NOVELIST, ONE OF THE FAMOUS RESIDENTS OF OLD CHELSEA

From a copyrighted photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after a contemporary portrait

elers than any other in all England, save only the Ayrshire haunts of Burns and the Warwickshire scenes of Shakespeare. Americans, especially, flock to the Carlyle house with such untempered enthusiasm that the caretakers have had to rope off the chairs to keep them from falling to pieces from constant use, and

may account for a great deal of the philosopher's melancholy, and even for his irritability. It could scarcely have been a cheery abode, this grim and narrow dwelling, with its gloomy little area-way and tiny London garden.

Its dead master's cane stands in the corner of the hall, where you register



JANE WELSH CARLYLE (MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE)

From a miniature by K. Macleay

remove the historic felt hat from its accustomed peg, out of reach of those all too ready to "try it on."

The house is No. 24 to-day, but in 1834, when Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle rented it for thirty-five pounds a year, it was No. 5. Looking at it, one is likely to think that the place itself

quite as if visiting an asylum. Then you climb to the library, where the books are of the most learned sort, and fitly bound in the plainest bindings. In the china-closet one can almost see Jane's slender figure deftly arranging and dusting. In her bedroom stands her chair, her work-table by it and her basket at hand, as

if she had but this moment laid by the darning of her husband's heavy socks, or—most thrifty of housewives—had just finished mending a hole in the carpet. In the basement kitchen one can readily picture Carlyle and Tennyson smoking their long, churchwarden pipes through



THOMAS CARLYLE, THE SAGE OF CHELSEA—THIS STATUE, MODELED BY J. E. BOEHM, STANDS AT THE RIVER END OF CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA

a silent evening; and in the sitting-room, sacred to the memory of "The apostle of bluntness," it takes small imagination to call up again that afternoon when Harriet Martineau bored her host for two long hours.

"That too happy female," he called her. "*Ach Gott*, I wish this good Harriet could go and be happy by herself!"

At the top of the house is the room whose double walls were intended to keep out the hated noises of neighboring cocks and hens and of the young lady with the piano next door. It is a museum to-day, with photographs and paintings on the small-flowered wall-paper.

A show-case stands in the center of the room, filled with personal relics, manuscripts, and those bits of verse and love-notes which Carlyle penned to his wife in his cheerier moments. His easy chair stands by the little fireplace, just as he left it, and the old bell-cord hangs ready for the hand that wrote "The French Revolution." In the glass case, by the way, is to be found the letter which Carlyle wrote to his publishers telling them of the accidental burning of the first manuscript of that wonderful epic which the author saw fit to call history.

Houses where people have lived and suffered and experienced always seem—at least, to those who know—to bear the impress of their past owner's personality. This whole dwelling seems eloquent of the man who was well called "The prophet of the spiritual in the midst of the material." He lived here for nearly half a century, and there is something about the place which seems to speak of a man of force rather than of finish—of a man who hated all that savored of sham, and who came at last to avoid even the usual amenities of life because they seemed to suggest the insincere.

LEIGH HUNT'S LIFE IN CHELSEA

Out again into Cheyne Row, back from the river toward King's Road, and round the first corner to the right, you come to the house where Leigh Hunt lived during those troubled years when every knock at the door made him think that a bailiff had come to arrest him. Those were the days of Hunt's "tinkering," as Carlyle called it:

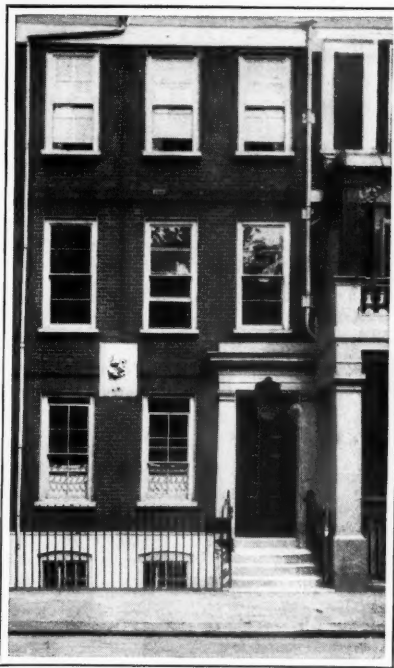
In his family room, where are a sickly large wife, and a whole school of well-conditioned wild children, you will find half a dozen old rickety chairs gathered from a half a dozen different hucksters, and all

seeming engaged, and just pausing, in a violent hornpipe. On these and round them, and over the dusty table and ragged-carpet, lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, eggshells, scissors, and, last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. His own room above stairs, into which alone I try to enter, he keeps cleaner. It has only two chairs, a book-case, and a writing-table; yet the noble Hunt receives you in the spirit of a king, apologizes for nothing, places you in the best seat, takes a window-sill himself, if there is no other, and then, folding closer his loose-flowing "muslin cloud" of a printed nightgown, in which

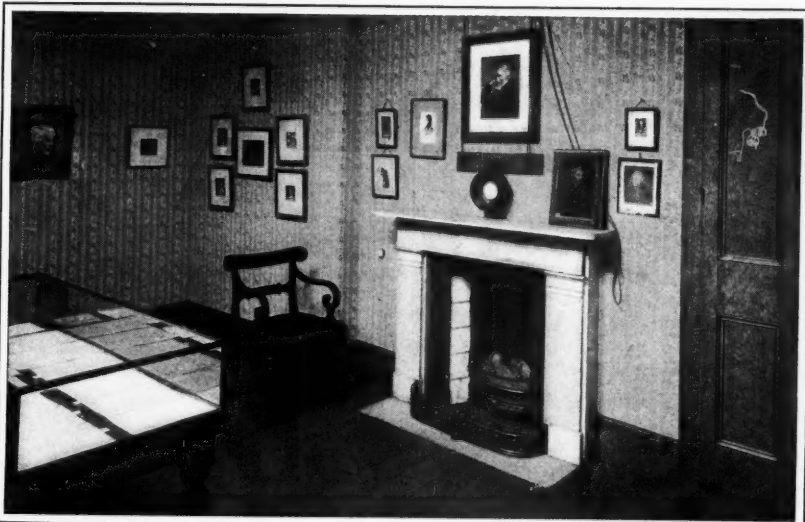
he always writes, commences the liveliest dialogue on philosophy and the pros-

pects of man—who is to be beyond measure happy yet!

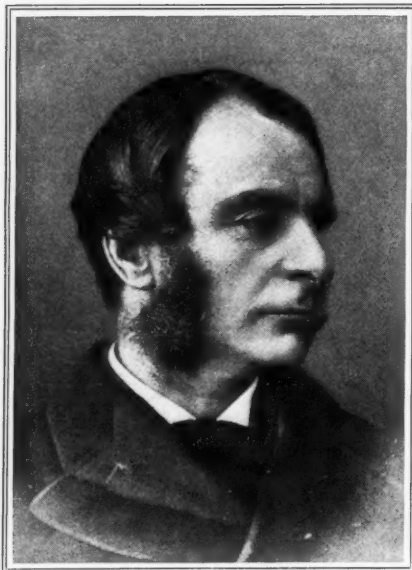
To Hunt, those Chelsea days were but half happy in the scent of the lime-trees in the little garden; for the other half they were genuinely wretched, as the man who had seemed to Shelley "one of the happy souls who are the salt of the world" listened for the comings of his duns. In the seven years of intimacy between the Carlyles and the Hunts—the days of Peel and Palmerston, of Louis Philippe and "Peter Ibbetson," of Van Buren and Harrison, with the Mexican War and the annexation of Texas filling America's newspapers—Hunt was in his



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, NO. 24 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, NOW A MEMORIAL MUSEUM

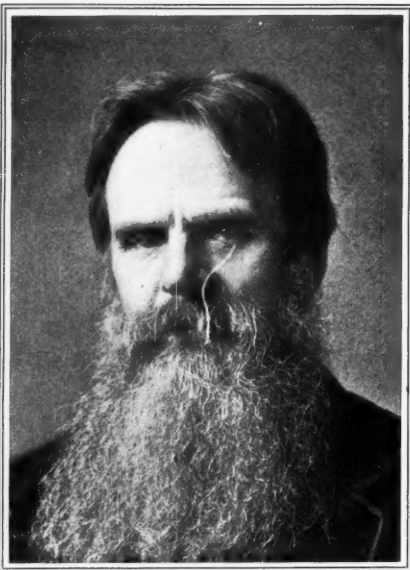


THE FAMOUS SOUND-PROOF STUDY ON THE TOP FLOOR OF CARLYLE'S HOUSE, IN WHICH "FREDERICK THE GREAT" AND OTHERS OF HIS BOOKS WERE WRITTEN



CHARLES KINGSLEY, WHOSE BOYHOOD WAS SPENT IN CHELSEA, WHERE HIS FATHER WAS RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London



WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT, WHO LIVED IN CHELSEA IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE PRERAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

forties and fifties, and Carlyle just entering his forties. One always thinks of

Hunt as a young man; it is really a shock to read that he died at seventy-



JOHN S. SARGENT, WHO LIVES AT 31 TITE STREET, CHELSEA

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston



EDWIN A. ABBEY, WHOSE LONDON STUDIO IS ON TITE STREET, CHELSEA

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

four. One invariably pictures Carlyle as patriarchal. It is difficult to realize that when Marianne Hunt was so frequently borrowing things from Jane Carlyle, she and her equally happy-go-lucky husband were really the seniors.

The Hunt of the Chelsea days—whom Dickens, though he denied it, probably had in mind when he created *Harold Skimpole* in "Bleak House"—was the exponent of a sentimental, impracticable optimism; the personification of a hoped-for future when the whole world should be but refined beer and skittles. As the traveler looks up at the chocolate-colored tablet which marks this one-time residence of his, the wish comes back again that the hand which wrote, for instance, that splendid sonnet to the Nile, or that wholly delightful little "Jennie kissed me," might have belonged to a man less ruled by childish whim and impulse. Still, to-day, as when Macaulay first wrote the words, "we have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt."

What is the sum of old Chelsea's impressions? Not "art-serged females," as one scoffer has declared; not "long-haired males with artistic ties and self-satisfied airs." Nor do the handsome modern residences count at all. The sentimental visitor might almost bring himself to prefer the squalid slums that peer out among them here and there, with a sprinkling of indifferent curiosities and an occasional ill-smelling livery-stable.

Rather does the retrospect bring back an infinity of open green spaces, with the ever-shifting effects of the river life in the background. There is the old among the new, and far more beautiful than most of such scenes near great, gray London. Yet, when all is said and done, the outward and visible signs of old Chelsea stay less with one than the memories and associations of more than four centuries. These last, its inward and spiritual graces, are its finest and most lasting possessions.

THE UPWARD WAY

I know a hill I fain would climb;
The path is carpeted with thyme
And blossoms of elysium;
The sod is white with daisy-rime—
Friend, will you come?

There, from the brake, the thrush will sing
With golden-throated caroling;
And somewhere a hid oriole
On the enraptured air will fling
His rhythmic soul.

Balsam and brier from thickets dense
Will spill their fragrant opulence;
And, mounting upward, we shall find
Mint-attars, like faint frankincense,
Borne down the wind.

And ever to our eyes will ope
New vistas raimented like hope;
A nobler, more divine desire
Will in our hearts gain wider scope
As we tread higher;

Till, when we stand the crest upon—
Above with silence and the sun,
Above the clamor and the clod—
Lo, it will seem that we have won
Anigh to God!

Clinton Scollard

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ROOSEVELT IN HIS SEVEN YEARS' WORK AS PRESIDENT

BY M. G. SECKENDORFF

SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION

1. CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL RESOURCES:

Extension of Forest Reserves.
National Irrigation Act—next in importance to the Homestead Act.
Steps toward improvement of waterways and reservation of water-powers for national benefit.

2. RAILROAD AND INDUSTRIAL LEGISLATION:

Hepburn Rate Act.
Employers' Liability Act.
Safety Appliance Act.
Regulation of the hours of labor of railroad employees.
Establishment of a Department of Commerce and Labor.
Pure Food and Drugs Act, Federal meat inspection, and inspection of packing-houses.

3. ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW:

Northern Securities case.
Conviction of public land thieves.
Conviction of post-office grafters.
Many successful suits, civil and criminal, against railroad rebaters, etc.

4. IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENSES:

The Navy doubled in strength and increased in efficiency.
State Militia brought into coordination with the Army.

5. OUR DEPENDENCIES AND FOREIGN RELATIONS:

Acquisition of the Canal Zone and active work on the Panama Canal.
Development of civil government in the Philippines.
Development of trade in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaii.
Second intervention in Cuba, and reestablishment of Cuban government.
Reorganization of the finances of Santo Domingo.
Establishment of better relations with the republics of South America.
Settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute.
The Root-Takahira agreement.
Negotiation of several important arbitration treaties.
Reorganization of the consular service.

6. THE TREATY OF PORTSMOUTH BETWEEN JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

7. SETTLEMENT OF THE COAL STRIKE OF 1902 BY THE PRESIDENT'S INTERVENTION.

NO less for what it has actually accomplished than for the lines it has laid down, upon which the future development of the country in all human probability will proceed, the ad-

ministration of President Roosevelt marks the opening decade of the twentieth century as a notable one. In a way, his message, addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives on January 22

last, is as inspired a forecast as was the Farewell Address of Washington, delivered in the closing year of the eighteenth century. Almost equally lofty in tone, and as broad and sound in conception as that immortal document, the message of President Roosevelt, transmitting the report of the National Conservation Commission, will pass into history as one of our most important and noteworthy state papers.

Nothing he has ever said or written reveals President Roosevelt's character as a public man in so clear a light as does this message. It sums up in a few trenchant words his philosophy of government. It states in homely language, so that he who runs may read, the ideals he sought to attain. It records with pardonable pride the achievements of his administration—such, at least, as he considers to be the more important ones. It does not hesitate to confess to mistakes, shortcomings, and failures. It shows neither bitterness nor resentment. It contains neither boastfulness nor a disposition to apologize for what he has done or left undone. It stands for truth, justice, and honesty—nothing more, nothing less.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO THE FUTURE

It pleads for "the application of common sense to common problems for the common good," and for "equality of opportunity." It is an appeal for the development and protection of individual liberty, individual initiative, subject, always, to the need of preserving and promoting the general good. And, more important than all, it conveys, between the lines, the solemn and timely warning—expressed not in the spirit of the pedant or preacher, but in that of exalted patriotism—that material welfare and development alone, attained at the expense of character, cannot insure the perpetuity of the nation or of its institutions.

"The greatest questions before us," says President Roosevelt, "are not partisan questions, but questions upon which men of all parties and all shades of opinion may be united for the common good." Among such questions, on the material side, he thinks, the conservation of the natural resources of the United States stands first.

We have alienated to private use and to practical destruction vast areas of timber, coal, and mineral lands which should have been held intact as a measure of public protection. The deforestation of the areas in which water-supplies must be accumulated has led to the deterioration of our rivers as sources of power and irrigation and as channels of commerce. Flood seasons, causing enormous annual losses, are followed by drought seasons, when navigation is made impossible, and the undue erosion of the soil has impoverished fertile agricultural lands and filled the beds of the watercourses with soil deposits.

We have allowed a vicious circle to be formed, each neglect working to emphasize the bad effect of all the others. To break the circle, there must be reformatory action at all points. The forests must be restored, conserving the timber-supply, and they in turn will fill the river-beds, diminish extremes of flood and drought, and multiply the use of the rivers for purposes of irrigation, power, and navigation. Harmonious development of the forests and rivers, and the creation of thousands of miles of new waterways, will vastly increase the facilities of agriculture, commerce, and manufacture, and make the country as a whole immensely richer and stronger.

Surely, to have set such a task to his generation and to generations to come; to have laid the foundations of so enlightened a policy; to have taken the first firm step toward discharging the responsibility we owe to coming millions; to have brought us to realize that in wasting our resources we are perpetrating a wrong upon our descendants—to have done all this reveals a statesmanship of the very first order, a statesmanship the greater as it is free from partizanship and admits of no differences of opinion.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE RAILROADS

The attitude of President Roosevelt toward the great corporations, notably those engaged in transportation, has been, and continues to be, a subject of violent contention. Those who attribute to the policies of the Roosevelt administration an injurious effect on business

prosperity and national welfare, and who bitterly resent the successful efforts made in the last seven years to extend the regulating power of the Federal government over the instrumentalities of interstate commerce, are influenced, I think, by superficial clamor, and are hardly competent to measure tendencies and results in their proper historical and philosophical perspective. It is perhaps not too much to say that the very men charged with the management of our great railroad systems who now denounce the administration of President Roosevelt in unmeasured terms may live to bless its regulating activities. Indeed, indications are not wanting not only that "the real corporate interests—namely, the owners of the railroad shares and securities"—are beginning to believe that regulation and publicity will be of enormous benefit to the public, hence to themselves, but also that the best and ablest railway managers are now ready to cooperate with the government in ending the abuses of rebates, overcapitalization, and exploitation by "insiders," and that though some minor amendments may still be necessary, the fundamental work of reformation has been done.

What, if this fundamental work had not been done? What, if only a policy of "masterly inactivity" had met the crisis that many of us felt was fast approaching? There are statesmen, no doubt, who believe in "drifting"; in other words, who fold their hands and let things run their course, hoping that in the end everything will right itself. I have known some of them—in the White House, too. But Theodore Roosevelt is cast in another mold. A difficult situation does not deaden his sense of responsibility. On the contrary, it arouses in him the highest conception of duty. And, incidentally, it reveals the moral courage of the man.

By placing himself at the head of a movement for government regulation of the great transportation lines, he arrested—for the time being, at least—a movement fraught with infinitely greater danger to this country: the movement in the direction of that state socialism by which every government in Europe, whether monarchy, limited mon-

archy, or republic, seems to have been overwhelmed during the last twenty-five years. Roosevelt is not the revolutionist that his enemies would have us believe him to be. The real revolutionists are the privilege-hunters who thrive upon the unchecked existence of monopoly, and are foes to the equalization of opportunity.

FORTY YEARS OF RAILROAD HISTORY

The great service rendered to the country by the Roosevelt administration in the matter of railroad regulation can best be understood by a brief reference to the conditions as they had existed up to the time when it came into office. Originally the Federal government had, for all practical purposes, relinquished to the States its power to regulate railroad traffic. Up to 1866, the States did nearly all the regulating. The Supreme Court had accepted the theory of concurrent authority, and had held that as long as Congress remained silent, and did not undertake the regulation of commerce under its constitutional grant of power, the States were free to impose regulations.

A change came with the passage of the act of June 15, 1866, which declared that railroads carrying persons or property from one State to another formed continuous lines of transportation. The law was designed to remove trammels on interstate commerce then existing, and to prevent the creation of such trammels in the future. The Supreme Court approved this intention and reversed the rule about the silence of Congress giving latitude of action to the States. Since 1866, the court has held that the silence of Congress is to be construed as a legislative declaration that there shall be no State regulation. The railroads profited vastly by this change of front, which relieved them of many harassing burdens, and they cooperated to the utmost in all efforts to make the Federal jurisdiction paramount and exclusive.

Senator Knox, in an address delivered last year, declared that under this new system the railroads grew overconfident and autocratic. "Out of the abuses," as he put it, "and the perversions of the augmented powers and privileges attending the enormous expansion of railroad

operations under generous government policies," grew a public demand for Federal regulation. As the railroads had sought the Federal power for protection, so the people resorted to the same power for relief. The Interstate Commerce Law was passed in 1887; but it was nullified in great part by the courts, and up to 1902, the Senator from Pennsylvania declared, "railroad and other corporate abuses were wide-spread, and much confusion existed as to the state of the law concerning them."

One of the most memorable achievements of the Roosevelt administration has been the clarification of that law and the provision of means for remedying those abuses. This was accomplished by legislation in the Fifty-Seventh Congress and supplemented in later Congresses by the Hepburn rate law, the safety appliance law, the employers' liability law, and the law limiting the hours of labor of railroad employees. It constitutes a record of enormous public value. "It did more," said Senator Knox, "to confirm the party of Abraham Lincoln in the affections and confidence of the people than any body of substantive law enacted since his death."

THE NORTHERN SECURITIES CASE

The Northern Securities case constitutes another landmark on the road to order and progress. It was a vindication of the law and acted, as has been said by a distinguished member of the bar, like "a shaft of sunlight through a cloudy sky, bringing hope to many who needed it, and dissipating like mist the senseless fear of what a former district attorney in New York called the 'criminal rich.'" It resulted in the fiercest denunciations of the President, and left no small degree of soreness behind it. The Supreme Court of the United States sustained the prosecution which President Roosevelt directed to be brought, and the people ratified that decision at the polls in the following November.

Even some of the principals most annoyingly affected by that decision have since admitted that the Northern Securities Company was a mistake. On the one hand, the supremacy of the law was made clear, which was something, at any rate. On the other, the mob of anti-

corporation shriekers was compelled to realize that even after the dissolution of a corporate combination has been ordered by the courts, there are still a multitude of individual rights to be ascertained and protected—which is a still better thing.

THE COAL STRIKE OF 1902

Few events in his career illustrate President Roosevelt's sturdy independence and his wholesome contempt for tradition as mere tradition better than his attitude at the time of the great anthracite coal strike. There are too many men who refuse to do a thing simply because it hasn't been done and isn't being done—who can see no merit in a thing that hasn't been done and isn't being done. To this class belong the men in public life who resent the idea that constitutions are made for men, instead of men being made for constitutions. To them the suggestion that the President of the United States should undertake to settle a strike seemed a monstrous one—so monstrous, in fact, as greatly to endanger the foundations of our liberties, besides doing other dreadful things.

Well, the strike was settled, and the pressing danger of a coal famine averted, because President Roosevelt recognized that the control of a public necessity involves a duty to the people, and that public intervention in the affairs of a public-service corporation is neither to be resented as an usurpation, nor permitted as a privilege, by a corporation, but, on the contrary, is to be accepted as a duty, and exercised as a right, by the government, in the interest of all the people. It was another, though not the first, application, on the part of the administration, of "common sense to common problems for the common good."

This exhibition of common sense at the critical moment annoyed a good many influential persons at the time, and even now is held up as a striking example of President Roosevelt's impatience of constitutional restraints. The coal companies contended that, except for the President's interference, the strike would have collapsed in another day or two. It might have; but then, again, it might not. Who is to tell? One thing is certain—that, but for the course taken by

President Roosevelt, in another week of the strike thousands of factories would have been compelled to close; the families of the workmen would have begun to suffer the pangs of cold and starvation, and there would probably have been riot and bloodshed such as we have not seen in our lifetime, and, it is to be hoped, we never shall see.

DIGGING THE PANAMA CANAL

The enormous development of the power and prestige of the United States within the last twenty-five years made it clear, long before the advent of the Roosevelt administration, that ultimately, no matter who built an Isthmian canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, its control would lodge in the United States, and that control would be shared with no one. The logical result of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was the Hay-Herran Treaty, negotiated under the Roosevelt administration, between the United States and Colombia. Congress had empowered the President to acquire from Colombia the perpetual control of a strip of land across the Isthmus of Panama, to pay forty million dollars to the French canal company for its property and rights, and to proceed to finish the uncompleted waterway. Or, if the proposed purchase could not be arranged, the President was authorized to treat with Nicaragua and Costa Rica for the construction of a canal through their territory.

Under the terms of this act, the Hay-Herran Treaty was negotiated. It was promptly ratified by the United States Senate; but at Bogota, after several months' deliberation, it was rejected. It became apparent that Colombia was "holding up" both the United States and the French Panama Canal Company. It also became apparent that if such a course were persisted in, the people of Panama would set up a government for themselves. And in a threat to do so they were naturally supported by the representatives of the French Panama Canal Company, who couldn't afford to let that forty million dollars escape them.

It isn't necessary to believe that the administration of President Roosevelt was a party to subsequent events. Of

course, it was cognizant of the feeling on the Isthmus; if it hadn't been, it would have been singularly innocent. But equally cognizant of developments on the Isthmus was the government at Bogota, only it did not lie in its power to arrest the revolution, the seeds of which had been sown in its own short-sighted cupidity. It is quite likely that the friends of the French company aided in fomenting the revolution—a surmise strengthened, it must be confessed, by the appearance in Washington, shortly after, of the engineer of the company as the representative of the new-born republic. But that any one connected with the administration, as was charged subsequently, "pulled off" a revolution prematurely, and reported it to the State Department before it actually occurred is too puerile to be deserving of serious consideration.

In spite of all this, there are a good many good people who persist in refusing to believe that anything so opportune as the independence of Panama could have come about without President Roosevelt's aid and abetting. In view of the very substantial progress made, within the last five years, in the actual digging of the canal, and the reasonable prospect that this gigantic undertaking will, as a navigable canal, become an accomplished fact within a few years, the manner of acquiring control over the Canal Zone is a matter of indifference, and may safely be left to the judgment of posterity. The work now being done is being performed with a speed, an efficiency, and an entire devotion to duty which, in the words of President Roosevelt, "make it a model for all work of the kind."

THE NAVY AND THE ARMY

The public hears a great deal just now about shortcomings in the navy, and some of the current charges may be only too well founded. The fact remains, however, that in the face of all these criticisms, the fleet of battle-ships sent over a year ago to circle the globe has accomplished a task which no other fleet of similar size or character has ever attempted before, without mishap, without an accident of any sort, without disclosing to the critical eye of the pro-

fessional the slightest indication of a lack of efficiency.

As far as the efficiency of the navy personnel is concerned, it is largely the work of the administration of President Roosevelt, who has labored in season and out to furnish opportunities for increasing it. As for the increase in the number of ships, a fair share of the credit belongs to Congress. But as for the shortcomings that may exist, they are almost wholly the result of the vicious system which permits members of the Committees on Naval Affairs of both houses of Congress to plan ships, or adopt plans submitted to them by outsiders, in spite of the opposition and against the advice of the whole body of seagoing experts in the navy. Battle-ships are not constructed in this fashion by any other government on the globe. Against that system President Roosevelt has been powerless, though his recommendations looking to the absolute elimination of the bureaus and the placing of the entire establishment on a purely military basis are in a fair way of being carried out by another Congress.

President Roosevelt's active interest in military matters has borne fruit in the act which incorporated the National Guard with the army as a part of the national forces. This is a most important piece of legislation, and marks, quite aside from increasing the efficiency of our means for defense, the tendency tacitly to permit the Federal government to assume functions heretofore regarded as exclusively belonging to the domain of the States.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE PHILIPPINES

A review of the achievements of the Roosevelt administration, even the briefest, as this one necessarily is, would be incomplete without a reference to what has been accomplished in the Philippines and other of our dependencies. Without previous experience in the governing of Asiatic races, the administration was called upon, in the early days of its advent to power, to solve the difficult and delicate problem of transferring, without friction, powers up to that time held in military hands to those of civilians. President McKinley, it is true, had paved the way for this important move, but its

actual execution fell into the hands of President Roosevelt. He has accomplished the task with unfailing tact and rare good judgment. The dreaded friction has never been felt, if, indeed, it has ever showed itself.

The administration's attitude toward the Filipinos has been one of guardianship, pure and simple; but under it they have prospered and made genuine progress in the direction of self-government. Their progress in the last seven years has been more than gratifying. The gathering, indeed, of a Philippine legislative body is a process absolutely new in Asia, not only as regards Asiatic colonies of European powers, but as regards Asiatic possessions of other Asiatic powers. Excepting Japan, and bearing in mind the recent abortive attempt to temper the despotism of the Shah by the creation of a parliament in Persia, the meeting of the Philippine Assembly marks a new departure in the oldest of continents.

The cry of well-meaning but utterly irresponsible doctrinaires to turn the Filipinos adrift, to let them govern themselves as best they might, to wash our hands of the whole business; or let some other government, less altruistic and more practical than ours, attempt the job of imparting a political education to a mongrel race of Malays, is now seen, more clearly than ever, to have been the cry of a disgruntled opposition. The administration correctly gaged public sentiment when it refused to regard the possessions of the Philippines and Porto Rico and our protectorate over Cuba in any other light than that of accomplished fact. "Having assumed," it said, "this portion of the white man's burden, we are not going to run away from it." If the question of the relinquishment or abandonment of any part of these new responsibilities could be put to a popular vote to-day, or could have been at any time within the last seven years, it would not now muster—it would never have mustered—more than an insignificant number of supporters.

The latest figures available show that under American rule the exports from the Philippine Islands increased from \$12,366,912 in 1899 to \$30,137,604 in 1908, while for the corresponding years

the imports were \$13,113,010 and \$28,169,151, respectively.

PORTO RICO AND CUBA

On July 25, 1901—a few weeks before Mr. Roosevelt's succession to the Presidency—Porto Rico became a Territory of the United States on a basis in some respects similar to that of the Territories on the North American continent, but with these important differences—that citizens of Porto Rico are not *ipso facto* citizens of the United States, and that the present status of the Territory is not to be considered as a preliminary to Statehood. Free trade exists between the island and the United States. The exports of Porto Rico to the United States in 1901 amounted to \$5,883,892; in 1908, to \$25,891,261. The imports from the United States in 1901 amounted to \$6,861,917; in 1908, to \$22,677,376. President Roosevelt has repeatedly urged upon Congress the advisability of extending American citizenship to Porto Ricans, but so far without success.

As this is being written, Governor Magoon is embarking at Havana, and the government of Cuba is once more in the hands of Cubans. About a year ago President Roosevelt set the day—the hour, almost—for the departure of the representative of the United States. At the time many people questioned the wisdom of committing himself so far in advance. His judgment is vindicated by the event. The second intervention of the United States, rendered necessary to avert impending anarchy and the shedding of blood, terminated with feelings only of gratitude and respect on the part of Cubans, without distinction of party, for the country which secured to them their freedom.

Commerce between the United States and Cuba has shown a material increase under the operations of a reciprocity treaty negotiated by President Roosevelt's direction. The instrument went into force on December 27, 1903, and therefore all the commercial transactions between the two countries since January 1, 1904, reflect the influence of the treaty and furnish a measure of its effectiveness. In 1903, Cuban exports to the United States amounted to \$62,942,790; imports

from the United States into Cuba to \$21,761,638. In the year 1907—the latest for which statistics are at hand—these figures were raised to \$97,441,690 and \$49,300,274, respectively.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S WORK FOR PEACE

The part played by President Roosevelt in bringing the representatives of Japan and Russia together at Portsmouth raised his personal prestige tremendously, and won him a signal honor in the award of the Nobel peace prize for 1906. Never was there a more just bestowal of the fund established by the Swedish chemist who made a great fortune from his invention of dynamite, and who left his money to reward the best achievements in science, in literature, and in the promotion of amity between nations.

There is no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's work in ending the war in Manchuria has more than once tended to allay the susceptibilities of the Japanese people in connection with hostile demonstrations on the Pacific coast. In this sense it has indirectly added to the volume of services that he has rendered to his country. But as it had no direct bearing upon the work done by his administration at home, it is here mentioned only as a matter of record.

The principles underlying the establishment of The Hague Tribunal for the arbitration of international differences are a tremendous step in behalf of civilization and progress throughout the world. To them the administration of President Roosevelt gave, after securing proper modifications in the treaties it negotiated, prompt and cordial assent. In the last three years, the administration has negotiated not less than twenty-four treaties for general arbitration. These treaties do not go so far as some of the extreme advocates of arbitration would desire, but they greatly reduce the number and importance of contentious questions left to the unaided negotiation of governments. Substantially, they make arbitration the rule, and not the exception.

Most important of all these treaties is that which submits the fisheries dispute with Great Britain—a dispute of more than one hundred years' standing—to arbitration before The Hague Tribunal.

That question has been one of the most troublesome in the history of our diplomacy. It has not to-day the importance, probably, that it once had, but still it will constantly remain a source of irritation, giving rise to much ill-feeling in the New England section of our country, until it is finally disposed of. At this writing difficulties are threatened by the government of Newfoundland, but it is to be hoped that the objections of the colonial authorities will be overcome by pending negotiations.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES

The management of the country's finances is a subject of the highest importance. As far as the law permitted it, the administration of President Roosevelt discharged the task by the application of strict business principles. In his message to Congress of December 8, 1908, he summed up the operations of the Treasury for the last seven years as follows:

During the seven years and three months—July 1, 1901, to September 30, 1908—there has been a net surplus of nearly one hundred millions of receipts over expenditures, a reduction of the interest-bearing debt by ninety millions, in spite of the extraordinary expense of the Panama Canal, and a saving of nearly nine millions on the annual interest charge. This is an exceedingly satisfactory showing, especially in view of the fact that during this period the nation has never hesitated to undertake any expenditure that it regarded as necessary. There have been no new taxes and no increases of taxes; on the contrary, some taxes have been taken off; there has been a reduction of taxation.

On January 26, 1907, a law was enacted by Congress, in response to the President's suggestion, making it unlawful for any national bank, or any corporation organized under Federal authority, to make a money contribution in connection with any election to any political office.

PERSONAL ATTACKS ON THE PRESIDENT

It is difficult to review President Roosevelt's administration without referring to Roosevelt the man. In this respect he suggests the administrations of Washington, Lincoln, and, possibly,

Jackson. Like them he has been assailed, abused, and villified. His personal character has been attacked, his motives have been questioned, and his public utterances denounced as the manifestations of a supreme egotism, if not of a disordered mind.

The difficulty with most people who indulge in criticism of the President is that they do not take the trouble to read what he actually says. What they read is what a hostile press says he says, or what their next-door neighbor, equally ill informed, has been told he has said. I doubt if the average Wall Street man ever does more than cast a casual glance at a Presidential message. As for doing any original thinking on questions of public importance, it is a process absolutely foreign to him. What he does do is to read his favorite newspaper in order to ascertain whether the editor still continues to agree with him, and to pronounce the editor a devilish clever chap if he does, and more or less of a blockhead if he doesn't. Under the circumstances, it is to be wondered at that the impression that Roosevelt is "unsafe" has found lodgment in the minds of Wall Street—a lodgment so firm and deep that time only can be expected to remove it?

You constantly hear men of very great wealth sigh for the halcyon days of a Harrison or a Cleveland. These were "safe" men! Well, for my part, I am unable to see that President Roosevelt ever has done anything half as "radical" or half as "unsafe" as was either Harrison's ultimatum to Chile or Cleveland's Venezuela message.

President Roosevelt has written a great deal, and talked still more. His warmest admirers are forced to admit that in this respect he has not always been wise or even discreet. Many of his utterances have sent cold shivers down the backs of his friends. Yet it is not so much what he says as the manner of his saying it that so frequently has aroused the apprehension of his supporters and filled the souls of his opponents with impish delight. At heart he is conservative, constructive rather than destructive.

It is not what he has done that his enemies can find fault with, but with what they said he was going to do and

never did. Their fear that he was impulsive to a dangerous degree, and might have involved the country in serious difficulties through reckless self-confidence and a desire to assert himself, has been shown to be groundless. Their prediction that the country would breathe a sigh of relief upon his retirement from office, and that prosperity would instantly resume the seat from which he so needlessly tore her, is now seen to have been born of a singularly narrow and grotesque fatuity.

A "STRENUOUS" PERSONALITY

The tremendous and wide-spread activity of President Roosevelt, no less than the enormous capacity for continued hard work he displays at all times, is a constant source of comment on the part of friend and foe. Whether it is mental, as manifested in the bulky record of his state papers, addresses, and magazine articles, or merely physical, as shown in his ninety-mile rides on horseback, his excursions on foot in all kinds of wind and weather, or his contests on the tennis-court, it is always "strenuous." It ranges from a discussion of the gravest political problems to a dissertation on the duty of mothers; it shows that he has views on art, and tempts him to try conclusions with antiquated modes of spelling; it leads him to restore not only the name of the "White House," but its outward form, to a semblance of dignity it had lost; it extends his interest to the welfare, impartially, of man and beast. No President before him, certainly, had thought it worth his while to arrest the threatened extermination of our native animals.

A nature so constituted, so universal and all-embracing, was bound to make mistakes. No doubt he has made them. But he has never made them twice. His quick intelligence has saved him from that fate, and nothing, probably, is

further from the truth than that he is unwilling to take advice.

President Roosevelt has done great things—very great things. As time passes they will loom larger and larger. He has done them because he has had high ideals, and has not been lacking in courage to strive to realize them. He may not always have succeeded, but even his failures will serve to mark the road along which his successors may travel with safety. If he had never done anything else than awaken the conscience of the country and arouse in certain sections of the business community an ethical sense which had threatened to become permanently dormant, he would have performed a task worthy of the greatest statesmanship.

"The obligations, and not the rights, of citizenship," he says, "increase in the proportion to the increase of a man's wealth and power. The time is coming when a man will be judged, not by what he has succeeded in getting for himself from the common store, but by how well he has done his duty as a citizen, and by what the ordinary citizen has gained in freedom of opportunity because of his service for the common good."

President Roosevelt is animated by a patriotism of the loftiest character. It is a patriotism of that type which keeps constantly before it the fact that Americanism is a question of principle, of purpose, of idealism, of character; that it is not a matter of birthplace, or creed, or line of descent. It is a patriotism which impels him to place himself at the head of a great and stern moral movement "to bring ideals and conduct into measurable accord." It is the patriotism of an ardent and generous nature, courageous and high-minded; so frank, so open to the day, that at the bar of history he will require neither interpreter nor apologist. The record of his administration will speak for itself.

PRECIOUS GIFTS

HAPPY shall be his life on earth,
And, like a song, his days shall run,
To whom God gives the myrrh of mirth
And frankincense of fun!

Frank Dempster Sherman

MINIMIZING THE DANGERS OF OCEAN TRAVEL

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

TRAVEL by sea is now safer than travel on land. The passenger on an ocean liner is in less danger than he would be at home—far less than in going about city streets or journeying by rail. This condition has been brought about largely within the past twenty-five years by the tremendous improvements in marine construction, and by wonderful devices that give vessels timely warning of approaching dangers. More has been done in this brief space to make sea travel safe than during all the centuries that have passed since the discovery of the mariner's compass.

We may almost say, to-day, that the sea is conquered. A great ship no longer fears even the titanic force of the hurricane. That only makes her decrease her speed a little. Practically the sole dangers that remain are caused by fog; but even these are far less fearsome than of old. The crackling, air-borne whisper of the wireless and the faint ethereal chime of the submarine bells, sounding through miles of gray ocean, have gone far in routing these last remaining perils of the deep.

The average passenger on an ocean liner little realizes what is being done to guard him on the voyage from shore to shore. Thousands of people are watching over his safety, some of them from the land and others upon the sea.

Three great factors in making ocean travel safe are water-tight compartments on vessels, the wireless telegraph, and the submarine bell. If it had not been for the stanch bulkheads of the Republic and the Florida, the recent collision of those two vessels would have had a far sadder ending. That the former stayed afloat as long as she did after having been stabbed in a vital spot

was due to the steel partitions that kept the intruding water from flooding her whole structure.

When the sea enters any part of a ship's hull, its pressure on these steel walls is tremendous—perhaps a ton to every square foot, or still more as the water rises higher. If the rivets start the fraction of an inch under this terrific strain, the flood will seep through, and the bulkhead will finally collapse. Marine constructors are already seeking to build vessels with stronger and more numerous bulkheads, especially around the engine-room, so as to safeguard the fiery heart of a ship from being pierced by any blow.

No matter how strong these steel-clad inner walls may be, they are as nothing if their doors cannot be closed in an instant. This can be done on most of the great liners. Years ago, the shutting of the doors between the watertight compartments was left to the crew. When imminent danger menaced, gongs and whistles sounded, ordering the men to spring to their stations and slam the heavy doors. Ten years ago, when the Cromartyshire rammed the Bourgogne in the fog over the Grand Banks, and the latter went down with almost all on board, it was because the crew lost their heads at the supreme moment, and failed to close the bulkhead doors.

The elimination of the human element in guarding a ship or a railway-train spells safety. To-day, should one vessel be approaching another through the fog, the telephone would instantly carry the lookout's warning to the captain on the bridge. He would seize a long brass lever and throw it up as far as it would go. While it descended, great gongs would sound through all the ship. In

seven seconds they would cease, and the doors of every compartment would fly shut; the purpose of the gongs being to warn every one to get out of the way.

As each door closes, a lamp beside the lever glows red. If one fails to work, the signal gives notice; but the doors do not fail. The mechanical device is more trustworthy than human hands.

Much has been said about wireless telegraphy having saved the day in the Florida-Republic disaster. As a matter of fact, the wireless, good work as it did, did not save a life on either vessel. The Republic's bulkheads kept her afloat long enough for her passengers to be taken off in boats; the Florida's bulkheads enabled her to reach New York. The people on board both liners—except the four or five crushed in the collision—would have got safely ashore had no other vessel been summoned to their aid.

THE WONDERS OF THE WIRELESS

That wireless telegraphy is already a tremendous factor in the saving and safeguarding of life at sea there is no doubt. At present, its working is far from perfect, and there is much that is mysterious and uncertain in the way it operates. At Cape Sable, the other day, the wireless station talked with a vessel six hundred miles away, but could get no response from other ships only a hundred miles distant. Not long ago one of the Bermuda liners, far out at sea, sent a wireless to New York. It was caught first at Cleveland, Ohio, and sent by the land wires to its destination.

Yet already, as I have said, the wonderful invention of Marconi is of great service at sea. By relaying messages from ship to ship, and then to shore, a vessel is never out of touch with land all the way across the Atlantic. At present, outside of the navies of the leading maritime powers, less than four hundred steamers are equipped with the necessary mechanism; but it is likely that within a few years a seagoing craft will not be allowed to leave port unless it has a wireless outfit. Even now, many of the fishing-boats that sail from Massachusetts ports for the Banks of Newfoundland, and those from England and Europe that harvest in the North Sea, are thus equipped. This is partly

as a safeguard against being run down in the dense fogs, and partly as a means of reporting their catches to their owners or agents ashore, in order to secure the best markets.

THE SUBMARINE BELL

It is hard to tell from what direction a wireless message comes when it flies from ship to ship in a fog. The electrical waves have been likened to those of water when a stone is dropped into a still pool and sends ripples out in every direction. The submarine fog-bell—within a more limited radius, of course—is surer. These bells are hung under the keels of vessels, and a telephone apparatus is attached to the hull under water. The wires run from the port and starboard sides of the ship to the bridge, where there is a metal box, from which hang two ordinary telephone-receivers. If the captain does not hear the bell through the receiver on one side, he tries the other, and that gives him the direction from which the sound comes. Water is a truer carrier of sound than air.

The mellow strokes of these submarine bells have been heard through fifteen miles of sea. They are now attached to most lightships along the coast, and obviate the old and dangerous way of being guided by the leadsman's soundings when approaching the shore in a fog. The captain of the Baltic said, the other day, that he was aided more by the submarine bell than by the wireless in locating the wrecked Republic, when once he had reached her neighborhood.

Clothed in steel, and with the interior divided into many air-tight compartments with steel walls, the vessels of today are far less in danger of fire than they were. Small fires may occur, but they can generally be confined within a narrow space until they are extinguished by water or by live steam.

GREAT SHIPS THAT DEFY STORMS

Not only do the big boats no longer fear the most severe gale, but they scarcely notice it. On a recent voyage, the captain of one of the crack liners was approached by a passenger after a violent storm had begun to subside. The captain showed the landsman his log-book, in which he had described the

waves and the wind as "tremendous." He said that in all his many years of seafaring he had never encountered a more furious tempest or more mountainous seas, nor had he ever before used that particular adjective in his logbook. Yet the great ship's speed did not fall below twenty knots an hour, and even the passengers were not alarmed.

England and Germany are now fighting for the supremacy of the sea in the swift and safe carrying of passengers across the Atlantic. To-day, Britain is in the lead with the two giant Cunarders, the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania*, each seven hundred and ninety feet long, with an average speed which may fairly be set at twenty-five knots an hour. Orders are in for a Hamburg-American liner that shall be ten feet longer, and other German boats nine hundred feet in length, it is said, are being planned. It is significant that the new Hoboken piers of the German lines stretch out nine hundred feet into the North River.

The International Mercantile Marine Company has been considering for some time the building of a boat a thousand feet in length along the water-line. Such a huge ship would cost more than eight million dollars and require a crew of nearly a thousand men. A thousand feet is regarded as the limit of length of a steamship by the marine experts of to-day. Perhaps those of to-morrow will have other views.

The faster a boat or a railway train, the safer it is, say the experts. They explain that it is because the zone of danger is traversed in less time, for one thing. A slow boat—theoretically—is in danger for six, seven, or eight days from the perils of the sea; a fast one, for four and a half days.

The limit of speed has been increased by the turbine propulsion engines; the next word in motive-power, Lewis Nixon says, will be the suction gas engine. The advantage of this is that no stokers will be needed, and the fuel bill will be cut in half. If this comes about—and it is more than likely—it will cause an entire readjustment of the interiors of the great steamships, and give them far greater carrying capacity than they have to-day. It will also prevent the destruction of the motive-power by the smash-

ing in of a vessel's central compartment, for reserve engines may be located in different parts of the hull, and will take up comparatively little space. Even now, the placing of a reserve light-generating apparatus, operated by gasoline or by gas, on one of the upper decks, is being planned; so that, if a ship's engine-room is flooded, the lights may still shine, and darkness may not be added to the other terrors of wreck.

HOW OUR COASTS ARE GUARDED

Something like two million people pass back and forth between this country and foreign shores every year. It is for them that the hundreds of lighthouses flare along every reef and dangerous bit of gale-beaten coast. The United States spends nearly seven million dollars annually in lighting the pathway of passing ships. Besides this, there are innumerable bells, buoys, and smaller beacons to guide the inward-bound or outward-bound vessel to the safety of the harbors or the open sea.

Lately, too, the government has been sending out storm-warnings and weather-predictions to ships at sea by wireless. A six-hundred-foot tower will soon be built in Washington, with wireless apparatus that will have the tremendous range of three thousand miles, so that messages may be flung through the ether to the farther shores of the Atlantic.

Along the ten thousand miles of this country's seacoast there are more than two thousand men employed at the life-saving stations. Of all the thousands of vessels that entered our ports or passed our shores, only fifty-two were wrecked. These fifty-two ships carried more than thirty-seven hundred people, all of whom were rescued except sixteen, while incidentally the life-savers preserved property worth eleven million dollars.

So far, no light has been devised that will penetrate the thickest fog more than a ship's length. That such a light will ever be invented is doubted by the best authorities. A year or so ago, there were rumors that an English scientist had succeeded in perfecting a process for dispelling fog, but nothing has been heard of it since. When the last great peril of the sea is conquered, it will probably be done by means of audible signals.

LIGHT VERSE

YOU'RE THE ONE!

THERE'S the one who says I'm right,
 There's the one who says I'm wrong;
 There's the one who says I'm light,
 There's the one who says I'm strong;
 There's the one with scornful sneer,
 There's the one with outstretched hands;
 You're the one I hold most dear—
 You're the one who understands!

There's the one who deems me strange,
 There's the one who bids me dare;
 There's the one who'd have me change,
 There's the one who doesn't care;
 There's the one who with me pleads,
 There's the one who gives commands;
 You're the one my spirit needs—
 You're the one who understands!

Harold Susman

REPLY TO AN ADVERTISEMENT

"A heart to rent—cleaned, swept, four empty rooms for hire."—Mazie V. Caruthers in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for August, 1907.

I SAW your "ad" some time ago,
 Which read, "A heart for rent;"
 And so I write to ask of you
 What this may represent.

"Four empty rooms, clean, swept, for hire;"

You do not say how large,
 Nor for how long the lease might run,
 Nor what would be the charge.

Do all the rooms communicate,
 Or open into halls?
 And have the former tenants scratched
 Their names upon the walls?

The ceilings, are they high or low,
 And do the windows fit?
 The last small heart I occupied,
 I bumped my head a bit.

How many flights—you do not say,
 Nor if the rooms are light;
 And if I am afraid of dark,
 Need I come home at night?

The walls, no doubt, are tinted red,
 But that perturbs me not;
 Could you provide a folding-bed,
 Or should I bring a cot?

If you will kindly answer this,
 And add a word to it,
 Saying what notice you require
 Should I decide to quit—

Then I'll agree to take the rooms,
 In sunshine or in storm,
 If you will be the janitor,
 And swear to keep them warm!

Gerrit Smith

ROYAL ROADS TO WEALTH

NOT easy to get rich, you say?
 Just read this circular, I pray;
 'Tis printed by those good, kind men
 Who're selling lots in Lonely Glen.
 "How did the Astors play the game?"
 Buy land," they say, "and do the same."

And then that wondrous Western mine—
 A chance one simply can't decline;
 Copper, I think—or is it gold?
 The stock's ten cents a share, I'm told;
 Invest, and sure as anything
 You'll soon be a bonanza king!

And then perhaps you haven't seen
 The man who has a new machine
 For shelling nuts and slicing ham
 And mixing artificial jam;
 'Twill pay enormously, and all
 You need's a little capital.

I read just now about a chance
 To claim a large estate in France,
 And what vast profits one can draw
 From frog-farms down in Arkansas;
 In fact, I cannot understand,
 With all this wealth on every hand,
 Why there's a poor man in the land!

R. H. Titherington

A MODERN HOUSEHOLD

I TELL you what, we've got a cook, and
 she's a dandy girl!
 She is no rhinestone jewel, but a simply perfect
 pearl.
 'Tis joy to have her round the house, she is
 so full of song;
 The kitchen grim reechoes to her singing all
 day long.
 She burns our steaks, she scorches chops,
 her bread is full of faults,
 But what of that? She never flats the
 "Merry Widow" waltz!

Our waitress is a dainty thing—she makes
you think of lays
The lyric poets used to sing back in the
ancient days.
Like Herrick's *Chloe*, she's a dream. Of
course, she cannot wait;
She's smashed up all our goblets, and she's
cracked 'most every plate;
But, oh, she makes us feel so safe, because
she is so sweet—
There's never less than twenty cops patrol-
ing on our street!

Our up-stairs girl is also quite a jewel in her
way;
She seldom rises until ten, except upon her
"day";
We have to dust the house ourselves, and
make the beds galore,
And do the other little things we pay her
wages for;
But 'tis a comfort, none the less, in spite of
all, to know
Some member of the fire-brigade is always
down below!

Then there's our genial man of chores—he
makes us feel so fine!
He is so very graceful, an Adonis in his line.
He lets the furnace fire go out, and seldom
cleans the walks,
And at most things a hired man does I must
confess he balks;
But in a country new like ours, so very crude
and crass,
One sort of feels he represents a budding
leisure class!

And so it is we never groan about domestic
things;
You never hear us sounding forth forebo-
ding murmurings
About the way our servants do, or do not
do, their work,
And how the cook does this or that, and how
the others shirk.
We simply do our work ourselves, and keep
our servants here
Because the neighbors otherwise might think
that we were queer!

Horace Dodd Gastit

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

YES, things are changed; 'tis plain to see
They are not as they used to be.
Much more refined our tastes become,
And all the world is "going some."

I saw a fox one day go by
A bunch of grapes with smiling eye.
"No, thanks," quoth he; "that is to say,
Not till you're juggled and served *frappé*!"

I tried one night to catch a rat,
And called my faithful tabby-cat.
"No, no," quoth puss. "My taste is slack
For anything but canvas-back."

Thereon I set a trap with cheese.
The rodent came, and, with a sneeze,
Said to the trap: "Are you aware
I only bite at Camembert?"

I went out fishing for a term,
And used a nice fat angletworm.
The trout gazed at me with a grin,
And cried, "Send down some terrapin!"

Returning home, I sought the crib
Wherein my baby chewed his bib.
"Shall daddy read some 'Mother Goose'?"
Quoth I. He answered, "Oh, the deuce!"

I'd rather sleep than hear that guff,
For truly, pa, 'tis stupid stuff.
Pray let me hear the catechism,
Or 'William James on Pragmatism.'"

Ah, yes! 'Tis very plain to me
Things are not as they used to be!

John Kendrick Bangs

GRIM-VISAGED WAR

THE noiseless gun will soon be here—
No need to hold our breath!
Is now a painless death!
With war so silent, all we need

Thomas L. Masson

RONDEAU

TO fix her bow! What rapture sweet,
As, hurrying down the quiet street,
She lifts her dainty frills and lace,
And pauses in our lovers' chase,
Bidding me kneel before her feet!

No urging do I need—how fleet
Am I, her cavalier, to meet
Her sweet command in any place
To fix her bow!

Yet, should another swain compete
With me in this delightful feat,
'Twould take but one brief moment's space
For me, robbed of all nobler grace,
To turn in anger, wrath, and heat,
To fix her beau!

Charles Hanson Towne

CUPID'S ALPHABET

THREE letters make Love's alphabet
And his acknowledgment of debts—
O, you, and I. Yes, this is true,
And for it, dearest, I owe you!

Cyril Evers

THE KING OF FRANCE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC-MASTER'S WIFE," "ON THE HOTEL VERANDA," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

AS Warren Nelson, who is the hero of this story, reckoned things, there were at first just two people in it—Victoria Mortimer and himself. This was when it was a happy story. Afterward—a very short time afterward, for the happy part did not last long—there were three: Victoria, George Allison, his schoolmate, cousin, and friend, and himself, in the order named. George Allison never came into the story in the flesh at all, since he was at the time tremendously occupied in an endurance race between New York and Chicago, in which owners drove their own cars; so nothing need be said about him except that he is a decent sort of a fellow, with quite as much money as Warren Nelson himself, and perhaps a sixteenth part as much brains.

As for Victoria Mortimer, it makes no difference what she is really like, since the important thing is how she seemed to Warren Nelson as he stopped his big touring-car before the door of her father's country-house in the Berkshires, and glanced up to see his host's daughter leaning over a balustrade high above him. And yet, although the important thing is the impression she made at that moment on the very distinguished guest, it is quite useless to try to put that impression into words. It is the kind of thing that has nothing to do with words, but is concerned with an upward leap of the heart against the tonsils, and with a faint feeling of looseness in the region of the knees.

Warren Nelson owned to thirty-three years, the busy occupation of whose unbroken leisure had showed to his very intelligent mind nearly everything that is

to be seen in this world; but in the long instant during which Victoria Mortimer's blue eyes gazed down into his own, he underwent the disconcerting sensations mentioned above, together with a great many others. He was still dazed when the servant who came forward to meet him had piloted him to the second floor and deposited him in his room, with the apology:

"Mrs. Mortimer said, sir, that please she was sorry not to give you a larger room, but two ladies are staying a little longer, sir, than they had planned, and so Mrs. Mortimer had to put you in the room usually kept for one of her own aunts, sir."

The blue livery faded away out of the door, and Nelson said to himself that the explanation gave the reason for the rather intimately feminine look the room had, with family photographs all about, and a work-basket on the—

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed aloud, dashing at the photographs scattered over the toilet-table, writing-desk, and walls.

For the next half-hour Warren Nelson pored over these, his hair still in matted disorder, his clumsy gloves still on his hands, his unneeded goggles still pushed up over his forehead. When, in answer to a knock on the door, he looked up blindly, he had known Victoria Mortimer from her adorably dimpled babyhood straight up through her laughing little girlhood, into her fairly staggering beauty of the present day.

Grégoire—the elderly Frenchman who had been with him ever since his coming of age, who was his chauffeur, his valet, his companion, and, unless Nelson made



WHEN HE FIRST CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER, SHE WAS AT THE FOOT OF THE TERRACE STEPS,
LEADING OVER THE STONE BALUSTRADE ABOVE A LITTLE POND

vigorous protest, his guide, mentor, and friend—brought important news of vital matters.

"*Eh bien, monsieur*, a garage fit for the angels," he murmured, rubbing his hands like the plump elderly priest that it so delighted him to have strangers take him for.

"Grégoire, how long are we invited here?"

Grégoire began clicking a rosary of social engagements.

"From to-night, Friday, till Monday, then to the Pelles' till Thursday, to the Bronsons' from—"

"There, there! What do I care about the Pelles? Wire them, by the way, that an unavoidable accident detains us here. What time is it now? Five o'clock. What time do they dine? Eight. Here, hurry up, get out something decent for me to wear down now before I dress for dinner."

He ran down the stairs, the long, lean globe-trotter, three steps at a time, like an impatient schoolboy, and was brought up short by confronting, in the great hall, Sargent's idea of how Victoria Mortimer had looked at seventeen. In the dusky half-light the pure, creamy oval of the face gleamed like a pearl. The almost terrifying candor of the eyes was tempered deliciously by the funny little upward quirk of the eyebrows for which Nelson had learned to look in his long scrutiny of the photographs up-stairs. The mouth—so that was the color of those half open lips, the mere beauty of whose line had so—but what was he doing here, hanging around looking at a *picture*, even if it did show the soul of an angel with a sense of humor shining through the body of a young goddess?

Nobody had appeared yet, and he started on a voyage of exploration, passing rapidly through one great vacant room after another, hurrying over the veranda, gazing up at the high balcony from which he had first seen her lean like the Blessed Damozel, running across the wide terrace down the steps to the sunken garden, his eyes roving everywhere at once.

It was a long way from the house, near the great barn and duck-yard that he heard it, a sound that sent a shiver running up his well-seasoned backbone—a

girl laughing! When he first caught sight of her, she was at the foot of the terrace steps, leaning over the stone balustrade above a little pond—a tall figure dressed in a piece of the sky, drowned in golden October sunshine, and laughing—laughing till everything in the world was nineteen and golden-haired and light-hearted with her.

She stopped, on seeing the newcomer, and came toward him with words of apology, singularly unlike a goddess with the soul of an angel, and quite like any quiet, well-bred daughter welcoming a friend of her father's. She hadn't thought he would be down so soon, she told him, or she would have stayed in the house, and father had said she was to take care of him until the others got back from the tennis tournament, and please would he like to look around the grounds and see father's wonderful poultry—fixings, or would he rather go back to the house and have a cup of tea?

"I would rather laugh as you were doing than anything else in the world," he said, blinking his eyes as if the sun were shining in them.

She looked a little shy deprecation of his making fun of her, and said honestly:

"It was silly, I know, but ducks are so killingly funny! There was one, the old mother duck that runs this pen of young ones—well, she found a grasshopper. She ran to get her lazy children up—those over there, lying so snuggled and comfy in the sun—oh, wait! Wait! Watch them! I do believe they are going to do it again!"

They faced the duck-yard, breathless, and watched the grotesque creatures get clumsily to their feet at the summons of a self-important matron duck, and waddle hurriedly across the yard in single file, raising their yellow feet very high and setting them down very flat, like a file of German recruits. Victoria began to laugh again, and Nelson smiled in spite of his rapidly beating heart. The duck drew up her flock in parade formation before a brown speck, which at this crisis developed wings and flew with a whirl over the heads of the spectators into the grass beyond. Victoria shouted out a "Ha, ha, ha!" like a delighted child, and Nelson heard himself begin to laugh helplessly.

There was a moment's pause as the disconcerted ducklings cocked round, bead-like eyes of astonishment upon the empty spot, and then, wagging their tails disgustedly, turned about with military precision and retreated as they had come, shaking their heads sadly, with little sibilant whispers of grief, and rocking from side to side as the yellow toes rose and fell in unison.

"It's the seventh time they've done exactly that same thing since I've stood here," Victoria said, "and each time they've been just so hurt and surprised!" Then, looking up at her companion: "Oh, it's nice of you to think they're funny too. I *love* to laugh at animals, because you can be dead sure you're not hurting their feelings."

The two walked along in silence for a moment through an innocent, golden world of sunshine and laughter and kindness of heart which was an undreamed-of place of wonders to the much-traveled Nelson. He had a vision of himself as having spent his life in hurrying wearisomely through all the other spots on the globe in order to reach this final destination, from which he would never stir again. He thought of all the thousand, thousand chances which might have swerved his course ever so little, so that he would have missed this end of all things. Then he looked at the bright vision beside him.

"Why, Mr. Nelson!" cried Victoria. "You are as bad as I. You've laughed till there are tears in your eyes."

"Yes," he confessed, "there are, indeed!"

Nothing more happened on that day, being Friday. Of course, there was dinner, but Victoria was put quite at the other end of the table, between an old admiral and a white-haired financier, to both of whom she devoted herself with a sweet assiduity which showed them to be old friends. Nelson's dinner-neighbor was a lively, handsome girl, quite aware of her duty to fascinate the wealthy and distinguished Mr. Nelson; but the sight of Victoria's gentle, friendly little air to the two old men made the other's assertive attentions taste, as he told himself with some violence, like a copper cent with verdigris on it. When the men went up-stairs to the drawing-room the

tables were already set for bridge, and Victoria was at a distant table all the evening.

II

NEXT morning, the first of the guests to come down to breakfast was a long, lean, handsome man of thirty-odd, who asked, in a voice which tried to be casual, if any of the family were up yet.

"Only Miss Victoria, sir, just coming in from a ride."

"What fun!" she cried a moment later, entering flushed and dewy. "Why, I always have to breakfast alone. Isn't this jolly?"

So breakfast happened that day, being Saturday—a breakfast of cheerful talk and laughter, and ambrosial substances vaguely guessed to be the broiled bacon, creamed potatoes, and coffee of ordinary days. They talked about riding, about motoring, about going to the theater, and, at the last, a good deal about music, of which, it seemed, Victoria was extremely fond.

"Will you sing for me?" asked Nelson, panting a little with his excitement at having her quite to himself.

"Yes, I will, and now, too!" she said, springing to her feet and leading the way up-stairs, to the deserted drawing-room. She sat down, still in her black habit, before the piano. "I'll sing you the song of those ducks we saw yesterday!"

There was a ripple of white fingers and tinkling notes, and then, in a contralto that sounded to Warren Nelson like his dream of voices in heaven, she sang the following ditty:

Oh, the King—of—France,

He had ten thousand men.

He marched them up the hill one day—

This, very ringing and martial, with a long bugle-like call at the end. Then, very slowly, dropping down, solemnly down the scale from one deep bell-note to another:

And—marched—them—down—again!

"The words, I confess, are old," she said, looking at him with shining eyes; "but the music is strictly new and original, for I made it up myself while I was out riding just now to fit those pre-

posterior creatures. Those toes, those yellow, yellow toes!"

Warren Nelson, experienced opera-goer and musical connoisseur, was about to make a fool of himself about a piece of "Mother Goose" nonsense, when some of the other guests drifted in, and the world turned black.

This lethargy lasted, for him, until after dinner, when he was rewarded for again sitting far from Victoria by seeing her father lead her to the piano. A veracious chronicler must record that she wore a white lawn dress of extreme simplicity, but to one observer, at least, she was clothed about with palpable clouds of shimmering glory as she lifted her chin and shook out from her long, white throat one rollicking song after another. For all he knew, the level-headed, sophisticated man of the world might have been kneeling down in his well-cut dress trousers to express faintly his humble thankfulness at being where he was, and not elsewhere, when he was brought to himself by Victoria's saying:

"Now I'm going to finish up with a song of my own composition, dedicated to *il Signor Nelson!*"

She pushed the accompanist aside, took her seat at the piano, and, looking full at one dazzled hero, she repeated her remarkable performance of the morning. Poor Nelson went to bed, that night, positively reeling with pride that she had singled him out to have a little private joke with; and that was the end of Saturday.

III

SUNDAY was the dullest of Saharas until dinner. Then Nelson found himself beside Victoria, and for cap-sheaf to his good fortune he heard her say, with her good-humored, comfortable little air:

"I asked to be put beside you. I hope you don't mind?"

"Now," said Nelson to himself as he took his first spoonful of soup—"now or never, to let her know what manner of man you are."

He had tried to please before in his life; he knew the methods of dazzlingly appearing other than he was; but this was different. Frankly ignoring his neighbor on the other side, he devoted himself to Victoria, breaking through the

reserve of a lifetime, to talk to her as he never had to any one before, even to himself. He told her of his old hopes, of their failure and decline, of his black fear of what the future of a life like his might make him, of his ideas, of his ambition to do his best by the world, if he could but know what it was, of his need of help from a pure spirit; of the hopes, the high hopes, which had come to him of late, that he might yet do something worthy. He made no foolish, self-conscious excuse that it was an extraordinary thing for him to do. He did not try to convince her, except than by his impassioned earnestness, that he had never done it before. He threw himself boldly upon the generosity which lay behind the clear eyes fixed so steadily on his, and he was rewarded at the end by seeing them quite soft and bright with unshed tears.

Mrs. Mortimer stood up, marshaling her followers, and Victoria rose obediently.

"I wish—I wish I could thank you," she said in a low tone, "for showing me that it needn't make one miserable and hard to—have seen how things really are in the world. It—it is wonderful to have you willing to talk to me as if—"

"Victoria!" said her mother with a mild accent of surprise; and there sat Nelson, his ears humming, and utterly alone with eight other men, exchanging the very latest anecdotes about the tangled matrimonial relationships of their world.

After a long period of blankness there penetrated to his ears, in old Mortimer's voice:

"My future son-in-law's mother has two living husbands, you know, besides her present one, and both of them spend considerable time around here, where she lives with Number Three. It's killing to hear Georgie go on about it. He pretends he can't remember for the life of him which is his real father!"

A large, ice-cold band was applied about Nelson's forehead, so that it seemed as if he could not take in the meaning of the words.

"I didn't know you had two daughters, Mortimer." He heard a husky voice issuing from his lips make this remark.

"No more have I," said his host,

lighting a fresh cigar. "Victoria's engaged to Georgie Allison." Whatever was the expression on Nelson's face, Victoria's father took it for a lack of appreciation of Georgie; and he went on to explain, with a tinge of apology in his manner: "Why, it's a sort of boy-and-girl affair—been going on ever since Victoria was a schoolgirl. I sort of thought she'd outgrow it, but she seems to think he's all right still, so my wife and I don't interfere. Georgie's a rattling good sort, you know, even if he is no high-brow, and he has plenty of the wherewithal."

And that is the end of Sunday.

Monday began at the unheard-of hour of seven in the morning, when Grégoire woke with a start, to see his master, fully dressed, standing by his bed. His cry of alarm at the other's haggard face was answered with a curt:

"Hush! You'll waken the house. Get up and dress. The car is ready. We leave in fifteen minutes."

"But, *monsieur*, I have telegraphed—as you said by your own words—to the Pellews that—"

"Oh, confound the Pellews! We are going to take a steamer from New York to-morrow."

Grégoire sat up in bed, his respectable double chin quaking in agitation.

"Why—*mon dieu*, why do we do that?"

"Because," said the tall, pale man, striking one hand into the other and addressing himself to himself grimly, "George Allison is my friend and my blood-kin."

At this lucid explanation Grégoire's mouth dropped open. He began to dress in a stupefied silence, which he presently interrupted to cry out:

"But *where* do we go?"

His master announced their destination briefly.

"We are going," he said, "*away!*"

IV

WARREN NELSON had always said that there was no spot in the world which he could not reach in sixty days if he put his mind to it, but during the next two months he found that sixty days of almost incessant haste had apparently brought him not one foot nearer to the

destination he had announced to Grégoire. That poor individual looked like a brother of the strictest order of monks, rather than a prosperous priest, so worn and distracted was he by the alternation of objectless loiterings in out-of-the-way places of extreme discomfort with insane, rushing flights nowhither.

To the best of his recollection, his master had not opened his lips during the surging onward thrust of the ocean liner which had brought them to France. At Cherbourg, still without a word, he had climbed into the car and taken the steering-wheel in his own hands, and Grégoire had shuddered and swallowed hard to see the poplar-trees lining the road to Paris flash by like telegraph-poles. In the outskirts of Alençon they were arrested and fined for speeding. Nelson paid the heavy fine without a protest, and resumed exactly the same rate of speed. They were not going to Paris, Grégoire guessed, at the southerly turns of the whirlwind in which he rode, but he dared not ask. They went through Tours like a clown through a paper hoop, bursting out into the country beyond like a thunderbolt, and swinging into the long white road to Limoges.

At an overnight stop in little Bellac, Grégoire took his courage in his two hands and asked for permission to visit an old aunt who lived near by. His master nodded an absent assent as he sank into a chair beneath the leafless grape-arbor in the inn courtyard. Grégoire found him in exactly the same attitude two hours later.

"If you please, *monsieur*, when do we start on?" he asked guardedly.

Nelson looked at the man as if he had planned to spend the rest of his life in Bellac.

"We stay here, to be sure. This place is as good as another."

For an instant Grégoire experienced the sensation of a rider whose horse has stopped in mid gallop, but even in that moment his soul exalted itself in thankfulness. He feared to speak lest he break the spell, but after a week's absolute tranquillity his tongue was unloosed for very joy. He came back from mass on Sunday morning fairly licking his whiskers in satisfaction with the world.

"Does *monsieur* know that this is the

country of my youth?" he asked. "I meet all my old friends as not in years before. It was certainly God Himself who directed *monsieur* to stop here, and not elsewhere!"

"You are on good terms with God, it appears!"

This was almost the first remark which *monsieur* had addressed to Grégoire since the beginning of this astonishing passage in their lives, and Grégoire was pleased.

"I hope we are good friends, God and I," he said modestly, and from peace and security swept fatally on to destruction with the words: "It is my old aunt who has conceived such a respect for the person of *monsieur* that she promises herself the honor to present him with a brace of her best ducks."

"Ducks?" said the American, sitting up.

"But yes, *monsieur*. She raises the best ducks in all the country around—white ducks, fat ducks—of a drollness! With yellow feet! You should see them raising high those yellow feet, and all in single file like—"

Warren Nelson turned pale, and thrust his fingers into his ears.

"Get the car ready to start in an hour's time."

They had swooped down on Marseilles like chain lightning by the time Grégoire could catch his breath, and the car was skimming like a swallow along the Riviera before he had finished tearing his gray hairs at every pause in their flight, and crying aloud in futile self-excuse:

"How could I have known? But ducks! *Mon dieu*, why ducks?"

Italy was a nightmare. When they were halted by the sea at Brindisi, Grégoire looked back at the country and shook his fist at it, and then at the car, which was left in storage at this point.

"Be thou eternally accursed, thou mad drop of runaway quicksilver!" Such were the words coming from the pseudo-ecclesiastical lips of Grégoire the outraged.

From Brindisi to Corinth their little ship wallowed in a storm, in which the wretched Grégoire hoped to die; but he was saved to the worse fate of ten days in an execrable hotel at Corinth, wait-

ing for a chance-found, ill-smelling coast steamer, which landed them at Port Saïd. Here the hotel at which they waited aimless days of misery made the one in Corinth seem like a glimpse of paradise, and Grégoire all but wept for gratitude when they boarded a large and decent P. and O. bound for Bombay.

During this passage the unhappy man's dazed brain might have resumed its normal state, except for a growing fear that his master was losing his mind. He walked the long decks heavily and incessantly, day in and day out, although he fairly staggered in fatigue. When he went down to his own cabin at night he left his master hurrying feverishly up and down, and when he crept timorously up in the morning, the weary, irregular footstep was the first sound he caught.

"What will befall us in Bombay?" was the silent question addressed by Grégoire to an unheeding universe.

It was perhaps not so unheeding as it seemed, for what befell them at Bombay was the reassuring coincidence of meeting, on the wharf, an old acquaintance of Nelson's, a habitué of the same clubs, a friend of all Nelson's friends. The two greeted each other with the unsurprised calm of men used to meeting acquaintances everywhere.

"Goin' round, I suppose?" asked the other American, as they sat on Nelson's trunk, waiting for Grégoire to look up a lost piece of baggage.

Nelson nodded.

"So'm I. Tryin' to beat my own record. Started from Chicago on a bet. Saw a lot of the fellows in Chicago left over after the endurance race." He began to laugh. "Say, Nelson, whom do you think I saw there but Georgie Allison? You know him?"

"A cousin of mine."

"Well, then, you'll see the joke. I've been laughin' about it all the way out. He's gone and made the most double and twisted fool of himself!"

"Automobiles?"

"Naw, naw; that would be nothin' new. No, sir; women! Do you figure Georgie as a gay Lothario a whole lot? Georgie!"

Nelson turned a dark purple.

"What's he done?"

"Done? He's mixed it up enough to turn a professional juggler's head. Listen! He was engaged, it seems, to a blonde, back in his own set—old affair, always known each other, goin' to get married when they got around to it—all that sort of thing, don't you know. Well, out in Chicago, Georgie met up with a brunette show-girl who, to his eye, knocked the spots off the blonde. Georgie was wild, and beat it back to the first girl to see if there was a show of kicking loose. Then, bless you, didn't the blonde throw up her hat for joy, so to speak, at his first word?—told him she'd just realized she didn't care enough about him to marry him, and sent him piking back to Chicago. But when he got there—*pst, bang!* Georgie was too late. The brunette had married her manager, and there was the poor old fat-head fallen flat. Say, can't you see him from here—old, red-faced Georgie-Porgie, puffin' and blowin' like a whale! But that's not all. Wait! He hadn't mixed it enough even yet, it seems. Then, by gad! doesn't it come over him that the blonde was the one he wanted after all, so behold Georgie hot-footing it back to the Berkshires. But the blonde won't look at him through a telescope! Georgie has to start all over again from the beginnin', and they do say he— Hold on a minute, I see the man I'm down here lookin' for! So long—see you later!"

V

GRÉGOIRE, returning, flushed and victorious, with the traveling-bag, found a man obviously, patently, openly insane—a long, lean man executing a double shuffle of excitement as he rummaged

through a satchel for the folders of various steamship companies.

"It has come!" said Grégoire to himself, and prepared for the worst.

"All right, Grégoire, set it down, and run, get passage back to England, double quick! The office is on the wharf, as I remember it."

Grégoire put his burden down, and faced his master in pale desperation.

"*M. Nelsong*, I must know where we go, or I die!"

Nelson stopped for an instant his frantic search through a list of steamer sailings, to look at his old servant in the most evidently sincere surprise at his ignorance.

"Where are we going? Where, in Heaven's name, should we be going but to the Berkshire Hills?"

For once in his exemplary career, Grégoire was goaded to disrespect.

"Of course!" he cried bitterly. "We have come half around the world like demons let loose, precisely in order to go back to our starting-place. Naturally!"

Nelson looked affectionately upon Grégoire's agitation, even smiling as he had not for these past sixty days.

"Why, yes; like the King of France, you know!" In the midst of astonished natives and impassive Britons, he suddenly broke into song. "'He had ten thousand men!' That's you, Greggry! 'He marched them up the hill one day!' To Bombay, Grégoire, *mon petit frère*—it even rimes, you notice! 'And marched them down again!'" He began to laugh huskily. "And now stir your rheumatic old stumps! If you think we've hurried before, why, now—'And marched them down again!'"

WHEN WE REACH THE TOP OF THE HILL

WHEN we reach the top of the hill, my dear,
Up the road of life and love,
We shall look from high with vision clear
On the big, bright world, afar and near,
And the blue of the skies above.

We shall halt a while to fix our sight
On many a prospect wide,
Then onward and down beyond the height,
Then onward and down toward the night—
Two travelers side by side!

Eugene C. Dolson

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

III—THE STORY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY LYNDON ORR

OF all love-stories that are known to human history, the love-story of Antony and Cleopatra has been for nineteen centuries the most remarkable. It has tasked the resources of the plastic and the graphic arts. It has been made the theme of poets and of prose narrators. It has appeared and reappeared in a thousand forms, and it appeals as much to the imagination to-day as it did when Antony deserted his almost victorious troops and hastened in a swift galley from Actium in pursuit of Cleopatra.

The wonder of the story is explained by its extraordinary nature. Many men in private life have lost fortune and fame for the love of woman. Kings have incurred the odium of their people, and have cared nothing for it in comparison with the joys of sense that come from lingering caresses and clinging kisses. Cold-blooded statesmen, such as Parnell, have lost the leadership of their party and have gone down in history with a clouded name because of the fascination exercised upon them by some woman, often far from beautiful, and yet possessing the mysterious power which makes the triumphs of statesmanship seem slight in comparison with the swiftly flying hours of pleasure.

But in the case of Antony and Cleopatra alone do we find a man flinging away not merely the triumphs of civic honors, or the headship of a state, but much more than these—the mastery of what was practically the world, in answer to the promptings of a woman's will. Hence the story of the Roman triumvir and the Egyptian queen is not like any other story that has yet been told. The sacrifice involved in it was

so overwhelming, so instantaneous, and so complete as to set this narrative above all others. Shakespeare's genius has touched it with the glory of a great imagination. Dryden, using it in the finest of his plays, expressed its nature in the title "All for Love."

The distinguished Italian historian, Signor Ferrero, who has lately visited America, has tried hard to eliminate nearly all the romantic elements from the tale, and to have us see in it not the triumph of love but the blindness of ambition. Under his handling it becomes almost a sordid drama of man's pursuit of power and of woman's selfishness. Let us review the story as it remains, even after we have taken full account of Ferrero's criticism. Has the world for nineteen hundred years been blinded by a show of sentiment? Has it so absolutely been misled by those who lived and wrote in the days which followed closely on the events that make up this extraordinary narrative?

In answering these questions, we must consider in the first place the scene, and, in the second place, the psychology of the two central characters who for so long a time have been regarded as the very embodiment of unchecked passion.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF ALEXANDRIA

As to the scene, it must be remembered that the Egypt of those days was not Egyptian as we understand the word, but rather Greek. Cleopatra herself was of Greek descent. The kingdom of Egypt had been created by a general of Alexander the Great after that splendid warrior's death. Its capital, the most brilliant city of the Greco-Roman world, had been founded by Alexander himself,

who gave to it his name. With his own hands he traced out the limits of the city, and issued the most peremptory orders that it should be made the metropolis of the entire world. The orders of a king cannot give enduring greatness to a city; but Alexander's keen eye and marvelous brain saw at once that the site of Alexandria was such that a great commercial community planted there would live and flourish throughout succeeding ages. He was right; for within a century this new capital of Egypt leaped to the forefront among the exchanges of the world's commerce; while everything that art could do was lavished on its embellishment.

Alexandria lay upon a projecting tongue of land so situated that the whole trade of the Mediterranean centered there. Down the Nile there floated to its gates the barbaric wealth of Africa. To it came the treasures of the East, brought from afar by caravans—silks from China, spices and pearls and emeralds from India, and enormous masses of gold and silver from lands whose names were scarcely known. In its harbor were the vessels of every country, from Asia in the East, to Spain and Gaul and even Britain in the West.

When Cleopatra, a young girl of seventeen, succeeded to the throne of Egypt, the population of Alexandria amounted to a million souls. The customs duties collected at the port would, in terms of modern money, amount each year to more than thirty million dollars, even though the imposts were not heavy. The people, who may be described as Greek at the top and oriental at the bottom, were boisterous and pleasure-loving, devoted to splendid spectacles, with horse-racing, gambling, and dissipation; yet at the same time they were an artistic people, loving music passionately, and by no means idle; since one part of the city was devoted to large and prosperous manufactories of linen, paper, glass, and muslin.

To the outward eye Alexandria was extremely beautiful. Through its entire length ran two great boulevards, shaded and diversified by mighty trees and parterres of multicolored flowers, amid which fountains plashed and costly marbles gleamed. One-fifth of the whole city was known as the Royal Residence. In

it were the palaces of the reigning family, the great museum, and the famous library which the Arabs later burned. There were parks and gardens brilliant with tropical foliage, and adorned with the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture; while sphinxes and obelisks gave a suggestion of oriental strangeness. As one looked seaward his eye beheld over the blue water the snow-white rocks of the sheltering island, Pharos, on which was reared a lighthouse four hundred feet in height and justly numbered among the seven wonders of the world.

Altogether, Alexandria was a city of wealth, of beauty, of stirring life, of excitement, and of pleasure. Ferrero has aptly likened it to Paris—not so much the Paris of to-day as the Paris of forty years ago, when the Second Empire flourished in all its splendor as the home of joy and strange delights.

CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT

Over the country of which Alexandria was the capital Cleopatra came to reign at seventeen. Following the odd custom which the Greek dynasty of the Ptolemys had inherited from their Egyptian predecessors, she was betrothed to her own brother. He, however, was a mere child of less than twelve, and was under the control of evil counselors, who, in his name, gained control of the capital and drove Cleopatra into exile. Until then she had been a mere girl; but now the spirit of a woman who was wronged blazed up in her and called out all her latent powers. Hastening to Syria, she gathered about herself an army, and led it against her foes.

But meanwhile, Julius Cæsar, the greatest man of ancient times, had arrived at Alexandria backed by an army of his veterans. Against him no resistance would avail. Then came a brief moment during which the Egyptian king and the Egyptian queen each strove to win the favor of the Roman emperor. The king and his advisers had many arts, and so had Cleopatra. One thing, however, she possessed which struck the balance in her favor, and this was a woman's fascination.

According to the story, Cæsar was unwilling to receive her. There came into his presence, as he sat in the palace, a

group of slaves bearing a long roll of matting, bound carefully and seeming to contain some precious work of art. The slaves made signs that they were bearing a gift to Cæsar. The master of Egypt bade them unwrap the gift that he might see it. They did so, and out of the wrapping came Cleopatra—a radiant vision, appealing, irresistible. Next morning it became known everywhere that Cleopatra had remained in Cæsar's quarters through the night, and that her enemies were now his enemies. In desperation, they rushed upon his legions, casting aside all pretense of amity. There ensued a fierce contest, but the revolt was quenched in blood.

This was a crucial moment in Cleopatra's life. She had sacrificed all that a woman has to give; but she had not done so from any love of pleasure or from wantonness. She was queen of Egypt, and she had redeemed her kingdom and kept it by her sacrifice. One should not condemn her too severely. In a sense, her act was one of heroism like that of Judith in the tent of Holofernes. But beyond all question it changed her character. It taught her the secret of her own great power. Henceforth she was no longer a mere girl, nor a woman of the ordinary type. Her contact with so great a mind as Cæsar's quickened her intellect. Her knowledge that, by the charms of sense, she had mastered even him transformed her into a strange and wonderful creature. She learned to study the weaknesses of men, to play on their emotions, to appeal to every subtle taste and fancy. In her were blended mental power and that illusive, indefinable gift which is called charm.

CLEOPATRA NOT A GREAT BEAUTY

For Cleopatra was never beautiful. Signor Ferrero seems to think this fact to be a discovery of his own, but it was set down by Plutarch in a very striking passage written less than a century after Cleopatra and Antony died. We may quote here what the Greek historian said of her:

Her actual beauty was far from being so remarkable that none could be compared with her, nor was it such that it would strike your fancy when you saw her first. Yet the influence of her presence, if you lingered

near her, was irresistible. Her attractive personality, joined with the charm of her conversation, and the individual touch that she gave to everything she said or did, were utterly bewitching. It was delightful merely to hear the music of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another.

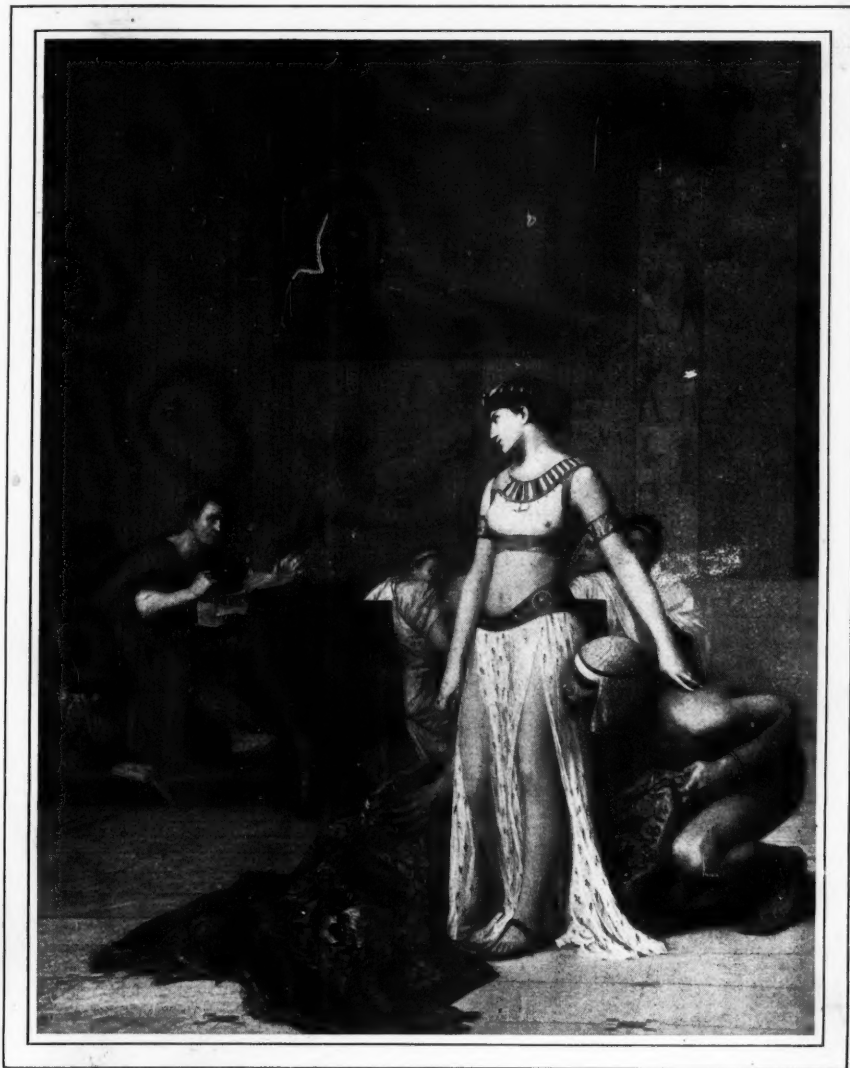
Cæsar had left Cleopatra firmly seated on the throne of Egypt. For six years she reigned with great intelligence, keeping order in her dominions, and patronizing with discrimination both arts and letters. But ere long the convulsions of the Roman state once more caused her extreme anxiety. Cæsar had been assassinated, and there ensued a period of civil war. Out of it emerged two striking figures which were absolutely contrasted in their character. One was Octavian, the adopted son of Cæsar, a man who, though still quite young and possessed of great ability, was cunning, cold-blooded, and deceitful. The other was Antony, a soldier by training, and with all a soldier's bluntness, courage, and lawlessness.

The Roman world was divided for the time between these two men, Antony receiving the government of the East, Octavian that of the West. In the year which had preceded this division, Cleopatra had wavered between the two opposite factions at Rome. In so doing she had excited the suspicion of Antony, and he now demanded of her an explanation.

THE PERSONALITY OF ANTONY

One must have some conception of Antony himself in order to understand the events that followed. He was essentially a soldier, of excellent family, being related to Cæsar himself. As a very young man, he was exceedingly handsome, and bad companions led him into the pursuit of vicious pleasure. He had scarcely come of age when he found that he owed the enormous sum of two hundred and fifty talents, equivalent to half a million dollars in the money of to-day. But he was much more than a mere man of pleasure, given over to drinking and to dissipation. Men might tell of his escapades, as when he drove about the streets of Rome in a common cab, dangling his legs out of the window while he shouted forth drunken songs of

revelry. This was not the whole of Antony. Joining the Roman army in Syria, he showed himself to be a soldier full beard. His forehead was large and his nose was of the distinctive Roman type. His look was so bold and masculine that



CLEOPATRA APPEARING BEFORE CÆSAR

From the painting by Jean Léon Gérôme, by permission of Gouffé & Co., Paris

The story is that Cleopatra, anxious to secure Cæsar's support of her claim to the Egyptian throne, and having been refused an interview by the Roman dictator, had herself carried into his presence concealed in a heavy wrapping.

of great personal bravery, a clever strategist, and also humane and merciful in hour of victory.

Unlike most Romans, Antony wore a

people likened him to Hercules. His democratic manners endeared him to the army. He wore a plain tunic covered with a large, coarse mantle, and carried

a huge sword at his side, despising ostentation. Even his faults and follies added to his popularity. He would sit down at the common soldiers' mess and drink with them, telling them stories and clapping them on the back. He spent money like water, quickly recognizing any daring deed which his legionaries performed. In this respect he was like Napoleon; and, like Napoleon, he had a vein of florid eloquence which was criticized by literary men, but which went straight to the heart of the private soldier. In a word he was a powerful, virile, passionate, able man, rough, as were nearly all his countrymen, but strong and true.

THE MEETING ON THE CYDNUS

It was to this general that Cleopatra was to answer, and with a firm reliance on the charms which had subdued Antony's great commander, Cæsar, she set out in person for Cilicia, in Asia Minor, sailing up the river Cydnus to the place where Antony was encamped with his army. Making all allowance for the exaggeration of historians, there can be no doubt that she appeared to him like some dreamy vision. Her barge was gilded, and was wafted on its way by swelling sails of Tyrian purple. The oars which smote the water were of shining silver. As she drew near the Roman general's camp, the languorous music of flutes and harps breathed forth a strain of invitation.

Cleopatra herself lay upon a divan set upon the deck of the barge beneath a canopy of woven gold. She was dressed to resemble Venus, while girls about her personated nymphs and Graces. Delicate perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel; and at last, as she drew near the shore, all the people for miles about were gathered there, leaving Antony to sit alone in the tribunal where he was dispensing justice.

Word was brought to him that Venus had come to feast with Bacchus. Antony, though still suspicious of Cleopatra, sent her an invitation to dine with him in state. With graceful tact, she sent him a counter-invitation, and he came. The magnificence of his reception dazzled the man who had so long known only a soldier's fare, or at most the crude enter-

tainments which he had enjoyed in Rome. A marvelous display of lights was made. Thousands upon thousands of candles shone brilliantly, arranged in squares and circles; while the banquet itself was one that symbolized the studied luxury of the East.

ROMAN SOLDIER AND EGYPTIAN QUEEN

At this time Cleopatra was twenty-seven years of age—a period of life which modern physiologists have called the crisis in a woman's growth. She had never really loved before, since she had given herself to Cæsar, not because she cared for him, but to save her kingdom. She now came into the presence of one whose manly beauty and strong passions were matched by her own subtlety and appealing charm.

When Antony addressed her, he felt himself a rustic in her presence. Almost resentful, he betook himself to the coarse language of the camp. Cleopatra, with marvelous adaptability, took her tone from his, and thus in a moment put him at his ease. Ferrero, who takes a most unfavorable view of her character and personality, nevertheless explains the secret of her fascination:

Herself utterly cold and callous, insensitive by nature to the flame of true devotion, Cleopatra was one of those women gifted with an unerring instinct for all the various roads to men's affections. She could be the shrinking, modest girl, too shy to reveal her half-unconscious emotions of jealousy and depression and self-abandonment; or a woman carried away by the sweep of a fiery and uncontrollable passion. She could tickle the esthetic sensibilities of her victims by rich and gorgeous festivals, by the fantastic adornment of her own person and her palace, or by brilliant discussions on literature and art; she could conjure up all their grossest instincts with the vilest obscenities of conversation, with the free and easy jocularity of a woman of the camps.

These last words are far too strong, and they represent only Ferrero's personal opinion; yet there is no doubt that she met every mood of Antony's, so that he became enthralled with her at once. No such woman as this had ever cast her eyes on him before. He had a wife at home—a most disreputable wife—so that he cared little for domestic ties. Later,



THE MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ON THE RIVER CYDNUS, B.C. 41
 From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema

out of policy, he made another marriage with the sister of his rival, Octavian, but this wife he never cared for. His heart and soul were given up to Cleopatra, the woman who could be a comrade in the camp and a fount of tenderness in their hours of dalliance, and who possessed the

tered into Antony's affection is likewise certain. Yet this does not affect the truth that each was wholly given to the other. Why should it have lessened her love for him to feel that he could protect her and defend her? Why should it have lessened his love for her to know that she was



CLEOPATRA, THE LAST QUEEN OF EGYPT

This may be called the most authentic portrait of Cleopatra. It is reproduced from a composite photograph of the heads on four coins of her reign, and represents her when she was about thirty-five years old. The photograph was made in 1881 by Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorrings, U.S.N., who transported one of the obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles from Alexandria to New York, where it now stands in Central Park, near the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At the bottom of the engraving appear the four coins from which the portrait was made.

keen intellect of a man joined to the arts and fascinations of a woman.

On her side she found in Antony an ardent lover, a man of vigorous masculinity, and, moreover, a soldier whose armies might well sustain her on the throne of Egypt. That there was calculation mingled with her love, no one can doubt. That some calculation also en-

queen of the richest country in the world—one that could supply his needs, sustain his armies, and gild his triumphs with magnificence?

There are many instances in history of regnant queens who loved and yet whose love was not dissociated from the policy of state. Such were Anne of Austria, Elizabeth of England, and the

unfortunate Mary Stuart. Such, too, we cannot fail to think, was Cleopatra.

The two remained together for ten years. In this time Antony was separated from her only during a campaign in the East. In Alexandria he ceased to seem a Roman citizen, and gave himself up wholly to the charms of this enticing woman. Many stories are told of their good fellowship and close intimacy. Plutarch quotes Plato as saying that there are four kinds of flattery, but he adds that Cleopatra had a thousand. She was the supreme mistress of the art of pleasing.

Whether Antony were serious or mirthful, she had at the instant some new delight or some new charm to meet his wishes. At every turn she was with him both day and night. With him she threw dice; with him she drank; with him she hunted; and when he exercised himself in arms, she was there to admire and applaud.

At night the pair would disguise themselves as servants and wander about the streets of Alexandria. In fact, more than once they were set upon in the slums and treated roughly by the rabble who did not recognize them. Cleopatra was always alluring, always tactful, often humorous, and full of frolic.

THE DOWNFALL OF ANTONY

Then came the shock of Antony's final breach with Octavian. Either Antony or his rival must rule the world. Cleopatra's lover once more became the Roman general, and with a great fleet proceeded to the coast of Greece, where his enemy was encamped. Antony had raised a hundred and twelve thousand troops, and five hundred ships—a force far superior to that commanded by Octavian. Cleopatra was there with sixty ships.

In the days that preceded the final battle much took place which still remains obscure. It seems likely that Antony desired to become again the Roman, while Cleopatra wished him to thrust Rome aside and return to Egypt with her, to reign there as an independent king. To her Rome was almost a barbarian city. In it she could not hold sway as she could in her beautiful Alexandria, with its blue skies and velvet turf and tropical flowers. At Rome, Antony would be dis-

tracted by the cares of state, and she would lose her lover. At Alexandria, she would have him for her very own.

The clash came when the hostile fleets met off the promontory of Actium. At its crisis, Cleopatra, prematurely concluding that the battle was lost, of a sudden gave the signal for retreat and put out to sea with her fleet. This was the crucial moment. Antony, mastered by his love, forgot all else, and in a swift ship started in pursuit of her, abandoning his fleet and army to win or lose as fortune might decide. For him the world was nothing; the dark-browed Queen of Egypt, imperious and yet caressing, was everything. Never was such a prize and never were such great hopes thrown carelessly away. After waiting seven days, Antony's troops, still undefeated, finding that their commander would not return to them, surrendered to Octavian, who thus became the master of an empire.

Later, his legions assaulted Alexandria, and there Antony was twice defeated. At last Cleopatra saw her great mistake. She had made her lover give up the hope of being Rome's dictator, but in so doing she had also lost the chance of ruling with him tranquilly in Egypt. She shut herself behind the barred doors of the royal sepulcher; and, lest she should be molested there, she sent forth word that she had died. Her proud spirit could not brook the thought that she might be seized and carried as a prisoner to Rome. She was too much a queen in soul to be led in triumph up the Sacred Way to the Capitol with golden chains clanking on her slender wrists.

Antony, believing the report that she was dead, fell upon his sword; but in his dying moments he was carried into the presence of the woman for whom he had given all. With her arms about him, his spirit passed away; and, soon after, she, too, met death, whether by a poisoned draft or by the storied asp no one can say.

Cleopatra had lived the mistress of a splendid kingdom. She had successively captivated two of the greatest men whom Rome had ever seen. She died, like a queen, to escape disgrace. Whatever modern critics may have to say concerning small details, this story still remains the strangest love-story of which the world has any record.

STORIETTES

At the Sign of the Cock and Hen

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

"THERE'S no use, Bessy. They won't buy my pictures, and I can't do anything but paint, so we might as well make up our minds to starve."

But Bessy, instead of bursting into tears, cocked her head as if she heard something, and then hurried out to the hen-house. A minute later she came back with two large, fresh eggs.

She daintily held an egg in each hand and danced before me with an expression of happiness on her face that meant nothing more nor less than a brand-new idea. And to us, amateur countrymen since our wedding, a few happy months back, a brand-new idea might have a distinct value; for we had no money, I had my reputation to make, and Bessy had nothing but abundant health and vitality.

Bessy is something of an improviser at the piano or in speech, and she now began to impart her idea by chanting a sort of psalm to me.

"We live at the top of a hill, at the top of a steep and lengthy hill. My husband is an artist, a struggling artist, a good man with his brush, but with the head of a babe, a mewling babe, bless his dear heart!"

Her voice now took on a tragic tone as she wove the web of her song.

"The wolf sits on our door-step and howls, and who shall drive away the howling wolf? In the night season he awakens us with his howling, and when the day breaks he is still there.

"A hen is a little fowl, and she fears both fox and wolf; but the hen, the industrious hen, shall drive away the wicked wolf from our door-step.

"Yes, up the long hill, up the steep ascent, up the winding way that leadeth past our vine-embowered cabin, our tree-enshaded home, shall come a train of

people with gold in their purses; and these people shall help the industrious fowl to drive away the wolf so that he shall return no more forever."

"What's the meaning of this?" said I; for so far I could not see that her psalm led anywhere.

She still continued to sway before me, accenting her words by tapping the sun-flecked floor with her little feet, the eggs extended in her graceful fingers as if they were castanets. Her tone now became exultant.

"My husband can paint, my fowls can lay. The motorists reach the top of the long hill and break forth into ecstasies at the view, at the view of the purple hills and the long shadows in the vales, the wonderful view that their long climb has won for them. The fresh mountain-air is in their lungs and the thought of sustenance is in their minds, even as the wide-flung panorama is in their thoughts." Here she stopped both dance and song, and came and sat in my lap. "In short, to bring it down to the level of the understanding of my unpractical but darling hubby—fresh eggs are still worth money. Motorists have money. We have eggs. We would rather have motorists' money than fresh eggs, but we can have both."

My brain does not work as quickly as Bessy's, and I could not yet see that there was anything in the possession of fifteen or twenty hens and a lordly rooster to cause her to sing psalms of her own making, and I told her so.

"Come outside," said she, and out into the fragrant air of the soft spring morning I went with her. "Look at our house, Mr. Artist. Is it picturesque?"

"Indeed it is," said I, my eye well satisfied with the color and lines of the rustic retreat that my architect brother had put up for me as a wedding-present.

"Would dainty little tables under the arabesquish apple-trees look idyllic and Watteau-like?"

"I suppose they would," I answered.

"Would a quaint sign with a picture of a red-wattled hen and a crowing rooster add to the picturesqueness of the place?"

"Ye-es," said I, wondering if I could paint such a sign; for my work has been landscape in the large, and it is nothing if not impressionistic.

She read my thought, and said at once: "Of course you could paint it." She led me back into the house, went to the *escritoire*, took therefrom a pencil and a pad, and, assuming a businesslike air, she went on: "Now, see here. Eggs are worth thirty cents a dozen, and we've had fourteen or fifteen every day for the last week. The neighbors' hens are also laying, and from now on there will be eggs a plenty."

"And," I broke in, "I suppose you think that if I paint a sign, automobilists are going to climb this hill for the privilege of paying thirty cents a dozen for fresh eggs when they can get them now at the stores for the same price!"

"Lacking-in-sense husband of mine," said my wife, "when my imagination concerns itself with business, it works overtime, with no supper-money. Listen!" She tapped the pad with her pencil to enforce attention. "Up the hill comes a touring-car full of people. It is nearly tea-time. If they were traveling in England, they would stop in at a dear little thatched inn, and have delicious tea and buttered bread, and look back on the occasion with a great deal of joy. Perhaps they would hear a late lark singing. At any rate, they would absorb the poetic atmosphere of the place, and long to live in England."

She made little motor-wheels on the pad, and looked at me for a good half-minute, so that what she had said might have a chance to sink in.

"Now, being in America, the places where they can get good tea are few and far between. But, hubby dear, in a day or two they will stop here. And in a week or two they will be spreading the news of the place—the adorable place where an artist is hard at work painting, while his wife, in cap and apron, quite as if she

were in a play, serves fresh eggs, delicious buttered bread in thin slices—the thinner the slice the bigger the profit—and fragrant tea. Our own eggs will do to begin with, but when the business increases we will buy eggs of our neighbors at current prices, and sell them boiled at automobile prices."

"But," said I, "we can't charge any fancy price."

"Oh, can't we?" jeered my pretty Dresden shepherdess of a wife, with a toss of her wise little head. "An egg is an egg, and even if it is fresh it is not worth more than two or three cents in the spring. But when Darby and Joan come up in Darby's runabout, and they sit down under the gnarled old apple-tree at the pretty lacquered table, and drink tea out of the little Japanese cups that were given us for a wedding-present, and look at the spring-time scenery, and at the apple-blossoms, which will be in their glory in a few days; and when they are served by a not altogether unattractive waitress, and catch a glimpse of a busy old fraud of a husband in a regular stage artist's costume, painting delectable landscapes—why, Darby and Joan will know that they are doing something out of the ordinary, and when Darby gets the bill, made out in dainty handwriting on Tiffany paper, he will not be at all surprised to learn that the delicious eggs and the surpassing tea and the fresh bread and butter are half a dollar an order!"

She scrawled a large dollar sign and set a fat "1" next it, and said:

"One dollar in our coffers, my poor, dear, unsuccessful husband, and only four eggs and a sixth of a loaf and a little butter and tea and sugar and cream gone. Ten cents would cover the cost of it all, I think—or fifteen at the most. And off go the visitors to sound the praises of 'The Sign of the Cock and the Hen.'"

At that, I went right into my studio to paint the sign.

For nearly a month we were blessed with wonderful outdoor weather, and from the very start Bessy's venture was a success. It was not long before we were buying fresh eggs from all our neighbors. You may be sure we tested them, for a single egg unlike Cæsar's wife would have brought disaster into our Arcady.

Not only in the afternoon, but at all

hours of the day, autos came puffing up the long hill and ordered the light lunch. A touring-car full meant four dollars in our "coffers," but while the fad lasted the price was not esteemed a high one. Bessy had to send for her younger sister, and the two made a pretty pair as they flitted in and out, waiting on beveled ladies and begoggled men.

It was not long before some began to come in to watch me at my work, and one day a man fancied a picture and made me an offer that I accepted at once. It would have bought many a fresh egg and cup of tea at our fancy prices, but it went into the bank instead—because Bessy insisted. I would have liked to buy a Persian rug with it.

All that summer we ran the "road-house" and entertained "guests." Then came autumn, and the treacherous hens stopped laying; but by that time the wolf had taken such a dislike to us that he absolutely forsook our door-step. I actually had a bank-account.

II

BESSY pillowed a little head on her arm, pulled the apple-blossom coverlet up

the better to shut out drafts, and became an improviser once more.

"The winter is with us, the season of coldness, when hens nestle down on their feet and do no more lay; but my husband, my good husband, is happy because he is busy, and because he has been found by the world without.

"Dear little baby, if it had not been for your mother's idea, if your mother had not made a reality out of a fancy, of what use would have been your father's clever fingers, or the delicate colors that blossom at the wave of his brush?

"And, my baby, my darling, my best of all babies, you would have come to misery and coldness, you would have been born into a house with empty larder and coal-bin, a house of woe!

"Dear husband, will you please give me the meddy in the right-hand glass, and stop your painting for to-day, because the light is beginning to fade, and you will hurt your eyes. Come, baby, and you and I will look out of the window at the snow on the distant hills, and watch the setting sun color it, and we'll all be happy together."

I Go A Playing

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

EVERYBODY said it was a wonderful chance for me, but mother wasn't so sure. She didn't mind the stock company, where father could take me home at night, and Anne could sit around at rehearsals; but this was different. And then I think she was afraid of Mr. Cunningham. He was supposed to have as much temper as he had professional reputation, and of course that was colossal.

I coaxed mother over at last. Tommy had the mumps, and she was so worn out with him that she gave in. The whole family had a hand in getting my costumes ready, and I borrowed Anne's feather boa, little thinking what use it would be put to!

The rehearsals were pretty bad. One morning Mr. Cunningham made me go through a six-line speech—the one where

I find the revolver and take out the bullets, and then snap it at him—seventeen times. I was pretty tired, and when he said, "Now—again," I turned on him like a wildcat.

"If you make me do it again," I snapped, "I—I won't take out the bullets!"

He laughed—can you believe it? He laughed, and I fumed, and it was bedlam all around. I went home and wept it out on Tommy's pillow—which made him think he was going to die, and his poor, comical face went all mottled. But—Mr. Cunningham kept me. That's where the tragedy comes in.

He was very particular with me on the road. Once or twice he said that some day I would learn to act, and I walked on air for days. He had his private car, and was very comfortable;

but the one-night stands nearly killed me. We followed right along after a monstrosity called "The Merry Maids of Manchester," and the bell-boys thought it funny that we had no poodles, and that we didn't gather to sing in the parlor and call one another by our first names.

Baldwin, the juvenile, was very nice to me, and we took long walks in the mornings, picking up post-cards to send home, and sometimes running over our scene in the second act, where my guardian—Mr. Cunningham—steps in and says: "Do you love him, *Hilda*? He—he is a splendid fellow." And of course every one in the audience knows the guardian is in love with me, and is going to Africa if I take Baldwin. The guardian is married, you see, and Miss D'Arcy played the wife.

The funny thing was that Baldwin was really crazy about Miss D'Arcy, and talked about her all the time.

"I wish you wouldn't," I said one day. "I know she's beautiful, and can act like a dream, and all that; but you needn't rub it in."

"How about you raving over Cunningham all the time?" he retorted sulkily; which was so absurd that I went back to the hotel without speaking to him again.

And then the awfullest thing happened! You know the scene at the beginning of the last act—when we are all at breakfast, and the wife sweeps in in a rage? Well, it starts with grapefruit, and I have a line when I taste it and say—to Mr. Cunningham:

"It's as bitter as—as you have been—to me, this last week."

Well, I put that stuff in my mouth, and at once the most dreadful pain began just in front of my ears, and seemed to go all over me. My tongue drew up and my jaws locked perfectly tight! I tried to swallow and couldn't, and there I sat, while Mr. Cunningham looked at me and waited for his cue.

At last he went on without my speaking, which caused a titter and made him wild. However, the rest of the act went well. In the farewell scene, where he goes to Africa to the war, I tried to warn him to kiss me on top of my head, because by that time I knew that I had the mumps, and I was in a fever of fright;

but Mr. Cunningham's big scene always carries him off his feet, and that night, to my horror, he kissed me twice.

Hopper, the stage-manager, nearly went crazy when I told him.

"Now I'll get it!" he groaned. "No, not the mumps, but the devil! You'll have to go on—that's all. Wear a night-cap—anything—but don't put Cunningham up against a new *ingénue* when he's up in the air with a new play!"

"Then you'll have to cut out the grapefruit," I said with a shudder. "It will have to be bananas, and I can wear big mull ties to my garden hat in the last act and a feather boa in the second."

So we fixed it. I was not very ill, and, after all, Mr. Cunningham took the news like a lamb, even sending me some jelly his *chef* had made.

But a week later Baldwin stopped suddenly and made an awful face over his lemonade in the tennis scene. I knew then what had happened; and when he came to rehearsal the next morning with his neck-line entirely obliterated, and with a silk handkerchief instead of a collar, we all knew. He was quite shiny in spots—I was never like that, thank goodness! Hopper had to take his place, and Mr. Cunningham looked like a thunder-cloud.

Then he sent for me. I went in fear and trembling. He was in front of his dressing-mirror, graying his hair on top. It is naturally a little gray over his ears. When I came in he got up very courteously and drew out a chair.

"Will you wait just a moment?" he said, and finished what he was doing.

The dressing-room was a litter, of course, and right at the bottom of the mirror was a picture in a silver frame. It was a girl in a black gown, and it was exquisite—the picture, not the gown. I thought that very likely it was the girl he was in love with, for, of course, he would be in love with some one.

I knew what was coming before he said it. I clasped my hands tight together to keep me from crying, and my feet felt numb and cold. I was horribly, awfully afraid of him, and yet I had the most dreadful inclination to pat down his hair where he had rumpled it up in the back.

"Now, Miss Eleanor," he said, turn-

ing around and facing me, "I'll tell you why I want to talk to you. You are looking ill and tired; what would the little mother say to me?"

That was the worst thing he could have said. I choked up in a minute, and put my head down on the back of my chair.

"I—k—know I can't act!" I sobbed. "But it—it's mean to put it off on mother!"

"You can act," he said very gently. "That's the trouble. In fairness to you, I'll have to tell you that. But it's a hard life, and—I want you to give it up. You're too young, and you've been too much sheltered, to—"

"I'm twenty-one, Mr. Cunningham," I broke in defiantly. "Even grown people get the mumps. I'm not a child; I'm as old as—the girl in that picture."

I rushed out then, and in the first act, where I have the scene with my guardian's wife, I burst into real tears at the end, and got a curtain-call. I was very unhappy; there were a number of things—but it doesn't matter. One thing was certain—I *hated* Mr. Cunningham! And I was *not* going home!

It was within a week of the New York opening that the next blow came. You remember, there's a wedding in the first act, with tables all around covered with presents. Miss D'Arcy comes on and glances over them. She says:

"What an ugly fork! Asparagus, or pickles?"

When she said "pickles," she was looking straight at me, and her face changed until it was dreadful. She gave a sort of clutch at her neck, and then she went on; but when we had a minute alone, back center, she glared at me.

"You wretched girl!" she said, picking up a silver candlestick and pretending to show it to me. "I—you have spoiled the whole trip. I am going to Mr. Cunningham to-night to tell him I won't stand it!"

"You need not," I said, taking the candlestick and looking at it. "I am going home to-night. Anyhow, you didn't get the mumps from me. I never go near you. It must have been Baldwin."

She was furious, of course, and it being her cue for a storm, she never did better.

Mr. Cunningham looked quite pleased, and I sat back in the wings, trying to make out a time-table and wondering if the girl who understudied me would make a hit.

I left at four the next morning, without telling any one. In the yards we passed the Undine, Mr. Cunningham's car. And—the queerest thing—he was still up, pacing the floor in the drawing-room end, with his head bent and his hands in his pockets. I thought of the lady in the black dress, and then—because I was tired and frightened, I suppose—I leaned back and cried.

I was quite ill for a day or two at home. Then, nothing terrible occurring, I tried to put the whole thing out of my mind, and to forget that my theatrical career had died of the mumps. But the day before the New York opening, I heard Ella admit some one. I had just time to slip a picture I had been looking at under some of Tommy's stockings I had been mending, when he came in. It was Mr. Cunningham!

I shook hands with him, and tried to hide the basket with his picture and the stockings. Mr. Cunningham did not sit down. He stood by the fire and looked down at me severely.

"You're a bad child," he said at last; "a runaway. What made you do it, Eleanor?"

"I had to," I pleaded. "It was too dreadful—every one getting sick and blaming it on me. Won't you take off your overcoat and—and have some tea?"

I was quite breathless with excitement and reaction, and I was still terribly afraid of him. My hands shook so that I could hardly pour the tea. He dropped into a chair and looked around.

"Jove, what a thing it is to be in a real home again!" he said, looking very human indeed with his feet out before him. "I always pictured you doing something like this—tea and mending—instead of roaming around the country with a theatrical company."

I gave him his tea, squeezing a bit of lemon in, and then—suddenly—he clapped his hand to his left ear, and I knew it had come. He waited until he could speak, and then all he said was "Good Lord!"

He looked at me helplessly. There

were only two things I could do—laugh or cry. I had cried so much that now I laughed—laughed while I knew that there would be no New York opening; laughed while the great Mr. Cunningham glared at me; laughed until he looked injured and then got over it and laughed himself.

"Well!" he said, when we both dried our eyes and got our breath. "I never expected to laugh over a tragedy like this. You make me do anything you want, Eleanor."

"Oh, I hope you won't be very ill," I said quickly.

"But I shall be; I'm sure to. I always have things hard," he replied, getting up and coming over to me. "I took

you very hard indeed, Eleanor. I don't care anything about 'The Pillars of Society.' I only know I want my little ward again. Eleanor, the day you left I was wild. I can't act—I can't live without you, dear. Why, see—you've put your mark on me!"

When he said that, what could I do? Anyhow, I forgot completely that this was the greatest tragedian of his time. All I knew was that he was lonely, and that I—well, that I didn't hate him. He crushed me to him—I'll admit that; but Anne told it as a great joke, when the engagement was announced, that as she came into the hall she heard me say:

"Of course you may. I'm not afraid. I've had them!"

Miss Dobbins, Acting Superintendent

BY BLANCHE I. GOELL

"MISS DOBBINS!" Dr. Carter paused in the hospital corridor. "Keep an eye out for a day-laborer who'll come this morning. Put him to bed. I'll make my examination this afternoon and operate to-morrow. Some sort of growth—I haven't time for particulars now."

Miss Dobbins pursed her thin lips as she continued down the stairs. Dr. Carter's brevity annoyed her. She felt that he had never done her justice; but now, during the crisis of the past two days, when an explosion in the near-by quarries had overcrowded the hospital, she believed that she had proved her worth. In the absence of the head nurse, she had been acting superintendent, and she knew she had done well.

So, though very tired, self-satisfaction hovered round her as she went to give some orders before going to her rest. She looked into the reception-room. A woman was moving feverishly about—the mother of a boy being operated on upstairs. Miss Dobbins turned away; such agitation was nothing new to her. Then she discovered an indistinct shape in a dim corner.

"What can I do for you?" she asked in her businesslike manner.

The man in the corner started nerv-

ously. He was a foreigner, of the lower classes. His face was wan, his eyes hollow. Dejection spoke from every feature.

"What can I do for you?" she repeated briskly.

A jumble of uncouth sounds assailed her ear. Miss Dobbins frowned. A course in linguistics had not been included in the curriculum of the training-school; but she felt that it was impossible for that excellent institution to have left her deficient in any way. Good training combined with natural executive ability—the unexpected had no terrors for Miss Dobbins.

The man was voluble in a despondent, gesticulating way. He pointed up the stairs, then to himself. Suddenly the acting superintendent's brows relaxed.

"You're Dr. Carter's patient? Very well. Follow me up-stairs."

She led the way. The brighter light of the hall showed him to be both dirty and unkempt. Clearly, a bath was the first thing needed. She piloted him down the long corridor of the third floor and opened a door.

"Go in there," she ordered. "Take a bath. Fresh clothing will be brought you; then you can go to bed."

The man retreated quickly as the open door revealed the spotless tub with its

brightly polished faucets. His hoarse voice rose in excited remonstrance.

"*Wash!*" directed Miss Dobbins curtly, pointing to the tub.

At his blank look she seized a face-cloth and in pantomime scrubbed her face energetically. Now, Miss Dobbins's sallow cheeks were innocent of either dirt or rouge, and the bewildered spectator stared in wonder at the strange antics of this active lady. When she turned her steely blue eyes upon him, he edged away in trepidation. Miss Dobbins followed, waving the face-cloth persistently.

"*Wash! Laver! Waschen!*" By turns she implored, commanded, and explained.

Negations in an uncertain tongue, but of no uncertain character, poured from her stubborn companion. His guttural voice rose harshly; his grimy cheeks quivered with excitement; his whole personality protested dramatically against this blunt affront to his daily habits.

Miss Dobbins had too much executive ability to spend her time in arguing with an obstinate patient. She called to a white-capped nurse at the end of the hall.

"Miss Reed, come here!" Little Miss Reed came, in wonder. Miss Dobbins turned to her in undisguised exasperation. "Do you understand what this fellow is saying? He's Dr. Carter's patient—here for an operation. I think the smell of ether has frightened him."

He turned eagerly toward the newcomer, his dark eyes flashing, his hands spread out imploringly. Miss Reed shook her pretty little head.

"I haven't an idea what he's saying. Hadn't I better get some one who will know?"

"I can't waste my time this way," returned Miss Dobbins sharply. "He must take his bath and get ready for Dr. Carter's examination!"

The three stood there a moment. Then the Spartan spirit which Miss Dobbins inherited from New England ancestors rose in wrath against such insubordination from an uncouth foreign laborer. She put her large, firm hand resolutely on his ragged coat.

"Take his other arm, Miss Reed," she ordered unflinchingly, and, together, the

two nurses dragged their expostulating patient through the doorway.

Miss Reed, flushed from her exertions, glanced questioningly at her superior; but the acting superintendent did not falter. Her thin lips protruded as she shot forth each syllable in one last, futile effort to dominate by force of will.

"*Bathe—b-a-t-h-e! W-a-s-h!*"

He shook his head sullenly, broke into tempestuous speech, swept the room with passionate gestures. Miss Dobbins felt herself being cursed in some wild, unknown language, but she was of heroic mold, and would not waver in her duty.

"I think he's crazy," whispered Miss Reed timidly, shrinking back.

"He's got the foreigners' typical dread of water," said Miss Dobbins contemptuously. "Find an orderly, Miss Reed. Get Johnson—no, he was up all night. Tell Higgins to come, at once."

Miss Reed, glad to escape, sped upon her errand. Miss Dobbins put her back against the door and sighed heavily. One half-hour of her rest period was gone. She glared witheringly upon the unabashed miscreant, and strove to arouse in him some spark of manly contrition.

"This aversion to plain soap and water is the root of most disease!"

She said it gravely, like a high priestess offering some secret of the sanctum, but it fell on unresponsive ears. At that, Miss Dobbins was stirred to action. She moved resolutely to the tub, and set the water gurgling in two pleasant streams.

"The idea of any one's not *wanting* a nice hot bath in such a fine tub!" she exclaimed with deep emotion. There were almost tears in her sharp voice at the depth of such depravity. She pulled herself together at sound of the male nurse's respectful voice. "Put him in Room 43 after his bath, Higgins," she ordered. "All the wards are overcrowded already; there's no room for him there."

Out in the hall, Miss Dobbins hesitated a moment. She needed her rest; but Miss Reed's suggestion worried her. Could it be that the man was crazy? The wildness of his eyes offered some foundation for the thought. What if he should break loose and do some dreadful thing? Miss Dobbins grew rigid at the mere suggestion of such a catastrophe

demolishing the success of her régime in the absence of the superintendent. She would interview the man again. Perhaps the soporific qualities of soap and hot water would have soothed his nerves and made him rational.

She dropped into a chair in the hall and closed her weary eyes for a moment's rest. Presently Miss Reed, coming down the corridor, announced that Higgins had put the man to bed.

"But his eyes are wild—he rolls them here and there! I think—oh, he can't be sane!"

Miss Dobbins frowned upon the little nurse's hysterical outbreak. The overwork of the past two days was sapping the calm discipline upon which the acting superintendent prided herself. She walked down the hall past the ward door, where the narrow white beds showed in unvarying rows, to the door of Room 43. The patient was sitting up in bed, flinging his arms about, and pouring forth passionate words. At sight of Miss Dobbins his face grew vindictive.

"Find some one who can understand him," Miss Dobbins ordered wearily. All the patients from the quarry had not caused half as much annoyance; but in spite of her exhaustion, the acting superintendent's lips tightened. No obnoxious day-laborer should upset the discipline of the hospital which she knew herself so amply qualified to administer. Yet, she was glad when Miss Reed came back, accompanied by one of the house-doctors.

"What does he say, doctor?" she asked droopingly.

The young man knit his brows.

"I know a little German, but it's not that. Still, he looks like a German—or perhaps a Russian. I can't understand."

One by one the attachés of the hospital were summoned to the bedside. The patient greeted each newcomer with expectant eyes and eager questioning; but no one could understand him. Bewildered resignation spread over his face; he dropped back on his pillow and groaned.

Then Dr. Carter came down the corridor and was hastily summoned. He walked toward the man in the bed, who turned languidly, muttering forlornly.

"What's that you're saying?" cried Dr. Carter.

He spoke a few words in a foreign tongue. The man sprang up in bed, grasped his arm, and feverishly began to talk.

"Slower there—slower!" ordered the surgeon.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and listened quietly, occasionally putting in a word, occasionally asking the patient to repeat. Then there was silence; the man gazed at him beseechingly, Dr. Carter promised him something, and he sank back with a gasp of happiness. The doctor still sat on the bedside.

Miss Dobbins's strained nerves were grateful for the silence, but her pale blue eyes looked questioningly at the surgeon's back. Presently, when she saw his broad shoulders shaking, she frowned.

"What did he say?" she demanded irritably.

The surgeon smiled quizzically as he came across the room.

"He said a great deal," he answered slowly. "I can't pretend to do full justice to his eloquence. I'll do my best, however, to give a literal translation of so much as I remember. He said: 'I will buy a ticket back to Russia as soon as ever I get out of this infernal place. The United States! You call them free country? It is not so! I come to pay a call upon my sick brother, who is thrown fifty feet in the quarry. I am no socialist, no anarchist; I am a loving brother come to inquire for the health of another. They seize me, wash me, put me to bed! I have lost a half-day's work, I have lost my clothes, I have lost my money, and I have not seen my brother!'"

"But your patient, doctor!" gasped Miss Dobbins weakly.

"He's no patient of mine. I never saw him before."

Miss Dobbins sank back into a chair. Then the sustaining force of her great executive ability came to her aid.

"Get his clothes, Higgins," she ordered faintly. "When he's dressed, take him to the ward to see his brother."

"No," interrupted Dr. Carter grimly. "Show him the way out. He says that if he can get his clothes again, he'll not wait to see his brother. He might lose the first boat back to Russia!"

THE GRIP OF THE STAGE

BY CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE," "A PASTEBOARD CROWN," ETC.

"IS not that the strangest thing? How can you explain it?" asked my friend excitedly.

I lifted questioning eyes. She glanced back, over a letter in her hand.

"Out home, an ex-actress, in private life for years and years, has just died, and her very last words were about the theater. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

At that challenge my thoughts went drifting back through the past, picking up a memory here and another yonder, until I had six or seven recollections of women upon whom the grip of the theater was so strong that at the very last, when facing the "open door" into another life, the haunting memory of their working years possessed them. The costumes, the wigs, all the relics of the old masquerade long since laid aside, the tradition remained. Instead of looking forward, their minds went back to the gas-lit boards, and the final words, spoken with slow, death-clogged tongues, showed that they were dying as actresses.

The world at large knows the theater's glitter and glamour, its compelling charm for the outsider; but few realize the strength of its grip upon its followers. Acting, as a profession, is worthy, artistic, generous. Many people enter it from sorrow and great need; and they find there brightness, lightness, hard work that is vivid and intense, a feeling of fraternity, a seeming equality. Above and beyond all else is the ecstasy of the applause won, sweeter to the ears of an actress than could be the music of the spheres—applause that lifts one to the altitude of the gods—applause whose echo never dies in the memory of the applauded.

It was in Cleveland that an old, old actress lay dying. She had been a star,

but had fallen from favor, and dropped into obscurity. A cruel disease harried her mercilessly. She was poor; only one person was at her side. He lifted her higher on the pillow, and saw how near she was to the end.

"You are not afraid?" he whispered anxiously.

She lifted her wrinkled hand to brush back a troublesome strand of hair, and muttered impatiently:

"No, no, I'm not afraid; but, oh, how I wish I could have played *Rosalind* better! But I was always too sad—too cold and sad!"

And with that just criticism on her own work, she passed into silence. Her physical torture, her poverty, were ignored. Her mind busy with the old ambition, she with her shriveled skin, her white hair, thought only of that veritable red rose of English girlhood—wilful, sweet *Rosalind*.

"IT IS THE LAST CURTAIN!"

It was quite a young actress and singer whose five final words destroyed an illusion and cast into the dust of unbelief the mythical death-scene of the stage novel. She was not beautiful, but she was blithe, bright, and successful. Only recently a cruel blow had fallen upon her. Swiftly, without warning, death had snatched from her the husband whom she had married in private life, and whom she loved immeasurably. Generously considerate of her company's welfare, loyal to the managers with whom she had contracts, she held bravely on, trying to fill out the season for their sakes, and hoping that when it was over she might abandon herself to the very luxury of grief. She stumbled forward, ever growing whiter and weaker, until like a flash she was down, and struggling

desperately for each quick, shallow breath. From the very first they believed her doomed, for she had neither strength nor spirit left to fight the dread enemy.

"Her last words will be for him," one said positively, with filling eyes.

"Or rather to him," suggested the most sentimental woman present. "She may see him at last, or think so, her constant thoughts being of him."

As the end approached, and she lay wordless, with closed eyes, the doctor drew near and spoke low but distinctly to her. Her fever-parched lips smiled faintly. Feebly she raised her forefinger in the old familiar gesture, warning to silence. He spoke again, and with the smile deepening almost to a ghastly roguishness, she murmured:

"S-s-sh! Wait, wait—it is the last curtain!"

And it was, for her. The traditional death-bed scene had not materialized; before she was wife or widow she had been an actress, and in spite of her great loss and deep grief, her mind was back in the theater, where with her last thought, her last word, her last smile, she contentedly waited the fall of the "last curtain."

A SLAVE OF THE THEATER

Presenting these memories just in the order in which my groping mind recovered them from the past, I come now upon one that is painful because this woman's relation to the theater had become that of an unfortunate on the treadmill. Like a splendid rocket, she had made a blazing rush across the theatrical sky, and then, almost as suddenly, the fire dead, like a burnt and blackened stick she had fallen to the ground.

That figure of speech does not imply that her success was in any way meretricious or artificial; on the contrary, it was honestly won by her vivid and powerful acting. The term "emotional," coined for one who followed in her wake, might well have been applied to her, but she was called a "sensational" actress. Without one beautiful feature, she yet pleased the eye. Her scarlet mouth, her glowing eyes, her masses of dark hair, and a certain picturesque quality, made her more fascinating than mere beauty could have done. She drew packed houses;

for some seasons she habitually turned crowds grumbling away.

She was one of the women who work with a kind of divine fury, wearing themselves out utterly—and yet, and yet, often for nearly a week at a time she saw not one dollar of all her great earnings. For she had a husband; she loved him with a blind affection, self-sacrificing to its object—and he gambled.

In a few years he was gone—but alas, too late! The plastic nature of the wife had received the impress of his evil habits. She grew less attractive; she took to coarser plays; she came into encounter with the law in her advertisements and street-posting. Then, poor, broken in health, homeless, childless, she staggered desperately through plays of killing hard work.

"Stop, or die!" warned the doctor.

"Stop, and I must die!" she retorted grimly; and with a certain bitter humor she added: "I saw a weak, worn, old horse fall and die in harness once on Broadway, and I never guessed I was reading my own future. Thanks, doctor, for the advice I cannot follow. Good-by!"

And then one dreadful day she had simply crept through the matinée, and dazed, in a half stupor, had been helped to her comfortless hotel room, where she seemed to collapse utterly. Her leading man, who was also her agent, hurried back to the theater to warn them to change the bill for the night. He was urged to try to push the star through one more performance.

"You can't push an unconscious woman through even such a wild play as this," he replied.

He then sent for the doctor, and hurried back to the unfortunate woman, who lay as she had fallen, on the lounge, still in her street garments. The room was in deep dusk.

"You will not have to act to-night," he said. "You shall rest all day to-morrow, too."

There was no answer. He felt her hands; they were cold. Anxiously he struck a match and lighted a whistling gas-jet. He saw that her hat and veil were still on. At his removing them, she started up, wide-eyed.

"Is it time to go?" she asked.

"No, you are to rest."

"Oh!" she sighed, and let her head fall again. And just then, from somewhere, a clock began striking. She struggled up instantly. "Why, it's theater time—seven o'clock! I can't bear to be late!" And she felt blindly, with both hands. "Give me my bag!" she demanded, and, lifting herself by his shoulder, she kept saying: "I must go! I must go!"

She stood a moment, then fell and spoke no more. The woman in her ruined—the artist in her dead—at the cruel last she was still the driven slave of the theater, whose call she obeyed with her last breath of life!

A SEAMSTRESS WHO DIED A STAR

No case that I know of more perfectly illustrates the mysterious hold of the theater upon the mind and memory of its people than one of a woman who quite recently passed away at an advanced age, and who spoke in her last moments words that were as Greek to the kindly, commonplace neighbors who had watched her through her weary illness.

Many years ago she had aroused much curiosity in theatrical circles, because she was the first star known to have a financial backer. The profession as a body was shocked, for our early theater was reared by merit. Actors used to become stars because of some very exceptional and unusual ability, and a mere money-bought starship was looked upon as derogatory in the extreme. At that time she was perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years old, what an Englishman might call "a fine figure of a woman," with cold, classic, regular features, a strong voice, and a declamatory style. Thanks to her backer, her wardrobe extinguished every gown worn by others, just as her posters dazzled the public eye; but she invariably played to cold and half-empty houses.

There was where the backer failed her. He could dress her, advertise her, pay her losses, but he could not force the public to acquire a taste for her. And so she stalked her way, complaining ever and ever more:

"How cold the house is!" "What a chilly public is yours!" "What a dull audience to-night!"

And yet she clung to the empty signs and symbols of stardom; her name in two-foot type on the bill-boards, her lithographs crowding the shop-windows, and "Star" painted in black on the door of her dressing-room. Verily she fed on husks, yet she never wearied of her diet. Then the friendly backer dropped suddenly from his place among the living. Dependent upon her actual drawing-power, she met ruin within a month, and abandoned her tour.

Still she clung to theatrical life, and for a season or two acted as leading woman in a stock company. But she could not forget she had been a star, nor would she permit any one else to forget it; and she "rubbed in" her past honors with an insistence that proved demoralizing, alike to peace and stage discipline. Finally, managers locked their stage-doors against her, and she retired, dropped her stage-name, resumed her own commonplace cognomen, and finally reached bed-rock as a dressmaker for humble people, who only had their Sunday gowns made by other hands than their own.

A hard, dull life, was hers, and a long one. Through all the years she held proudly aloof, utterly silent as to that comparatively brilliant past, and forgotten save by a few contemporaries who wondered, now and then, when and where she had died. Then at last she took off her thimble, the badge of her long servitude, wound up her bobbins and her spools, put her work-table in order, and took silently to her bed. The doctor knew, and she knew, that there was nothing to do but to wait. Her neighbors were sympathetic and kind—poor neighbors always are, God bless them!—and they took turns to watch with her, never wearying, though they were hard workers; and the waiting was very long.

One hot night, with windows stretched wide and fans waving, two tired women sat and watched a third, who lay as she had lain for long hours, motionless. One of the watchers, noting the dryness of the sick lips, passed a bit of orange over them, and fell back to fanning.

Suddenly the waiting one opened her eyes widely. She looked straight forward, and seemed to bow three times—to right, to left, to front. Then, after a

moment's pause, she spoke, in a fretful, complaining tone:

"How very cold the house is!"

The watchers stared in amazement. What could she mean? One tapped her own forehead suggestively.

The woman in the bed spoke again. She shrugged her shoulders, and murmured:

"We're too dimly lighted!" and then suddenly, sharply, and imperatively, she commanded: "Turn up the lights—full!"

For forty years a humble seamstress, she died—a star! Can the fascination of any other profession outlast that forty years' grip of the theater upon a woman's imagination, mind, and memory?

A DEATH-BED VIOLA

One other memory I think I may offer because of the intensely practical nature of the woman in question. She had great beauty, with a perfection of feature that lasted far into age, when her dainty bloom had faded. Absolutely without sensibility or delicacy of feeling, she was laughingly called the "water-horse," because her friends said she had the skin of a rhinoceros, and that no barb could pierce her. She had been married, very young, to an actor. He died, and she married again. She had been for at least ten years a joint star with her first husband; after his death she headed a company of her own. When she ceased to draw, she shed no tears, lost no sleep, but, remarking that she "must keep the children in their convent-school," calmly sought and obtained a position as leading lady.

Years later, when she became too stout to find her own waist-line unassisted, she engaged for old women, ate all she wanted, and laughed in her sleeve at the commercial stars—"factory-made," she preferred to call them—whom she supported heartily and cordially. Probably her first husband's name had not passed her lips for thirty years; perhaps she had never thought of him. She had long been widowed a second time when rheumatism attacked her, and she was obliged to retire finally from the stage. She went to live with a married daughter, and devoted her entire attention to lace-making, planning enough work to blind a dozen

pairs of eyes. The word theater never crossed her lips.

"Does she miss it?" repeated the daughter. "Did you ever know mother to have one grain of sentiment about anything or anybody? I do believe she'd feel ashamed if she caught herself remembering the dead. She is so awfully practical—once done with a thing, she's even done with the memory of it."

And so the handsome old woman had some years of comfortable private life, and was still twisting her needle in and out of threads, making dainty weft of lace, when her summons came. As usual she was practical. She decided who should have her sealskin cloak, and who her diamond rings. She directed that her wardrobe should be given to any poor actress who could make use of it.

"Not a spark of sentiment!" sobbed her daughter.

But she was not gone yet—she was a trifle light-headed. Then there came a sharp sinking-spell; a stimulant was administered, and, lying in apparent comfort, she closed her eyes. Presently her lips began to move. Then words were murmured—apparently repeated, over and over again. At last, more plainly formed, came the lines:

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Then, still more distinctly enunciated:

—Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her.

The daughters were dumfounded, stunned—and at last it dawned upon them. The old actress was studying again her far-off girlish triumph, *Viola*. Then she broke off to say, holding out her hand to one whom she alone could see:

"Come, Harry, let's start early, dear, for you know everything I wear to-night is new!"

And with a shiver and a smile she slipped from this world into the next. So once more the theater claimed its meed of remembrance from a dying devotee. The voice that called across the years reached her dull hearing because it was sweet with the triumph of her early youth; and her last responsive backward look was rewarded with a vision of the

long-dead lover husband. And that was the passing of an intensely practical woman.

THE TRAGEDY OF ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

I will let the other instances pass, lest the subject should grow wearisome, though they also bear strong witness to my claim that the minds of most actors and actresses turn, at the close of life, to things theatrical. But one memory may be dwelt upon, I think, because it is that very exception which seems to prove the rule.

Hitherto I have named no names, in order not to wound the feelings of any grieving friend or relative of the dead, who might naturally desire strict privacy for such sacred moments; but this last woman, who is my exception, may be safely named, since her death took place in the very eye of the public. Indeed, the lips of Adah Isaacs Menken were scarcely cold when her final, heart-moving words were in print and buzzing up and down the boulevards of Paris.

Where is the promise of my years

Once written on my brow—

Ere errors, agonies, and fears

Brought with them all that speak in tears,

Ere I had sunk beneath my peers—

Where sleeps that promise now?

So Adah Isaacs Menken wrote of herself, when in years she was no more than a girl. She was only thirty-three when her stormy life ended—three years younger than was Byron when, in his "yellow leaf," he wrote his famous last poem at Missolonghi. An amazing woman—a sweet, winning woman—a shocking woman! A gifted creature; when she was not in the gutter, her brow was lifted to the stars. Like the pendulum of a strong-ticking clock, she swung free through a great half-circle, with a *tick* at virtue and a *tack* at sin. Tick-tack, tick-tack—good-bad, good-bad—until, quite run down, with one last audacity she raised that piteous reminding cry of "Thou knowest!" to the God whom she had offended while yet she loved, and stood forever midway 'twixt good and bad!

Brilliant and repellent, she could place a brandy-bottle squarely between herself and some Bohemian chum, and fairly drink him down, glass for glass.

Then, with a contemptuous glance at him, she would plunge her short curls and flushed face into a basin of water, go out upon the balcony, and gaze long at the stars—gaze until at last she would stumble in, and, falling on her knees, set forth in polished phrase such lines of agonized remorse as filled men's eyes with tears at the reading of them.

Adah Isaacs Menken was a generous woman, giving impulsively, lavishly, as women do who have suffered great privations, for no woman ever forgets the time when she went hungry, and her sympathy with others in like stress is keen to anguish. She was very tender of little children, and bridled her tongue and set a guard upon her lips when they were present. So you see it was tick-tack, good-bad—but let no man judge her, for it was from man's brutality and treachery that her nature, once honest and straightforward, received the cruel twist that turned her into the hard, self-seeking woman who so vengefully used the follies and weaknesses of men at large as stepping-stones by which to climb to wealth and power.

Her husband left her, helpless and penniless, to face alone woman's greatest trial—left her with his farewell showing black on cheek and shoulder. A boarding-house-keeper, Mrs. Symes, stood between the unfortunate and public charity.

"She'll pay if she lives—I'm not worrying—she can keep her room."

"Well, she won't live," said the doctor, "because she's starving herself to keep down the bill. She's not trying to live!"

One day Menken was looking at the scar on her shoulder, and Mrs. Symes said joyfully:

"It's fading away, too, just like the one on your face!"

"It is not fading," Menken answered bitterly. "A man's blow on a woman's body never fades; it sinks inside, and grows blacker and blacker, deeper and deeper."

Then, one day, she seemed changed; her eyes were blazing with a sudden fever of excitement. The landlady lifted her higher on her pillows, and she broke forth with:

"Symes, I have it! I have it at last!

Woman, it's an idea which, carried out, will never leave me poor again! An idea that will set me on horseback in a glorious world, that will give me a tombstone, and keep my name from oblivion! I have no fear of your bill now, Symes—only give me to eat, and pray that my life may be spared!" She caught the woman's arm. "Listen! My idea will set me high above my enemies, and be you my witness, if I live two years through, the world of evil men will find in me a true mistress of the hounds. I shall have the whip in my right hand, and at its crack they shall crouch—if I can but live two years!"

"THOU KNOWEST!"

The idea, which proved to be that of the "female Mazeppa," brought her renewed fame, and gold, and the public devotion of such a genius as the elder Dumas. But a few years later, when her last illness was upon her, she was again alone, her sole companion being her tiny, shivering mite of a dog, which curled into her bosom for warmth.

"No, I am not dead—nor shall I die just yet," she said to her doctor. "I shall know when my end is at hand."

She smiled, and drew aside her laces to show the tiny dark head in her bosom. "Dogs fear death, and when this little creature leaves me—I shall know!"

The medical man smiled in superior knowledge—they always do—but next day, at her call, he entered hurriedly. He followed with his eyes Menken's pointing hand. The tiny dog had left the bed, and with frightened backward glances was struggling to get up on the sofa.

"It knows no better," forgivingly gasped the dying woman. "Say what you will, instinct is too strong, doctor!"

For a time she murmured unintelligibly; then she gasped out faintly:

"Doctor—my tombstone—you know—just two words—will say it all." She lifted her eyes, turned her two little palms helplessly outward, and with one great sigh breathed: "Thou knowest!" The actress in her seemed to be submerged beneath the mighty repentance of the woman.

So here I end these memories, not claiming that all passing actors *speaking* last words—for many die without last words to say; but I think I have shown that the theater's magic charm is potent with the player even unto death.

ONE SPRING MORE

So many springs have come and fled,
So many glorious springs are dead;
But lo, through winter's open door
Comes Flora, bringing one spring more!

The spring has come how many times?
Been welcomed with how many rimes?
Still, out of snow and rain and roar,
Comes Flora, calling, "One spring more!"

Last spring—that spring of years ago—
We saw our cups of bliss o'erflow—
What perfect buds the joy-boughs bore!
Lo, Flora bearing one spring more!

Oh, spring of springs, oh, dream of dreams,
What rapture through our being teems
The while we guess at gifts in store
In Flora's boon of one spring more!

Oh, memories of other springs!
Oh, hues and scents and songs and wings!
No wonder that I space implore
To tell of Flora's one spring more!

Clarence Urmy

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HARVARD

BY FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

INSTRUCTOR IN HISTORY AT SIMMONS COLLEGE

THE announcement, some four months ago, that Charles William Eliot will retire next May from the presidency of Harvard University was an event of large moment in the educational world. But it was far more than that. The presidency of Harvard is an office of such broadly extended influence, and Dr. Eliot, as an incumbent of that office during the past forty years, has taken so large a place in the life of the country at large, that every one has a right to be interested in all that pertains to the position.

The president of Harvard may not at all times be the most conspicuous figure in the American public eye. In an address delivered some weeks ago to a body of Presbyterian clergymen, a well-known New York journalist rather startled his hearers by asserting that if they were suddenly to be informed that President Eliot stood on the right of them and James Jeffries, the pugilist, on the other side, nine-tenths of them would forthwith look instinctively toward the left. This was only a somewhat whimsical method, however, of emphasizing the tendency of metropolitan newspapers to print columns describing a Jeffries fight, while assigning only meager inches of space to the reproduction of a speech by President Eliot in Carnegie Hall. It is undoubtedly true that, taking the people of the United States as one finds them, the very great majority recognize in Dr. Eliot one of the foremost citizens of America, and, by the same token, are interested that the office which he has magnified tenfold in civic influence be maintained upon its present high plane of dignity and efficiency.

When the seven men who constitute

the corporation of Harvard College came to choose a successor to the resigning president, the whole trend of opinion, official and otherwise, pointed unmistakably toward one man—Abbott Lawrence Lowell—as the logical candidate for the position. Not that other "receptive" candidates were not considered. A full dozen of them were. There is no evidence, however, that that eminent Harvardian, Theodore Roosevelt, whom the press has persisted in suggesting for the position, was one of the dozen.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, was another man of national reputation more or less prominently mentioned for the place, but he was not regarded as a possible nominee. Those concerning whom there was positive deliberation are all inhabitants of greater Boston—James J. Storrow, financier and public-spirited citizen, who, however, lacked in a measure the academic stamp; Wallace Clement Sabine, dean of Harvard's new Graduate School of Applied Science; Charles H. Haskins, a splendid product of Johns Hopkins and Wisconsin, for several years a leading professor of history at Harvard, and lately become dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences; and, finally, Professor Lowell himself. The choice, as had been clearly forecast, fell upon Professor Lowell, because in him were found to be brought together the widest and most notable range of distinctive qualifications, on the side of administrative ability, scholarship, personality, and blood.

A LOWELL OF THE TENTH GENERATION

To begin with the last-named qualification, Professor Lowell enjoys the advantage—for it is an advantage, even in

a democratic country—of fine American ancestry. He belongs to the tenth generation of Lowells on this side of the Atlantic, and the history of his family has been from first to last one which for

ous public spirit. His mother's family, the Lawrences, was scarcely less notable, the grandfather for whom he was named, Abbott Lawrence, being a prominent business man and politician, and for three



ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL.

PROFESSOR OF THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD, WHO WILL SUCCEED
PRESIDENT ELIOT AS HEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY IN MAY NEXT

solid, worth and lofty achievement can be matched by that of very few families in the United States. His grandfather, John Amory Lowell, and his father, Augustus Lowell, were substantial New England captains of industry in the middle and later nineteenth century—great cotton-mill proprietors, promoters of trade, and at the same time men of fine tastes, liberal culture, and conspicu-

years, during the administrations of Presidents Taylor and Fillmore, the able representative of the United States at the court of St. James.

Not only does Mr. Lowell enjoy the advantage of the very best New England ancestry, but, with reference to his future high office, he possesses the almost essential qualification of being a dyed-in-the-wool, glad-of-it Harvard man. It is not

inconceivable that a candidate of sufficiently exceptional qualifications might have been imported from outside the Harvard ranks, but such a thing was very unlikely to happen. Graduated at Harvard with the class of 1877, and in law three years later, Mr. Lowell never for a moment lost touch with the university until, in 1897, he was called to be an instructor, and began to center his best energies in its service. As student in the seventies, as alumnus for upward of two decades, and as instructor for a dozen years, he has always been a whole-hearted college man, vitally interested in college problems and college people, and obviously the sort of individual to throw himself heart and soul into the exacting duties of the high position which he is on the point of assuming.

LAWYER, AUTHOR, AND EDUCATOR

For some seventeen years a very successful practitioner of the law, his scholarly instincts grew keener and more cosmopolitan as time went on, leading him into the path of a man of letters, and eventually making him a university professor. Interested particularly in the vast subject of human government, he wrote several excellent books in this field—notably "The Governments and Parties of Europe," published in 1897, which is by far the most widely used treatise on the subject, and, during the past twelve-months, "The Government of England," a work in every way comparable with Mr. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

When he was called to the Harvard faculty, it was with the special task of working out the most effective method of giving instruction in the science of government, a subject which up to that time had been very generally neglected by our colleges and universities. The results were so satisfactory that, in 1900, he was promoted to the professorship which he has held since that date. The influence of his courses on government upon the curriculums of other American institutions, and through them upon the educated citizenship of the country, is simply incalculable. Of Professor Lowell's clarity and authority of exposition, of his originality and popularity as a teacher, and of his international fame as

a man of letters, there cannot be the slightest question.

THE NEW PRESIDENT'S PERSONALITY

Like President Eliot, Mr. Lowell is a man of intense personality. What he puts his hand to he does with all his might, and his enthusiasm is of the contagious sort. As a college student, he set for himself a very high standard of industry and efficiency. When he went in for athletics, it was rather for the joy of the contest than for any external glory, though the records show that as a miler and two-miler he was the best distance runner of the college in his generation. He studied even harder than he played, taking honors in mathematics, and receiving substantial recognition in being awarded a "disquisition" on commencement day.

After leaving college, he applied himself to his profession with an assiduity that won him an enormous clientèle while his confrères were struggling to get a start. He cannot claim, of course, to be what we ordinarily think of as a self-made man; but in the larger sense he is such, in that he has never permitted inherited wealth to deprive him of the pleasure of hard work, and has hewn out a career quite independent of its advantages. If, with the capital at his command, and with the keen business sense which he inherited from two sets of ancestors, he had started out thirty years ago to amass wealth, he might very possibly have been one of the richest men in America to-day. As it is, he has chosen to administer the fortune that came to him precisely as if it were a public trust, and the making of money has been with him a very inconsiderable interest.

Such a man can hardly fail to be at heart a thoroughgoing democrat, and nobody who knows Lowell can think of him as anything else. A polished and well-groomed gentleman, crisp and matter-of-fact in manner, he is always approachable, sympathetic, whole-hearted. It is undoubtedly true that the mass of the students at Harvard do not know him as well as they know certain of his colleagues; but during his ten years' service as a member of the faculty he has been active and influential in uni-

versity affairs, and his Marlborough Street residence has been the scene of repeated festivities of all sorts, in which the students were expected to participate. He has yet, of course, to make for himself, in the heart of the student body and in that of the Harvard fraternity everywhere, the place that President Eliot has made; but there can be small doubt that in time he will do it.

A MAN OF THE GREAT WORLD

As to the world outside, Mr. Lowell's view of it is cosmopolitan, his interest in it intense, his contact with it close. He does not belong at all to that type of academician whose tastes and very aims of existence are bound up absolutely and irrevocably in one particular field of study. Such a man has his uses, but he would not be the sort of individual for the Harvard presidency. Mr. Lowell is a scholar of the first order, and he knows scholarship when he sees it; but he is first of all a progressive, liberal-minded, productive citizen.

Finally, he possesses that absolutely indispensable qualification of the twentieth-century university president, the ability to organize and administer men and affairs. The great university of today—the Harvard, the Columbia, the Chicago—is a world in itself, with millions of dollars' worth of property to be looked after, with from five to six thousand students to be regulated and provided with the largest range of discipline and opportunity, with faculties comprising hundreds of men of all grades, interests, and degrees of compatibility to be correlated and controlled; with graduate schools to be built up, summer sessions to be maintained, extension facilities to be provided, and what not—all devolving, in the final analysis, very largely upon the president himself.

At Harvard, the burden of responsibility during the next twenty-five years is likely to be particularly taxing. In not a few respects the university stands upon the threshold of a new era, very much as it did in 1869, when Charles William Eliot was elevated to the presidency. Nobody expects it in the next forty years to undergo the changes, or to embark upon the innovations, that have made its history memorable under

the guiding hand of Dr. Eliot. But the coming quarter-century will bring plenty of its own problems, in addition to those inherited by the new administration from the old one.

PROBLEMS FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT

In this period will be determined, for example, the possibility of maintaining at Harvard what, after all, is the only true sort of university—one, that is, in which the absolute requirement for admission to every graduate department is the bearing of the bachelor's degree from some reputable college. In this same period will be determined, too, the utility in our American civilization of provision for the advanced study, on the theoretical side, of the principles and methods of business, such as has been offered at Harvard for the first time this year in the new Graduate School of Business Administration.

In the third place, the next few years will bring to the university the enormous bequest left to it by Mr. George McKay for the advancement of the study of applied science, and it will be necessary to concentrate more attention upon that important field of work than has yet been done in any of our institutions, save perhaps two or three of our best technical colleges. And, in the fourth place, the period which may fairly be expected to be covered by President Lowell's administration will determine whether or not Harvard is to remain what most people still concede her to be, the foremost of American universities.

The institution is just now on the point, for the first time in a hundred years, of falling from first place in the matter of numbers—a contingency for which the more rapid growth of certain of her sister institutions, particularly the State universities of the Middle West, is primarily responsible. Nothing can be more obvious, of course, than that the rank of an institution of learning does not depend upon the number of its students, or even of its instructors. But in the case of Harvard the matter of numbers is indirectly vital, because if the institution is still to be the representative for America of all that is best in university organization and life, its constituency must be broadly representative

of the country as a whole. It must not be allowed to shrink up into a mere New England institution, or even an exclusively Eastern one.

That the authorities realize this very keenly to-day may be inferred from the special effort that is being made, largely through the organization of Harvard clubs, and the frequent speaking excursions of university officials throughout the country, to keep alive and to stimulate the national interest in Harvard. The avowed friend of every reputable college and university from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Harvard of to-day is frankly unwilling to sit idly by and yield into other hands that hold upon the United States at large, and the opportunity for service which arises from it, which for so many generations has been her dearest possession.

These are some of the problems and conditions with which the Harvard president of the ensuing generation will be called upon to deal. Obviously, their solution will demand a very unusual degree of administrative capacity and solid business sense, as well as academic information.

Fortunately, Mr. Lowell is a trained

administrator. If he were not, it is at least doubtful whether he could have been elected to his new position. As sole trustee, since 1900, of the Lowell Institute in Boston, he has had entire charge of a unique and rapidly expanding institution for popular education. As a member for many years of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has been in close touch with the details of the administration of a great school of applied science, such as Harvard proposes to build up with the McKay millions when they become available. And as a member for a decade of the Harvard faculty, deferred to in matters of university government and policy as few of his colleagues have been, it may be assumed that he has already had occasion not merely to display his genius for administrative work, but to acquire invaluable experience in it.

Equipped with the spirit of the scholar, the ideals of the lofty-minded citizen, and the practical grasp of the business magnate, Mr. Lowell seems, indeed, to offer a degree of adaptation to his future career which is rarely paralleled in public or private life.

THE AWAKENING

WHEN life had lost its earlier glow.

And youth and joy had fled;

When memory was a specter dark,

And hope a fledgling dead—

Then suddenly, across the night,

There flashed a beacon blue

Of unimagined dawn, and I

Awoke to love and you!

Your eyes were morning stars, your hand

A guide to teach the way

Out of the darkness where I fell

Up to the peaks of day;

Back through the web of wasted years

You led me, reconciled,

Though I was a man with the eyes of a man,

And you were a little child.

The good, we say, know only good;

But we, who dare to do

Whatever thing our souls desire,

Know good and evil, too;

Yet when, with love upon their lips,

They answer to our call,

Oh, then I think the pure in heart

Are wisest of us all!

Reginald Wright Kauffman

THE HEYDAY OF THE BLOOD

BY STANLEY CRENSHAW

AUTHOR OF "THE PLUMBER'S DAUGHTER," "THE PLATONIC FRIENDS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CASSEL

AFTER wandering miserably about the brightly lighted reading-rooms and up and down the marble stairs of his favorite club, Edwin Dellman, the famous actor, betook himself into the smallest of the writing-rooms, a little alcove only large enough for a table, a hearth-fire, and a couple of chairs. He turned off the electric-light with a gesture of impatience, and stood frowning palely down at the sea-coal fire. His long, clean-shaven face twitched unpleasantly from time to time—an evidence of unstrung nerves which he tried in vain to control by passing his thin white hand over his mouth and chin and swallowing hard.

The click of wind-driven hail on the window drew him for a moment to look listlessly out at the city below him, glowing red under the thick storm-cloud like a banked fire ready to break out into flame. When he turned back he sat down heavily in a chair and stared fixedly before him.

A man passing outside the door put his head in, smiling, and evidently about to call out some cheerful greeting. At the sight of the actor's face he gave a shocked exclamation. Stepping quickly into the room, he closed the door after him, shutting the two into the twilight of the steadily glowing coals.

"What's the matter with you, Dr. Mallory?" said Dellman, looking at him resentfully and not changing his attitude.

The newcomer disposed an angular, vigorous body in the other chair, and said quietly:

"I am the only sensible nerve specialist in the country, as well as a good friend of yours, so there's no use trying to bluff

me. What has happened to you these three months I've been away?"

Dellman shook his head and compressed his mouth obstinately. Dr. Mallory's firm lips closed as tightly, and he reached across the table to lay his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Come, Eddie!" he said, using the name of their common youth.

At the touch the actor shivered, and with a look like a frightened child he sprang up as if to retreat.

"No, no! Don't make me talk of it—I shall break down! The only way is to keep it to myself. It's nothing—fancies—morbid ideas! And there's no use in telling you; I know what you would say. They all say the same thing. You would tell me to take a long rest—a complete rest and change; but I've just come from two months in a sanatorium, where I've been getting worse all the time."

"Confound the man who invented sanatoriums!" cried Mallory heartily. "If a well man should spend two months in one, he'd come out a raving maniac!"

Dellman's reserve gave way with a deep-drawn gasp. He took hold of the other's ugly, strong hand and gripped it as he whispered:

"I've lost my nerve, Mallory. I'm afraid—I'm frightened to death!"

"What of?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it's nothing indefinite—I've been told frankly enough what's coming. The specialists say that the strain of my profession has been too much for my nerves. The least excess of mental effort or emotion will bring on such a state of nervous excitement that—well, softening of the brain is what they mean, though they don't say it. You remember poor

Peterson playing cup and ball, and having to be fed like a baby?"

Dellman flung out his hands with a sudden gesture so eloquent of his sick horror that the keen eyes watching him blinked rapidly for an instant.

promise not to think of anything but food and clothes and occupations for idiots, like golf or gardening, for fear that any other subject might start me to using up that little remnant of gray matter which is all that stands between me and—



"HE USED TO REMARK TRIUMPHANTLY THAT HE HAD NOW OUTLIVED SIX DOCTORS WHO HAD EACH GIVEN HIM BUT A YEAR OR MORE TO LIVE"

"Who tells you all this?"

"Everybody—every nerve doctor in the country recommends rest—more rest—the penalty, if I don't, being the quicker approach of that nightmare. And I just out from two months of 'rest' that were like Gehenna, every day of them! I'm not to think of my profession for years, they say. *You* know, Mallory, how I've never thought of anything else! A manager in England has been writing and cabling me to play the next three months in London—something I've always longed to do. He's to get his final answer to-night. There is my series of popular Shakespearian performances that I've planned so long—I've just got the money to start them, but I am afraid even to think of them. They have made me

Why, I'm in hell, I tell you—a perfect hell of ignoble terror!"

II

He sat silent, his face hidden in his hands. The other man wiped the sweat from his forehead, although the room was cool, gave an exclamation, which he checked before full utterance, and took a turn or two about the room. When he spoke, however, it was with a cheerful, casual quality in his voice which made the actor look up at him, surprised.

"You don't suppose your friends the nerve doctors would object to my telling you a story, do you? It's very quiet and unexciting, and you're not too busy?"

"Busy! I've forgotten the meaning of the word. I don't dare be. Every day

is as infernally long as a bad dream, and the evenings—the evenings like this, when, ever since I can remember, I've been playing—you can see for yourself what the evenings are like!"

"Very well, then; I mean to pass this one away for you by carrying you back to the stony little farm in the Green Mountains, where I had the extreme good luck to be born and raised. You've heard me speak of Hillsboro'; and the story is all about my great-grandfather, who came to live with us when I was a little boy."

"Your great-grandfather?" said the actor incredulously. "People don't remember their great-grandfathers!"

"Oh, yes, they do, in Vermont. There was my father on one farm, and my grandfather on another, without a thought that he was no longer young, and there was 'gran'ther,' as we called him, eighty-eight years old and just persuaded to settle back, let his descendants take care of him, and consent to be an old man. He had been in the War of 1812—think of that, you mushroom!—and had lost an arm and a good deal of his health there. He had lately begun to get a pension of twelve dollars a month, so that for an old man he was quite independent financially, as poor Vermont farmers look at things; and he was a most extraordinary character, so that his arrival in our family was quite an event."

"He took precedence at once of the oldest man in the township, who was only eighty-four and not very bright. I can remember bragging at school about Gran'ther Pendleton, who'd be eighty-nine come next Woodchuck Day, and could see to read without his glasses. He had been ailing all his life, ever since the fever he took in the war. He used to remark triumphantly that he had now outlived six doctors who had each given him but a year or more to live; 'and the seventh is going downhill fast, so I hear!' This last was his never-failing answer to the attempts of my conscientious mother and anxious, dutiful father to check the old man's reckless indifference to any of the rules of hygiene."

"They were good disciplinarians with their children, and this naughty old man, who would give his weak stomach frightful attacks of indigestion by stealing out to the pantry and devouring a whole

mince-pie because he had been refused two pieces at the table—this rebellious, unreasonable, whimsical old madcap was an electric element in our quiet, orderly life. He insisted on going to every picnic and church sociable, where he ate recklessly of all the indigestible dainties he could lay his hands on, stood in drafts, tired himself to the verge of fainting away by playing games with the children, and returned home, exhausted, animated, and quite ready to pay the price of a day in bed, groaning and screaming out with pain as heartily and unaffectedly as he had laughed with the pretty girls the evening before."

"The climax came, however, in the middle of August, when he announced his desire to go to the county fair, held some fourteen miles down the valley from our farm. Father never dared let gran'ther go anywhere without himself accompanying the old man, but he was perfectly sincere in saying that it was not because he could not spare a day from the haying that he refused pointblank to consider it. The doctor who had been taking care of gran'ther since he came to live with us said that it would be crazy to think of such a thing. He added that the wonder was that gran'ther lived at all, for his heart was all wrong, his asthma was enough to kill a young man, and he had no digestion; in short, if father wished to kill his old grandfather, there was no surer way than to drive fourteen miles in the heat of August to the noisy excitement of a county fair."

"So father for once said 'No,' in the tone that we children had come to recognize as final. Gran'ther grimly tied a knot in his empty sleeve—a curious, enigmatic mode of his to express strong emotion—put his one hand on his cane, and his chin on his hand, and withdrew himself into that incalculable distance from the life about him where very old people spend so many hours."

"He did not emerge from this until one morning toward the middle of fair-week, when all the rest of the family were away—father and the bigger boys on the far-off upland meadows haying, and mother and the girls off blackberrying. I was too little to be of any help, so I had been left to wait on gran'ther, and to set out our lunch of bread and milk and

huckleberries. We had not been alone half an hour when gran'ther sent me to extract, from under the mattress of his bed, the wallet in which he kept his pension money. There was six dollars and forty-three cents—he counted it over carefully, sticking out his tongue like a schoolboy doing a sum, and when he had finished he began to laugh and snap his fingers and sing out in his high, cracked old voice:

“We're goin' to go a sky-larkin'! Little Jo Mallory is going to the county fair with his Gran'ther Pendleton, an' he's goin' to have more fun than ever was in the world, and he—”

“But, gran'ther, father said we mustn't!” I protested, horrified.

“But I say we *shall*! I was your gre't-gran'ther long before he was your feyther, and anyway I'm here and he's not—so, *march*! Out to the barn!”

“He took me by the collar, and, executing a shuffling fandango of triumph, he pushed me ahead of him to the stable, where old white Peggy, the only horse left at home, looked at us amazed.

“But it'll be twenty-eight miles, and Peg's never driven over eight!” I cried, my older-established world of rules and orders reeling before my eyes.

“Eight—and—twenty-eight!
But I—am—*eighty-eight*!”

“Gran'ther improvised a sort of whooping chant of scorn as he pulled the harness from the peg. ‘It'll do her good to drink some pink lemonade—old Peggy! An' if she gits tired comin' home, I'll git out and carry her part way myself!’

“His adventurous spirit was irresistible. I made no further objection, and we hitched up together, I standing on a chair to fix the check-rein, and gran'ther doing wonders with his one hand. Then, just as we were—gran'ther in a hickory shirt, and with an old hat flapping over his wizened face; I bare-legged, in ragged old clothes—so we drove out of the grassy yard, down the steep, stony hill that led to the main valley road, and along the hot white turnpike, deep with the dust which had been stirred up by the teams on their way to the fair. Gran'ther sniffed the air jubilantly, and exchanged hilarious greetings with the people who constantly overtook old Peg's jogging trot.

Between times he regaled me with spicy stories of the hundreds of thousands—they seemed no less numerous to me then—of county fairs he had attended in his youth. He was horrified to find that I had never been even to one.

“‘Why, Joey, how old be ye? ‘Most eight, ain't it? When I was your age I had run away and been to two fairs an' a hangin'.’

“‘But didn't they lick you when you got home?’ I asked shudderingly.

“‘You *bet* they did!’ cried gran'ther with gusto.

“I felt the world changing into an infinitely larger place with every word he said. It was dizzying to have him thus jauntily sweep away the narrow boundaries of authority and lead me, elate and excited, into a new universe of hitherto forbidden joys.

“‘Now, this is somethin' *like*!’ he exclaimed, as we drew near to Granville and fell into a procession of wagons all filled with country people in their best clothes, who looked with friendly curiosity at the little, shriveled cripple, his face shining with perspiring animation, and at the little boy beside him, his bare feet dangling high above the floor of the battered buckboard, overcome with the responsibility of driving a horse for the first time in his life, and filled with such a flood of new emotions and ideas that he must have been quite pale.”

III

DR. MALLORY leaned back in his luxuriously padded leather chair, beside the elaborately fitted mahogany writing-table, and laughed aloud at the vision he had been evoking—laughed with so joyous a relish in his reminiscences that the drawn, impatient face of his listener relaxed a little. The actor's thin hands dropped from the arms of the chair which they had been gripping so tensely that the blue veins stood out. He drew a long breath, he even smiled a little absently.

“Oh, that was a day!” went on the doctor, still laughing and wiping his eyes. “Never will I have such another! At the entrance to the grounds gran'ther stopped me while he solemnly untied the knot in his empty sleeve. I don't know what kind of harebrained vow he had tied up in it, but with the little ceremony dis-

appeared every trace of restraint, and we plunged head over ears into the saturnalia of delights that was an old-time county fair.

"People had little cash in those days, and gran'ther's six dollars and forty-three cents lasted like the widow's cruse of oil. We went to see the fat lady, who, if she

opulence which fitted in for me with all the other superlatives of that day.

"We saw the dog-faced boy, whom we did not like at all; gran'ther expressing, with a candidly outspoken cynicism, his belief that 'them whiskers was glued to him.' We wandered about the stock exhibit, gazing at the monstrous oxen, and



"I MADE NO FURTHER OBJECTION, AND WE HITCHED UP TOGETHER"

was really as big as she looked to me then, must have weighed at least a ton. My admiration for gran'ther's daredevil qualities rose to infinity when he entered into free-and-easy talk with her, about how much she ate, and could she raise her arms enough to do up her own hair, and how many yards of velvet it took to make her gorgeous, gold-trimmed robe. She laughed a great deal at us, but she was evidently touched by his human interest, for she confided to him that it was not velvet at all, but furniture-covering; and when we went away she pressed on us a bag of peanuts. She said she had more than she could eat—a state of unbridled

hanging over the railings where the prize pigs lived to scratch their backs. In order to miss nothing, we even conscientiously passed through the Woman's Building, where we were very much bored by the serried ranks of preserve-jars.

"'Sufferin' Hezekiah!' cried gran'ther irritably. 'Who cares how gooseberry-jel looks? If they'd give a felly a taste, now—'

"This reminded him that we were hungry, and we went to a restaurant under a tent, where, after taking stock of the wealth that yet remained of gran'ther's hoard, he ordered the most expensive things on the bill of fare."

Dr. Mallory suddenly laughed out again. "Perhaps in heaven, but certainly not until then, shall I ever taste anything so ambrosial as that fried chicken and coffee ice-cream! I have not lived in vain that I have such a memory back of me!"

This time the actor laughed with the narrator, settling back in his chair as the doctor went on:

"After lunch we rode on the merry-go-round, both of us, gran'ther clinging desperately with his one hand to his red camel's wooden hump, and crying out shrilly to me to be sure and not lose his cane. The merry-go-round had just come in at that time, and gran'ther had never experienced it before. After the first giddy flight we retired to a lemonade-stand to exchange impressions, and finding that we both alike had fallen completely under the spell of the new sensation, gran'ther said that we 'sh'd keep on a ridin' till we'd had enough! King Solomon couldn't tell when we'd ever git a chance again!' So we returned to the charge, and rode and rode and rode, through blinding clouds of happy excitement, so it seems to me now, such as I was never to know again. The sweat was pouring off from us, and we had tried all the different animals on the machine before we could tear ourselves away to follow the crowd to the race-track.

"We took reserved seats, which cost a quarter apiece, instead of the unshaded ten-cent benches, and gran'ther began at once to pour out to me a flood of horse-talk and knowing race-track aphorisms, which finally made a young fellow sitting next to us laugh superciliously. Gran'ther turned on him heatedly.

"'I bet-che fifty cents I pick the winner in the next race!' he said sportily.

"'Done!' said the other, still laughing.

"Gran'ther picked a big black mare, who came in almost last, but he did not flinch. As he paid over the half-dollar he said: 'Everybody's likely to make mistakes about *some* things; King Solomon was a fool in the head about women-folks! I bet-che a dollar I pick the winner in *this* race!' and 'Done!' said the disagreeable young man, still laughing. I gasped, for I knew we had only eighty-seven cents left, but gran'ther shot

me a command to silence out of the corner of his eyes, and announced that he bet on the sorrel gelding.

"If I live to be a hundred and break the bank at Monte Carlo three times a week," said Dr. Mallory, shaking his head reminiscently, "I could not know a tenth part of the frantic, choking excitement of that race or of the mad triumph when our horse won. Gran'ther cast his hat upon the ground, screaming like a steam-calliope with exultation as the sorrel swept past the judges' stand ahead of all the others, and I jumped up and down in a perfect agony of delight which was almost more than my little body could hold.

"After that we went away, feeling that the world could hold nothing more glorious. It was five o'clock, and we decided to start back. We paid for Peggy's dinner out of the dollar we had won on the race—I say 'we,' for by that time we were welded into one organism—and we still had a dollar and a quarter left. 'While ye're about it, always go the whole hog!' said gran'ther, and we spent twenty minutes in laying out that money in trinkets for all the folks at home. Then, dusty, penniless, laden with bundles, we bestowed our exhausted bodies and our uplifted hearts in the old buckboard, and turned Peg's head toward the mountains. We did not talk much during that drive, and though I thought at the time only of the carnival of joy we had left, I can now recall every detail of the trip—how the sun sank behind Indian Mountain, a peak I had known before only through distant views; then, as we journeyed on, how the stars came out above Hemlock Mountain, behind our house—our own home mountain; and later, how the fire-flies filled the darkening meadows along the river below us, so that we seemed to be floating between the steady stars of heaven and their dancing, twinkling reflection in the valley.

"Gran'ther's dauntless spirit still surrounded me. I put out of mind doubts of our reception at home, and lost myself in delightful ruminations on the splendors of the day. At first, every once in a while, gran'ther made a brief remark, such as, 'Twas the hind-quarters of the sorrel I bet on. He was the only one in the hull kit and bilin' of 'em that his quarters didn't fall away'; or, 'You

needn't tell *me* that them Siamese twins ain't unpinned every night as separate as you and me!' But later on, as the damp evening air began to bring on his asthma, he subsided into silence, only broken by great gasping coughs.

"These were heard by the anxious, heart-sick watchers at home, and as old Peg stumbled wearily up the hill, father came running down to meet us. 'Where you be'n?' he demanded, his face pale and stern in the light of his lantern. 'We be'n to the county fair!' croaked gran'ther with a last flare of triumph, and fell over sideways against me. Old Peg stopped short, hanging her head as if she, too, were at the limit of her strength. I was frightfully tired myself, and frozen with terror of what father would say. Gran'ther's collapse was the last straw. I began to cry loudly, but father ignored my distress with an indifference which cut me to the heart. He lifted gran'ther out of the buckboard, carrying the unconscious little old body into the house without a glance backward at me. But when I crawled down to the ground, sobbing and digging my fists into my eyes, I felt mother's arms close around me.

"'Oh, poor, naughty little Joey!' she said. 'Mother's bad, dear little boy!'"

Dr. Mallory stopped short.

"Perhaps that's something else I'll know again in heaven," he said soberly, and waited a moment before he went on: "Well, that was the end of our day. I was so worn out that I fell asleep over my supper, in spite of the excitement in the house about sending for a doctor for gran'ther, who was, so one of my awe-struck sisters told me, having some kind of 'fits.' Mother must have put me to bed, for the next thing I remember, she was shaking me by the shoulder and say-



"SHE CONFIDED TO HIM THAT IT WAS NOT VELVET AT ALL, BUT FURNITURE-COVERING"

ing, 'Wake up, Joey. Your great-grandfather wants to speak to you. He's been suffering terribly all night, and the doctor thinks he's dying.'

"I followed her into gran'ther's room, where the family was assembled about the bed. Gran'ther lay drawn up in a ball, groaning so dreadfully that I felt an icy chill at the roots of my hair; but a moment or two after I came in, all at once he gave a great sigh and relaxed, stretching out his legs and laying his arms down on the coverlid. He looked at me and attempted a smile.

"'Well, it was wuth it, warn't it, Joey?' he said gallantly, and closed his eyes peacefully to sleep."

"Did he die?" asked the actor, leaning forward eagerly.

"Die? Gran'ther Pendleton? Not much! He came tottering down to breakfast the next morning, as white as an old ghost, with no voice left, his legs trembling under him, but he kept the

whole family an hour and a half at the table, telling them in a loud whisper all about the fair, until father said really he would have to take us to the one next year. Afterward he sat out on the porch watching old Peg graze around the yard. I thought he was in one of his absent-minded fits, but when I came out, he called me to him, and, setting his lips to my ear, he whispered:

"'An' the seventh is a goin' down-hill fast, so I hear!' He chuckled to himself over this for some time, wagging his head feebly, and then he said: 'I tell ye, Joey, I've lived a long time, and I've larned a lot about the way folks is made. The trouble with most of 'em is, they're 'fraid-cats! As Jeroboam Warner used to say—he was in the same regiment with me in 1812—the only way to manage this business of livin' is to give a whoop and let her rip! If ye just about half-live, ye just the same as half-die; and if ye spend yer time half-dyin', some day ye turn in and die all over, without rightly meanin' to at all—just a kind o' bad habit ye've got yerself inter.' Gran'ther fell into a meditative silence for a moment. 'Jeroboam, he said that the evenin' before the battle of Lundy's Lane, and he got killed the next day. Some live, and some die; but folks that live all over die happy, anyhow! Now I tell you what's my motto, an' what I've lived to be eighty-eight on—'"

Dr. Mallory stood up in the dusk of the little room, and, towering over the actor, struck one hand into the other as he cried: "This was the motto he told me: 'Live while you live, and then die and be done with it!'"

IV

THE coals had died down to a dull glow, and the room was so dark that

neither could see the other's face. There was a long silence, broken by the opening of the door and the appearance, in the light streaming in from the hall, of a club servant in uniform. He spoke in a discreetly modulated tone.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen, but is Mr." —he consulted an envelope in his hand—"is Mr. E. S. Dellman here? A cable-gram, with answer required, has just arrived for him."

The actor sprang to his feet.

"It's for me!" he said briskly, turning on the electric light.

After he had read the message, he motioned the servant to wait, and sat down to write an answer. When he handed back the paper, he said:

"Please read it aloud, so that I can be sure they get it straight at the office."

The other read in a droning monotone:

"Your—offer—accepted—begin—preparations—at—once—I—sail—by—next—steamer.—E. S. D."

"All right for you!" said Dellman, giving him a bill. "Run along now and get it sent quick!" He turned back to Dr. Mallory, who was wiping his forehead again and smiling at him in a fatigued silence. "Good-by, doctor," he said, wringing his hand. "I have a lot to do in a short time. I must be off!" He looked at his friend with a quick, ineffable flush of gratitude. "I can't say—I—oh, never mind! You know what I mean!"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I think I know."

At the door the actor turned.

"How long did he live?" he asked, smiling.

"Gran'ther Pendleton? Oh, he lived to be ninety-three, and then died of a tree falling on him," said the doctor.

THE FLOWER AT HIS DOOR

He climbed upon a hill to scatter seeds
Of flowers that he loved, and hoped to find
A happy harvest to fulfil his needs;
He prayed the distant meadows to be kind.

And kind they were; but, when his limbs grew old—
When he could climb the steeper ways no more—
Only one flower his weary hands could hold,
That grew, by chance, beside his cottage-door.

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow

A STUDY IN PALMISTRY

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF OTTO SCHMALZ,
PREVENTER OF CRIME

BY WALTER HACKETT

AUTHOR OF "THE THEFT OF THE DUDLEY DIAMONDS"

NO episode in the career of Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime, better illustrates his unique methods than his singular adventure at the Greystone dinner.

That affair was, in fact, given in his honor, his connection with the theft of the Dudley diamonds having given him so great a notoriety as to make him a desirable lion. Nevertheless, I accompanied him thither—Mr. Greystone had secured his attendance through my intervention—with many gloomy forebodings; for his extreme stoutness, his childish and overmincing vanity, and his unfortunate habit of falling asleep at the most inopportune times—a disease resulting from defective circulation—made him seem anything but a desirable dinner-guest.

His conduct at the table confirmed my fears, for in drinking his soup he managed to make a most terrific and awe-inspiring noise, besides spilling most of the liquid upon his shirt-front. Before his plate was removed, he fell asleep, and despite all my efforts he did not wake again until the duck was placed before him. Then, for the first time during the dinner, he spoke. He complained, with a petulant querulousness, that the duck was cold; after which he once more sank into slumber.

His conduct well-nigh drove Mrs. Greystone to despair—a feeling which she took no pains to hide—for she had bidden a brilliant company of guests to meet Herr Schmalz. With the unreasonableness of her sex, she held me to blame for the failure of her lion, calmly shifting to my shoulders the task of turning the dismal affair into a success.

I strove to do this with all my powers, but made no progress. No topic that I could mention seemed to excite general interest. By the time dessert was served I was prepared to abandon my efforts, when by a lucky chance I brought up the subject of palmistry.

In an instant there was a stir of interest. Every woman present was leaning forward eagerly, and a general discussion upon the question was precipitated. Without exception the women expressed their belief in the chiromantic art, while to a man the opposite sex scoffed at such a superstition.

It was this argument that awoke Herr Schmalz for the second time. He listened a space, his little eyes blinking sleepily behind his strong-lensed spectacles in silence. Then, suddenly, his heavy, guttural German voice boomed out above the other speakers.

"Palmistry," he declared in his precise foreign English, "is an exact science—so exact as mathematics."

With this he attacked his *café parfait* voraciously. A surprised silence followed his dictum. Then one of the men—Montgomery Morgan, the great steel magnate—leaned across the table and addressed him.

"Herr Schmalz," he said, making no effort to hide the contempt in his voice, "perhaps you are prepared to prove that statement."

The preventer of crime finished his ice with one gulp, and pushed the glass away. Then he glanced at Morgan.

"Give me your hand," he ordered.

The latter rose and, coming around the table, did as he was bid. For a mo-

ment Schmalz held the hand to the light, and scrutinized it carefully. When he had done, he dropped it, turned to the rest of us, and launched into a disquisition upon Morgan's character and habits.

Every one of us present knew him intimately, and each of us recognized the truthfulness of Schmalz's assertions, remorseless and scathing as they were. Morgan himself, having returned to his chair, listened with white face and angry, compressed lips.

As Schmalz finished, he looked around at the other men.

"Have I convinced you?" he inquired.

None of them answered. None of them volunteered to ask for another test. The victory was his. Observing this, he was about to settle himself for another nap, when a woman at the farther end of the table rose quickly to her feet.

"Herr Schmalz," she cried, "do read my hand, won't you?"

Her action proved contagious. A moment later all the women in the room had gathered about him, eagerly asking him to study their hands. Their importunity tickled his vanity tremendously. His great flabby face, childish beneath the dome-shaped head, wrinkled itself in one vast grin of delight as he consented. In turn, he read each palm with a frankness which, but for the gales of laughter that greeted his awkward revelations, might have caused no little ill-feeling.

At last all the women had passed before him but Margaret Heywood, a beautiful girl of twenty. He took her hand with the same careless manner as the others; but after one hasty glance into the palm, I saw him wrinkle his brows and bend closely over it. Then, rising, he stood face to face with its owner.

"I will tell nothing but the truth in what I see in the hand," he said to her; and then, pausing ever so slightly, he added: "So I can tell you nothing."

A dead silence followed these remarkable words. The girl's face flushed crimson, and then slowly faded to a frightened white.

"I do not understand," she managed to say finally.

He turned abruptly from her.

"It is not necessary that you should," was his curt rejoinder.

"But," she continued, laying her hand

upon his arm and holding her other hand open before him, "I insist that you tell me what you see—there."

We all leaned forward breathlessly to hear his answer. He did not give it at once, but stood staring through his great spectacles at the girl. At last, with an impatient gesture, he turned from her.

"I will tell you nothing," he said petulantly, and, settling his great body into a chair, went peacefully to sleep.

II

WE gazed at him, and at the white-faced girl standing beside him, but no one spoke. In fact, the thing had grown very awkward. It was Mrs. Greystone who at last saved the day.

"Come, Margaret," she said, rising and giving the signal to leave the men to their cigars, "we will leave Herr Schmalz to his wine. After it he will no doubt be in a more agreeable mood, and we will all unite in insisting that he reveal to us your dark secret."

Placing her arm about the girl's waist, she led her gently through the door of the drawing-room, the rest of the ladies rustling after her. When all of them had vanished, Morgan rose to his feet and closed the door behind them. Then he turned toward us.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed in a voice that thrilled with anger, "never have I seen so outrageous a wrong done to a defenseless woman as this—this"—his hand trembled excitedly as he pointed at the sleeping Schmalz—"this mountebank"—he fairly shouted the epithet—"has committed upon Miss Heywood. It is our duty to demand an explanation."

He paused and glanced about the table. Every man bowed an assent to his proposition. Though we knew that he was prompted by his anger at Schmalz's analysis of his character, we realized that Morgan's position was unassailable. Observing our acquiescence, he crossed to where the preventer of crime was peacefully snoozing.

"Mr. Schmalz!" he thundered.

There was no answer. The fat man dozed peacefully on. Morgan touched him, but without effect. At last, in exasperation, he seized his arm and shook him until Schmalz's huge body heaved and rolled like a great mold of jelly. This

secured the desired result. Schmalz sleepily opened his eyes and crossly demanded:

"Vell, vell, vass iss?" It was only when first awakened that he deviated from his scrupulously perfect English.

"We demand," Morgan began pompously, "that you explain your outrageous conduct to Miss Heywood."

"There was nothing outrageous about it," Schmalz replied. "I saw something in her hand that I could not tell her—and did not. That's all."

But Morgan was not to be put off so lightly. He meant to have revenge.

"Possibly what you say is true," he agreed condescendingly. "Admitting, however, that it is true, there is nothing that you saw there which you cannot tell to us, who are her friends."

The preventer of crime frowned. Then he glanced about the table at the rest of us. In every face he saw a judgment against him. Leaning back in his chair, he sighed wearily.

"Very well," he answered, "I shall do as you wish. What I saw in her palm was, that she was destined to become"—he raised his wine-glass and sipped it thoughtfully; then, replacing it carefully—"a murderess," he concluded.

The sudden and terrible accusation was terrifying. Morgan reeled back from it as if he had been struck a blow in the face. I saw another man across the table spring to his feet and stand staring at Schmalz with wide, terror-stricken eyes. Still another, at my left, who had been raising his glass to his lips, let it fall from his nerveless fingers.

For a long time no one spoke. Then Morgan pulled himself together and leaned over Schmalz.

"You are professionally a preventer of crime," he said smoothly. "Can you not prevent this girl from committing so heinous an offense as that?"

He was laying a trap, and Schmalz saw it. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not superhuman. I cannot change the nature of people. They are as they are born. You laugh at me and worship your own pig detectives, who only tell you what has happened after it has happened. I tell you what will happen before. They deduce the criminal from the crime; I deduce the crime from the future criminal. Your great author

takes a character and tells you truthfully what will happen to him; I take real character and do the same. If you take my warnings in time, catastrophe may be averted. If not—"

Once more he shrugged his shoulders. Morgan was back at him like a flash.

"Warn us, that we may avert this catastrophe," he cried.

He meant to force the other to commit himself. Apparently, Schmalz was nothing loath.

"If that girl does become a murderess," he jerked out spasmodically, "she will kill a tall, thin man—a man with gray hair, brown eyes, worry-lined face, and hooked nose. When in repose, his eyelids will twitch continuously. He dresses quietly, and wears only necessary jewelry. His hands are without rings, but his finger-nails are constantly down to the quick—either because he bites them or because he pares them closely."

As on a previous occasion, this sudden and complete description of some mythical man excited my laughter; but the sound of it jangled alone in the quiet of the dining-room. The face of every other man had grown suddenly grave. I saw that even Morgan looked white.

"On what," he asked quietly—his voice had lost its taunting note, and there was a vague fear in it—"on what," he repeated, "do you base this most astounding assertion?"

For the first time that evening, Schmalz fairly beamed. The interest in the other's voice flattered his vanity at its most susceptible point.

"I will explain," he said, waving his hand genially about the table. "It is simplicity itself. There is in the lines of the young woman's hand the indication that she will kill a man; but it will not be in sudden passion, nor for love. She is too cold, too hard, for that. The line of her hand shows that also," he added. "So cold, so hard," he went on, "that the assassination will be an act of justice; so determined a character is she that she will be strong enough to punish an enemy with death. If she does not kill a man who loves her, whom will she kill? A person who has wronged some one whom she loves devotedly. Not a child—she has no children—the absence of a wedding-ring shows that; yet

the mother-love in the lines of her hand is developed to a surprising degree. The answer to the question is simple. She has an invalid parent whom she loves devotedly and cares for tenderly. Is it her father or her mother? I say unhesitatingly her father, and he and she are alone in the world. If it were her mother, the motherly line would be developed, but not abnormally—sick women do not need so great care as sick men; and if her mother lived, or if she had brothers or sisters, the whole care of her father would not devolve upon her. It is some one who is attempting to wrong her father, then, that she will kill." Once more he waved his hand. "As I said before, simplicity itself!"

He ceased, but no one moved or spoke. Every one present, except the speaker, knew of Margaret Heywood's life and circumstances. It seemed impossible that Schmalz could have learned the facts, yet he had described them with astounding accuracy.

"To continue," he went on, more and more flattered by the sensation he was causing, "it remains for us to discover who could wrong her father. Again I say, simplicity itself! The girl's appearance, her manner, indicate wealth. The long illness of her father—I know it has been a long one, because the abnormal development in the line of her hand could only have come after years—makes it impossible to believe that he himself made his fortune. It must have been inherited. Therefore, for years he will have had the same man of business; and this man is the only person who could be in a position to do him a wrong. He could wrong him only by stealing his money. A man steals in order to gamble. Therefore, since gamblers lead a life of great nervous strain, and he is at least a middle-aged man, he will be gray-haired, he will constantly bite or pair his nails, his face will be wrinkled with lines of care, and his eyes will twitch when he is in repose. This last is a failing which embezzlers from positions of trust always have. I said he would have gray hair and a hooked nose. Somehow, the great criminologist positively states that hypocrites—hypocritical thieves, he means—always have gray hair and hooked noses, and are always clean-shaven. That he

will be quietly dressed and wear no jewelry follows. The man of brains who steals and gambles always dresses unostentatiously. He knows that it will disarm the suspicions of his clients. If such a man as I have described has anything to do with this girl's father's property, beware how they meet, for, unless you prevent it, some day she will kill him. My fee—my fee is five hundred dollars."

He put his hand out toward Morgan, as if to receive the money, and the next instant was fast asleep.

III

EVEN as Schmalz's head fell forward on his breast, there came the sharp jangling of the door-bell, and a moment later the butler threw open the door from the front hallway to admit a late arrival.

As the newcomer smilingly entered the room, I sprang to my feet with a cry of surprise. The man was he whom Schmalz had just described to us. Even to the twitching eyes and gnawed nails, the description was perfect!

The man looked at me. Then he glanced swiftly around the table at the white, set faces of the men who sat at it. At last his eyes found Morgan, and he raised his brows interrogatively.

"What is it?" he queried. "Something is wrong?"

"Something is very wrong," replied Morgan. "This man"—he indicated Schmalz with a wave of the hand—"has been making most serious charges against you, Benton."

Benton gazed at the sleeper askance.

"That man?" he said wonderingly. "Why, I never saw him before in my life. What has he said?"

"He shall tell you himself," Morgan answered.

Once more he approached the preventer of crime and shook him violently, bellying Schmalz's name, meanwhile, at the top of his voice. The other slowly opened his eyes.

"Vell?" he demanded.

"Herr Schmalz," said Morgan, "this is Theodore Benton, the business agent of John Heywood—Margaret's father. Will you tell him what you have just told us?"

Schmalz glared at the newcomer with no disguised venom. Evidently he re-

garded Benton with disfavor for interrupting his nap.

"Tell him yourself," he said at last in an irritable voice.

He did not go to sleep again, however. Instead, his childlike eyes slowly scrutinized Benton's face.

"Very well," answered Morgan. The chance he had been longing for had come at last. "This man Schmalz has just declared that you are in danger of being killed by Margaret Heywood."

Benton gasped with amazement, and his face went pale as he looked from Schmalz to Morgan and back to Schmalz again. Then he recovered and laughed.

"And why, may I ask, should Margaret care to kill me?"

It was Schmalz who answered him, and in a voice that was strange to me. The heavy guttural tones had disappeared, and he spoke in a piercing treble.

"Pecause"—in the excitement of the moment his careful English was entirely forgotten—"you haf robbed her father of eferthing, and mean to escape this night. You were expected here to dinner—your card is there in the empty plate—but you did not come. Why? You were at your office—the blue streak from the blotter on your desk still clings to your sleeve. Why did you go there? To get all the negotiable securities together. It is this that makes your coat bulge out on the right side there, above your breast."

Every eye followed the fat finger that pointed toward Benton. The last statement, at least, was true. There was an unmistakable bulge in the man's coat.

There followed a moment of perfect silence. During it, Benton's face grew white, while his eyes widened and his mouth parted, showing his teeth in a smile that was no smile at all, but the snarl of a wolf at bay. All at once he sprang forward, and, placing both hands upon the table, leaned across it at Schmalz.

"Then it is you who have been following me! It is you who have had men dogging my footsteps! You cur, the same house cannot contain us both!"

He straightened himself up, and, turning, walked toward the door; but before he had taken two steps he was suddenly halted. Margaret Heywood had swung back the curtain that hung over the door of the dining-room, and stood confront-

ing him. Her hard eyes looked at him fearlessly; her beautiful, cold face was set and stern.

"Margaret!" Benton faltered. "You?"

"Since I left the dining-room I have been there listening," she said slowly.

"I have heard every word."

"Then you know"—the man's nervousness was pitiable—"then you know," he stammered, "how absurd it all is!"

"I will think it absurd"—her voice was as cold as ice—"if you will show me the papers in your breast-pocket."

He gave ground as he heard her, and involuntarily his hand was raised protestingly to the pocket, but he did not answer her.

"Well?" she persisted.

He raised his head and looked at her defiantly.

"What you ask, Margaret, is impossible," he said.

It seemed to me that that refusal proved Schmalz's case. I turned to look at him that I might observe his triumph. He knew nothing of it, however, for once more he was fast asleep.

When my eyes returned to the others, a strange sight met my gaze. Benton had drawn a revolver, and was slowly backing toward a French window at the farther end of the room. It gave on to a balcony from which he could leap to the pavement. Suddenly one of the men leaped forward and struck the hand that held the pistol. The weapon dropped to the floor with a clatter, but Benton managed to shake himself free from the other's grasp. Turning, he leaped for the window, and broke it open.

Just as he did so, there came a sharp crack, a flash, and a thin line of smoke. His hands loosed their grip upon the window-frame and writhed high above his head. Then he fell over upon his back—stone dead.

I turned and looked across the room. Margaret Heywood was leaning against the wall there, the smoking pistol still in her hand.

It took the combined efforts of two of us to wake Schmalz from his slumber. When we had done so, one glance of his sleepy eyes told him the story.

"Ach," he replied wearily, "if they would take my advice, once in a while I might get a fee!"

THE STAGE

A SUGGESTION TO THE HARD-HEARTED

BERTHA KALICH and Mary Man-
nering closed their seasons early
in January, in order to rehearse
new plays which they hope may prove
more attractive than their previous pro-
ductions. Meanwhile, Henry Woodruff
goes into musical comedy, and Henrietta
Crosman takes a dip in vaudeville, both
because they could find no suitable vehi-
cle to exploit their peculiar style on the
legitimate stage—Mr. Woodruff's being
that of a blond hero bordering on the
juvenile, and Miss Crosman's a swash-
buckling heroine with an Irish accent and
a penchant for male attire. Thus do
former hits come back to smite their per-
petrators in these modern days of the
long run, when each popular player be-
comes associated with a particular sort
of part.

How do the managers propose to meet
the financial difficulties of the present
theatrical situation? The policy of one
New York firm, apparently, is to build
as many theaters as possible in the heart
of the playhouse district. At first blush
this would seem to be making a bad mat-
ter worse, but a little analysis shows rea-
son in it. In spite of the persistent fail-
ures on Broadway, there is always keen
rivalry to secure a well-located theater,
in which to put the acid test of a New
York verdict on a new piece. Hence
the owners of such a house, if they hap-
pen to have no show of their own to
place in it, can always count on picking
from half a dozen others hovering on
the outskirts of town, eager for a chance
to singe their wings in the "white light
district." And, somehow, the backers
invariably contrive to raise enough se-
curity to give the owner a certainty, no
matter how hungry the manager of the
attraction, or the "angel" thereof, may
be obliged to go after the first week of
the experiment.

Of course, your theater-owner must
be proof against hard-luck tales, for he
will have many of these to hear from
the producing managers to whom he

rents, and who are far more apt to have
failures than successes. For the "show"
business was never in so parlous a state
as just now, when people talk and read
more about the theater than they ever
did, but attend it less. Is this because
of the persistent press-agent, or in spite
of him, I wonder?

COMEDY IN MARBLE HALLS

New York's newest playhouse, known
officially as Maxine Elliott's Theater,
was opened the night before New Year's
Eve. Seen from the sidewalk of Thirty-
Ninth Street, it is without question the
most stunning building of the sort in
town, the new New Theater not excepted.
It is a pity that it could not be set in
surroundings more in keeping with its
Corinthian beauties than are an Edison
electric plant and a dismantled hotel.
But there is no denying the fact that
here we have the only marble playhouse
in the city, and, praise be, one devoted
strictly to presenting plays. How few
are the New York theaters whose façades
tell the passer-by for what purpose they
were built, instead of showing a sordid
pursuit of the dollars to be made out of
shops and offices and apartments! I can
call to mind, besides Maxine Elliott's,
only the Lyceum, the Stuyvesant, the
Manhattan Opera-House, and the New
Theater.

Inside, the Maxine Elliott is in every
way worthy of its exterior, with wide
chairs and the subdued coloring so grate-
ful to the eye after the garish attempts
at cheap display frequently encountered
in our temples of entertainment. For
the opening attraction, undeterred by
her recent sad experience with "Myself
—Bettina," Miss Elliott again selected a
play by a woman. The new piece, how-
ever, is a comedy—"The Chaperon,"
written by Marion Fairfax, wife of Tully
Marshall, the original *Joe Brooks* of
"Paid in Full." It trots out the old
stalking-horse of an American girl's
marriage, by her mother's wish, to a
foreign nobleman. This well-worn situ-
ation, nevertheless, is gilded with a

pleasant coating of comedy, and the island setting of the second act serves as a welcome variant in backgrounds.

"I think it the best play I have had," said Miss Elliott to me in the course of a chat in the little parlor that adjoins her dressing-room. "You see, a star is

the programs. It isn't mere conceit that makes us insist on this. By the time we have won the right to the distinction, we are usually so tired of the hard work that we wish it wasn't necessary to appear in every act, and to change our gowns three or four times in the course



ADRIENNE AUGARDE, APPEARING WITH JOSEPH O'MARA IN THE NAME PART OF THE COMIC OPERA, "PEGGY MACHREE"

From a photograph by Lollie Charles, London

frightfully handicapped in the matter of plays. We can't always take those that appeal to us most strongly from the story side. I am afraid the general public has a wrong idea of us players who get the big type on the bill-boards and in

of an evening. But when you go out on the road, and find that your houses are sold out before you arrive, the people who have bought their seats will object if you are not on the stage as much of the time as the playwright can contrive

to have you there. And you can't blame them. They have paid to see the star, and they want their money's worth. In 'The Chaperon' I have fewer lines than in any of my other plays, and in the last

At this moment the call-boy appeared to announce that the third act was about to begin.

"Never mind," Miss Elliott told him. "Go ahead. I will go under the stage."

Then she invited me down to the cellar, which is the only means of crossing to the other side of the boards after the curtain is up on that last scene, as the theater is a small one.

"Here," she explained, as we reached a point under the auditorium, "is where I mean to hold rehearsals when the stage is occupied. You see, it is just as wide as the stage itself, and can be used as a green-room for the company as well."

Miss Elliott is under contract to go to London in the spring to appear with Lewis Waller. If she chooses to remain over there into the next season, she might do well to arrange to have her sister occupy her New York theater with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the play by Jerome K. Jerome, with which Gertrude Elliott and her husband, Forbes Robertson, have been pleasing the English capital for several months. To be sure, it resembles "The Servant in the House" in the fact that the occupant of this third floor back in the London lodgings is sup-



ELSIE FERGUSON, WITH WILTON LACKAYE, AS JENNIE MORAN IN "THE BATTLE"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

act I do not come on until nearly the end; but now, having a theater of my own in town, I can afford to indulge my own preferences a little more than formerly."

posed to represent the same sacred personage as does the character portrayed by Mr. Hampden in the Kennedy play. But a similar parallelism seemed to be no handicap in the case of a farce like



MAUDE ADAMS, WHO, AS MAGGIE WYLIE IN BARRIE'S LATEST COMEDY, "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," HAS ADDED ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS TO HER LIST

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago



MABEL TALIAFERRO, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON AS "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

From her latest photograph

"When Knights Were Bold," which was imported to this side after "The Road to Yesterday" had covered the same ground, one would have thought, pretty

not do any better than "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," it is small regret that one of the straw pointers of the present season indicates strongly the wane of that



MARIAN CHAPMAN, PLAYING THE INGÉNUË RÔLE IN "THE MAN OF THE HOUR"

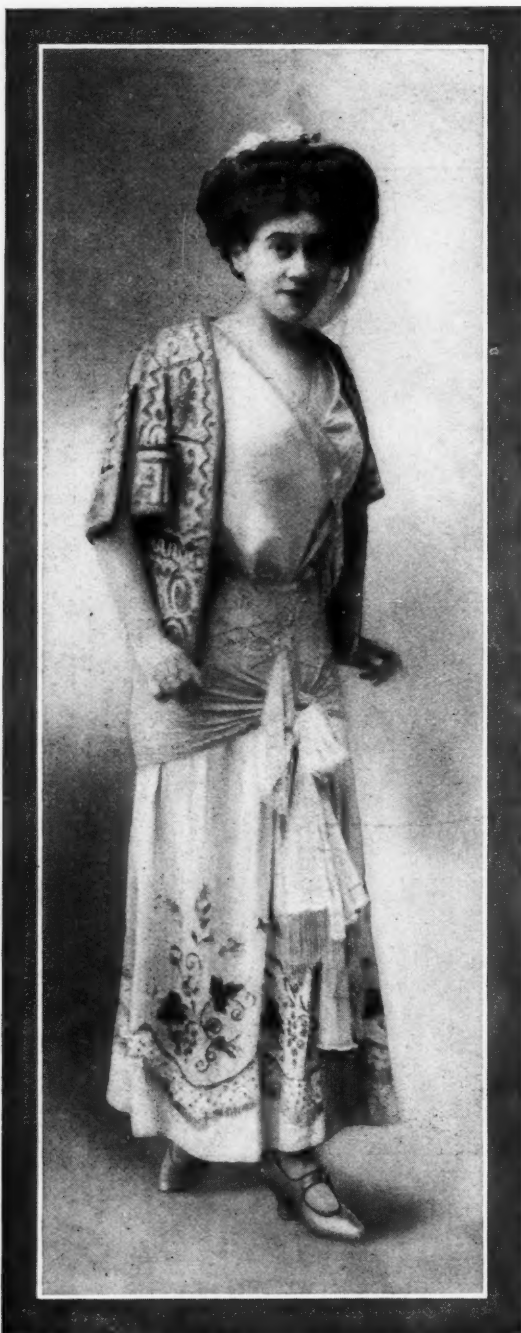
From a photograph by White, New York

thoroughly. In the Jerome piece Mr. Robertson is the mysterious stranger, while his wife appears as a slavey.

STRAWS IN THE THEATRICAL WIND

If the makers of musical comedy can-

class of entertainment. To be sure, it may be urged that the authors of "Mr. Hamlet" must have labored under a severe handicap in endeavoring to adapt it to Eddie Foy; but the "Hamlet" portion is only an episode in the second act.



FRANCES CAMERON, IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE MERRY WIDOW" WITH THE NEW YORK COMPANY, NOW ON TOUR

From her latest photograph

The rest is but a vaudevillish collection of standard jokes of the henpecked husband vintage, interspersed with ensemble numbers, after the order of "Fantana."

Francis Wilson has long since deserted the musical brand of comedy for the "straight" article, De Wolf Hopper promises to follow suit next season, Jefferson De Angelis is already in the two-a-day field, and at this rate it would not be surprising if the press-agent notoriety linking Eddie Foy's name with "Hamlet" might outcrop into sober fact. As it is, Foy dresses the part seriously now, and is by no means an uncouth-looking *Prince of Denmark*. His *Ophelia* on the present occasion is Maude Raymond, widow of the late Gus Rogers, of the famous team of brothers. Unhappily, Miss Raymond has only meager opportunities, of which, however, she makes the most.

Speaking of vaudeville, from recent inspection it would seem to me that its consumers are far readier to absorb the high-class brand than are its purveyors to offer it. Go to the booking-offices with a serious or purely dramatic act, and you will probably be met with a prompt "Naw, the public don't want nothin' but comics or sensation." This had been dinned into my ears so persistently that the other evening, when I visited the Colonial to see William H. Thompson in "Waterloo," I watched the attitude of the audience more intently than the doings of the actors. For you will recall that "Waterloo" is by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and was in the repertory of Henry Irving. I found the closest attention paid to this quietly



MABEL BARRISON, WHO CREATED THE LEADING FEMININE RÔLE IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEWEST COMEDY, "THE BLUE MOUSE"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



ANTOINETTE WALKER, WHO IS JENNY, THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER'S NIECE, WITH
DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"

From her latest photograph by Terkelson & Henry, San Francisco

moving play. Its fine points were taken up promptly, and the applause at the end was quite as generous as went to Jefferson De Angelis on the same bill.

Again, at the American Music-Hall—where smoking is now permitted, as at the Empire and Alhambra in London—a pantomime in four acts, called "Conscience," and presented by the well-known Frenchman Severin and a good company, held a very large audience spellbound for nearly an hour without a word of dialogue or a single flap of the slapstick. At its conclusion the hand-clapping came in a sheet from all over the house, and not in scattered volleys here and there, showing that the appeal of such an act is universal and not individual.

By the way, I have just heard that one act of "Paid in Full" was originally written as a sketch. I believe it was the third—the one laid in the old sea-captain's rooms. This was turned out at a time when Eugene Walter was hard up for funds, and he got an actor to lend him fifty dollars on the playlet, which was never put on. The fifty dollars Walter repaid last summer.

Nowadays, Eugene Walter's work is not bandied about from one manager to another, as was the case with "Paid in Full." And yet it is the plays that have been most frequently rejected that appear to make the most brilliant hits. And the reverse is often true. For instance, Augustus Thomas's "Colorado" and "The Ranger" were produced by Charles Frohman fresh from the author's pen, and both failed signally. A like fate has just befallen "An International Marriage," by George Broadhurst, whose "Man of the Hour" was admitted to the Savoy most grudgingly, and ran there for over a year.

Of course, there is an obvious reason for this state of things. Plays that go on at once are usually written to order to fit a particular star, and under these conditions the playwright lacks the advantage of spontaneous inspiration.

Augustus Thomas has come to the help of the great unacted with a speech at the Actors' Society dinner, in the course of which he suggested that the unemployed actors should join hands with the unacted dramatists, by performing some of

the plays rejected by the regular managers, these plays to be picked by a committee of the society. I understand that the judges are already busy with the herculean task of making a choice.

For more than fifteen years I have watched the theatrical game, both in New York and London, and I have yet to learn of a play presented in this trial fashion by a specially picked company, that has afterward achieved substantial success from the box-office point of view.

There are societies of this sort in England galore, and now and then they are the means of bringing to the attention of the regular managers a new playwright, who, with some other offering, may later on capture the public. W. Somerset Maugham is one of these—his first play, "A Man of Honor," having been produced in this semiamateur fashion.

Mr. Maugham, by the way—whose "Jack Straw" and "Lady Frederick" are proving acceptable vehicles to two of our prominent stars on this side of the Atlantic—is noteworthy among the young literary men of the day for his good, practical common sense.

"A play is quite an ephemeral thing," he says, "and writers should be content to let it be so, and not be forever vaporizing about masterpieces."

You may say that Mr. Maugham talks this way because he has found that "masterpieces" do not draw; but not all successful playwrights are ready to be written down as being willing to accept the standards of the popular taste. He is to be commended for this complete absence of pose. Too many members of his craft assume a superior attitude that seems to imply: "I could write much better stuff, but you poor groundlings are not capable of appreciating it, so I am giving you merely the commercial article."

It is a pity, though, that some of the London play-producing societies could not have sampled "The Vampire" for us, and thus have spared Broadway the necessity of sending this mass of drivel to limbo by the ordinary route. Presented in the theater that housed "The Witching Hour" for almost a year, and just across the street from the establishment in which "The Devil" prowled so successfully, it is easy to conceive on what its projectors builded their hopes.

But the appeal in both "The Witching Hour" and "The Devil" was to human nature at large; that of "The Vampire" is to a limited class. The great public cares little for the woes of authors, playwrights, and poets, in the throes of composition. The people interested in this sort of thing are those who generally manage to get into the theater for nothing.

The Vampire, it may be worth while to explain, is a well-known novelist who has become famous by stealing from his friends all their brilliant thoughts before they have a chance to put them on paper. Two very young-looking men put the play together after a book written by one of them, but the result was tedious in the extreme.

POINTERS ON "THE EASIEST WAY"

As long ago as last spring, Eugene Walter promised to startle the community with his next play of New York life. Consequently, playgoers who keep themselves informed on the doings of theatrical folk were not surprised when "The Easiest Way" held the mirror up to New York's Tenderloin with such precision that there was no disclaiming the realistic and unflattering reflection. But what did surprise everybody was the fine work of little Frances Starr, in a part which would seem to be far out of her line. You see, the managers have grown to insist so strenuously on "types" that playgoers, in their turn, have ceased to expect versatility.

Mr. Walter's first success, "Paid in Full," had an ending which the spectator might twist for himself into a happy one, with the assistance of the divorce courts. In "The Easiest Way," on the other hand, the outcome strikes a note of tragedy, all the more poignant because it is a moral tragedy. As the curtain falls, there is nothing left for the weakling heroine, who lacks the courage to shoot herself, but a continuance in the debased life that her soul abhors. In a way, of course, the play teaches a lesson; but that it will lead to the betterment of any considerable number of people who see it is, however, almost unthinkable in a city like New York. The Stuyvesant Theater is likely to be crowded for months to come with just the sort of men

who make a prey of women, in the manner of *Brockton*, and they will watch their counterpart with complaisant enjoyment in the accuracy of the picture. As to the women themselves, if we are to believe Mr. Walter, they will be acting in other theaters, and will not have the opportunity to see for themselves whither the apparently easy route they are following leads.

So much for the ethics of the piece. As to its strength as a work of realistic art, it will put Mr. Walter on an even higher notch than the one where "Paid in Full" landed him. Whether it will turn as much money into his exchequer is open to doubt, as its appeal is not so universal. But I will give Mr. Walter credit for being entirely oblivious to this side of the matter. He wrote the play straight out of a full heart, and Mr. Belasco agreed to let it go on without the changing of a syllable.

If Frances Starr has displayed the versatility which she gained by her early stock-company experience, but which was lost to memory during the long run of "The Rose of the Rancho," Mr. Belasco himself exercises the same quality in the perfection of his mounting. To his painstaking industry it matters not whether the setting calls for a royal salon, a cheap lodging-house, or a vista of vast plains with sunset effects, the results are all equally faithful to the model. In "The Easiest Way," the *pièce de résistance* in scenic accuracy is a second-story back in a New York theatrical rooming-house. It is said that the furnishings were obtained in just such a house in Thirty-Eighth Street, west of Seventh Avenue.

Never before, probably, has there been seen on the stage such a striking example of that prodigal disarray of personal belongings that means poverty rather than wealth. Not a detail has been overlooked, even to the closet-doors, which will not stay shut because of the bulging contents.

The down-to-date fashion of small casts continues, there being but six people on the stage, besides two voices off. And the six are all deserving of the honor accorded them, for it is an honor to be selected for so small a company out of the vast army of mummies. Joseph Kilgour, who on a previous New York appearance

was *George Washington*, with Charles Richman, in "*Captain Barrington*," supplies every requisite for the man of wealth with no other aim in life than to gratify the desires of the flesh and to keep within the pale of supposed respectability. Laura Nelson Hall, lately leading woman in "*Girls*," flits easily from mood to mood of the coarse show-girl type she is called on to portray. William Sampson, schooled in the admirable atmosphere of the Augustin Daly stock, brings a refreshing breath of real humanity into the tainted atmosphere of the Tenderloin. Comedy relief is supplied by Emma Dunn, who was the mother in "*The Warrens of Virginia*." She was also a mother to Mansfield as *Ase*, in "*Peer Gynt*."

All of these five, you will note, are familiar to Broadway playgoers, but for the sixth member of the cast, who has the extremely important rôle of the young newspaper man, to whom *Laura Murdock* hopes to be married, Mr. Belasco picked a young actor quite unknown to New York. This is Edward Haas Robins, who was until recently a member of the Bush Temple stock company in Chicago, and who came East late last summer, looking for a job on Broadway. He hoped to get an engagement with Belasco—to whom, probably, more aspiring players come than to any other manager. A friend in Chicago had given Robins a letter to Mr. Dean, Belasco's stage-director, who arranged a meeting between the young man and his chief. Just at that time Belasco was casting about in his mind for some one to fill his ideal of *John Madison*, in "*The Easiest Way*." The candidate must be good-looking, of course, to make it plausible that a girl of *Laura's* weakling type should be willing to abandon her rich protector for this obscure newspaper-man; but he must be able to act as well.

After the meeting between the two men in the lobby of the Belasco, one August night, the manager asked the actor to report on the stage next morning. Arrived here, he was requested to stand in the full glare of a bunch-light, while Belasco himself circled around and gazed at him long and searchingly from every side.

"Very good," he decided at last.

"Now I want you to learn the part of the road-agent, *Johnson*, in '*The Girl of the Golden West*.'"

When Mr. Robins told me of this, I exclaimed: "But why didn't he test you with the rôle of *Madison*?"

"That was to come later," was the reply. "You see, he wanted to find out how much reserve force I might possess. So I studied the rôle created by Robert Hilliard, and played it one morning to an audience of less than ten persons, consisting of Mr. Belasco and his aids."

And this is how New York came to see an utter stranger amid a cast of old favorites playing "*The Easiest Way*."

THREE PLAYS WIDE ASUNDER

William Faversham's presentation of his second play in repertoire, "*The Barber of New Orleans*," is nothing less than charming; but time alone can reveal whether it will prove a lasting success in this age of stronger meat in drama. Yet why should not the appetite for plays be catered to with as wide a variety of viands as the appetite for more material food?

To be sure, the thread of story in "*The Barber*" is hung to premises not altogether pleasant, and far from new—the suspicion of a white girl being yellow. Another play centering on the same idea—"The Great Question"—has already gone to the storage warehouse this season, but in that case the heroine really had negro blood in her veins, and the story lacked the romantic setting and the quaint characterizations of "*The Barber of New Orleans*."

Faversham's new piece was written by the financial editor of a Philadelphia newspaper, Edward Childs Carpenter, and won the prize in a contest instituted by an evening paper in New York. It is small wonder that it should appeal strongly to a star. The title-rôle represents a man of more than common attainments—for shaving is the least of the arts at the finger-ends of *Victor Jallot*, who fences, dances, and writes plays with equal facility; and fencing and dancing are showy accomplishments, well loved of the heroes of the stage. Indeed, there is so much to look at in this drama of old New Orleans that those who care for the romantic and the picturesque in their

dramatic fare may easily wish to see it more than once, particularly with the admirable company that supports Mr. Faversham in his managerial venture.

Julie Opp—Mrs. Faversham—is not only a pleasing picture, but a player of rare discretion, as *Antoinette*, a rôle which, in hands less adroit, might easily prove whiny rather than winning. Capital, too, is France Bendsten, as *Poupet*, the quadroom assistant to *Jallot* in the barber-shop. Here is a young man of whom Broadway should see more. I learn that he has versatility as well as cleverness, having, on occasion, taken the rôle of the *Duchess of York*, in "Richard III," with Robert Mantell.

A point in favor of "The Barber of New Orleans" lies in the fact that its action takes place in a single day. In this respect it contrasts with "Kassa" (pronounced "Kasha"), the new drama by John Luther Long with which Mrs. Leslie Carter once more trod the New York boards after an absence of more than two years. Mrs. Carter's reception on her first night at the Liberty was an exceedingly friendly one. Her voice is as hauntingly pellucid as ever, and her emotional work just as effective as when she was under the direction of David Belasco.

It may be conjectured that it was the wish to show how well she could get along without her former manager that drove Mrs. Carter to select a play giving scope for the heavy and expensive mounting of "Kassa." In this respect, at least, she has succeeded. Even the sumptuousness of "Du Barry" pales before the wonder of that opening scene on Easter morning in "Kassa," showing the convent on the hillside at early dawn. Five years ago this would have been the talk of the town, but fashions in drama change as do fashions in clothes, and I fear that Mrs. Carter must once more take to the road in order to get her money back on a piece which relies mainly on its heroics and its scenery. The day has gone by when Broadway playgoers can be brought to the edge of their seats by the sight of situations that are only theatrically effective.

There are some fine moments in "Kassa," but the story lacks consecutive sequence. At the end of the second act we

see *Kassa* going away with *Prince Bela* for a few hours' glimpse of the world before immuring herself in the convent at vesper-time. When the curtain rises on act three, we behold her as the mother of a four-year-old boy, leaving the five-year gap to be bridged by the dialogue as skilfully as may be.

In striking contrast to both "The Barber of New Orleans" and "Kassa," is the new vehicle for Eleanor Robson, "The Dawn of a To-Morrow," adapted by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett from her novel of the same name. While on the subject of contrasts, I may say that no better antidote to "The Easiest Way" can be imagined than this same "Dawn of a To-Morrow," which is being played at the Lyceum, one block away from the Stuyvesant. Hope and faith and an abiding optimism are the key-notes of the Burnett play; just as despair and sin and helplessness are the dominant ingredients of Eugene Walter's work.

Come to think, there is one point of resemblance between Mrs. Carter and Eleanor Robson, for in "The Dawn of a To-Morrow" Miss Robson wears a red wig. Her rôle is akin to that of the slavey in "Merely Mary Ann," being that of a street waif. Miss Robson's biggest hits have been made in character parts, although for some reason or other her name does not seem to be associated with them.

Mrs. Burnett's play is based on the so-called "new thought" doctrines—which may or may not be Christian Science thinly disguised. It is built on such old-time lines as to permit soliloquies, and contains more coincidences than the law of averages would allow. Nevertheless, it pleases the public; has been more than merely tolerated by the critics, and gives Miss Robson some capital opportunities to endear herself still further to her large constituency of ardent admirers. Here is a woman who infuses into her work that quality of intelligence which nowadays is so much more satisfactory to the onlooker than mere talent, which we have grown accustomed to associate with mannerisms. Of these Miss Robson has not a trace. She never overacts; never steps outside the picture to score a point by some cheap theatrical trick. In "The

Dawn of a To-Morrow" it looks as if she had found a fitting successor to "Salomy Jañe."

"KITTY GREY" VANQUISHES THE BLUES

We must again take off our hats to England for her superiority over America in the making of musical comedies—a mark of respect, by the way, which G. P. Huntley fails to pay to the presence of ladies in the last act of "Kitty Grey." Huntley is that delightful comedian of the "silly ass" type who pleased New York so greatly when he came over a few seasons since with "Three Little Maids." While "Kitty Grey" is not so pleasing as this last-named vehicle—which belonged in the same enchanting category with "The Circus Girl" and "A Country Girl" of happy memory—it is far superior to "The Rounders," which was made from the same French original and played at the Casino some half dozen years ago.

Our own Julia Sanderson, weak of voice, but dainty of person, enacts the title-rôle, while the charming Valli Valli, who has not only beauty, but also vocal ability, infuses just the right sort of spirit into another leading part. The whole company, which Mr. Frohman brought over from London, is a fine one; and the spacious New Amsterdam Theater, where "Kitty Grey" is housed, is likely to be filled by good audiences for weeks to come.

By birth, at any rate, George Patrick Huntley is not an Englishman, for he first saw the light in County Cork, Ireland. He is of the third generation of his family to follow the stage. His first professional visit to this country was made several years ago with the Kendals in straight drama. He has never appeared here in a part which he created with great success at the Prince of Wales's in London—that of *Mr. Hook of Holland*.

SCULPTURE AND SONG FOR BARRYMORE

"Who's got a pipe of peace to smoke with Big Chief here?"

"Here's a piece of pipe; how'll that do?"

This is a fair sample of the humor percolating through "A Stubborn Cinderella," the musical play which has kept Jack Barrymore busy in Chicago since

last summer, and in which he and Sallie Fisher returned to Broadway a few weeks ago. The book is by two very young men, Messrs. Hough and Adams, who have made so much money preparing librettos for the Chicago market that their accumulated royalties would put to the blush those achieved by Bernard Shaw or the late Mr. Ibsen. New York, however, has not thus far taken very kindly to the product of their cooperative brains, plus music by Joe Howard. The answer to their last previous venture, propounded at Wallack's in the shape of "The Girl Question," was "Move on!" Whether the fairy godmother of success will attend "A Stubborn Cinderella" is problematical.

Jack Barrymore works like a Trojan in this new field, modeling a statue, singing in a quartet, and performing some highly acrobatic feats while disguised as a waiter with a soiled shirt-front. The second act supplies a real novelty in settings for musical comedy, showing the tail end of a Pullman attached to a train stalled in the desert near the Mexican border, and introducing an engineer who is a distinct creation in the line of whatever comedy may be extracted from the sentiment: "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Mabel Taliaferro was forced to abandon her intention of coming forth as a new *Cinderella* this season, but if Broadway takes this other "Cinderella" to its heart in her place, it will be on account of its hero—though Jack Barrymore is not a prince at all, but just a straightaway American youth with a fund of fun and a speaking voice that ever and again reminds you of his sister Ethel's.

As a piece of dramatic construction, "A Stubborn Cinderella" is remarkable only for its mediocre workmanship. It seems to have been thrown off in an irresponsible mood, as if its authors wanted to fill in an afternoon by turning out a piece possessing only commonplace rimes and no reason at all. Granted a sufficient number of the public attuned to this same mood of theatrical frolic, however, and "A Stubborn Cinderella" may prove as big a hit in New York as it was in Chicago.

Matthew White, Jr.

CUPID'S LAST ARROW

BY HOUGHTON HUGHES

ST. JOHN'S HOME FOR THE AGED sits in placid contentment in the center of a whole city square. Dinner was just over, and the stooped, white-haired old gentlemen and the sweet little old ladies were hurrying out in friendly rivalry to secure their favorite chairs on the veranda. Miss Jane Dobson, who had seen seventy summers, came out leaning on the arm of Gregory Wallace, who had seen three more than she.

Andrew Blair, from a corner of the porch, watched the pair talking confidentially together.

"Jane!" he cried at last, in a petulant voice. "I'm keeping your chair for ye!"

She turned at the sound of his voice, and hastened to him.

"Why, I didn't see you, Andrew," she fluttered. "I didn't think you had come out yet."

"No, you didn't see me; but—but I seen you, didn't I?" he said querulously, stealing a glance at Gregory. "Now, didn't I, eh?"

"Well," she answered mildly, "you're not provoked, are you, Andrew?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not provoked, Jane. Takes more than that to make me mad—now that I'm gettin' pretty well on in years."

He thumped down the steps with his cane and, bending over slowly, culled a little bouquet of pansies from the flower-bed on the lawn. She rocked her chair back and forth nervously, as he made his way up the stoop and presented it to her. The whole veranda watched the affair with amusement.

When the last century was in mid course Andrew Blair was in his prime. He never missed a dance at Nicholl's or the Astor House, and none was lustier than he at passes with glasses and lasses. He cast his first vote for Polk, and the

Civil War found him a spry young fellow of forty. When he grew reminiscent at times, sitting in the sun, all these things would come back to him; but he always brushed them away and roused himself. "Andrew Blair is still alive," he would murmur. Then he would turn for somebody to talk to about flying-machines.

For several years Andrew had found more satisfaction in conversing with Jane Dobson than with anybody else; and she, he believed, found just as much pleasure in talking to him, for whenever old Gregory Wallace engaged her in conversation, as he often did, he was never able to keep her away from Andrew for very long.

They give little thought to the things that happen daily at the home—the happenings of long ago are the cherished ones—so that if you should ask how Andrew Blair first became drawn to Jane Dobson, probably nobody could tell you how or when. The truth of the matter was that the pair had fallen in love as deeply as any young couple on a May morning.

She stood up to let him move her chair into the sunshine.

"Is that the coat I mended for you, Andrew?" she said, fingering his alpaca house-coat as she fastened a pansy in his buttonhole with fingers that trembled a little.

"Yes, Jane. You sewed up this seam the time I ripped it. D'ye remember? It wasn't so long ago—only 'bout six or seven years."

"It seems like yesterday," she whispered ingenuously.

"I did all my mendin' myself till you volunteered to sew that coat for me."

"Poor boy!"

They watched the porter watering the flower-bed.

"I've never kept anything back from

you, Jennie," said he, swinging his chair around suddenly to face hers. "So I feel bound to tell you 'bout that coat. I—I ripped it myself *on purpose*! What do you think of that?"

"Andrew!" she exclaimed artfully, starting back an inch.

"Yes, I did! An' I tore them trousers *on purpose*; an' I pulled eight buttons off *on purpose*! Gregory made up the idea out of his head. He pulled his'n off for Daisy Watkins to sew." Andrew laughed immoderately in a 'high, wavering key, shaking his long, white locks. "He-ee-ee! Gregory had to sew 'em all on again himself. He got soured then, and threatened to tell all 'bout it. I dared him to do it! I'd 'a' thrashed him—that I would! But, anyway, I thought I'd tell ye 'bout it myself, an' steal his thunder."

His hand sought hers under her knitting-wool, and she forgave him with a tender little squeeze, while he told her again, for the hundredth time, that he could not understand why she had never married. Gregory Wallace, watching them from a distance, unable to stand it any longer, nodded curtly to old Captain Williams, and stalked majestically into the reading-room.

As evening came on, the old couples sauntered down the paths to several benches, placed round the flower-beds and screened from the street by hedges, where they sat till the retiring-bell sounded at nine o'clock. Andrew and Jane had done this so often that Gregory, exiled to loneliness all evening on the porch, used to wonder what they found to talk about.

When they returned to-night, however, it was evident that something unusual was in the air. Coming up the walk, Andrew gesticulated wildly, and pounded in his words with his cane, while Jane clung to his arm more closely than ever, and regarded every one on the veranda with feverish, excited eyes. Andrew Blair and Jane Dobson had determined to get married! With a remnant of his old enthusiasm he was defying anybody to say them nay.

In the hall at the foot of the stairs he kissed her good night in front of Gregory, who gave a little snort of indignation. Miss Isabelle Null, looking down

upon them from the floor above, checked a scream with difficulty, and straightway resolved to stop the scandal.

II

DR. TISDALL, the superintendent of St. John's, was no youngster himself. He was a little too prim to be popular with the inmates; they thought him old-fashioned in his ideas, and said so in his hearing, with the privileged bluntness of old age.

He sat in his sunny office the next afternoon, writing at his desk with quick, impatient movements. The clump of Andrew Blair's stick sounded on the parquet flooring outside, and a moment later Andrew and Jane stood before the desk.

"Good morning, Dr. Tisdall," began Andrew ponderously.

"Good morning," he replied icily.

"Dr. Tisdall, Miss Dobson"—indicating Jane with a stately bow—"and myself have come to secure your consent to our gettin' married, in order—"

"Getting married! Why, bless me, Andrew Blair, are you out of your head?" cried the superintendent, starting to his feet.

"Not as I know of, Dr. Tisdall. I'm sound o' mind an' body," replied Andrew, fingering his cane. Jane took a firmer clasp of his arm.

"Why, it's perfectly absurd! You two old people! Why, I never heard of such a thing! Marriage at your age!"

Dr. Tisdall played nervously with the cover of his ink-well, and shot angry glances from one to the other. He had never been confronted with such a situation before. Andrew Blair's choler was slowly rising.

"As to age, doctor, be that as it may. We've talked this over, Jane and I, and if there's any good reason to prevent us from being united in the marriage-tie, I want to know it." He glared balefully at the little superintendent, and thumped his cane.

"Why, for a man of your years—But see here, see here! It's in the by-laws!" He tapped a call-bell. "Michael, bring me that green book on the directors' table. I'm positive the by-laws forbid it! Now, see here! Here it is. Section sixty-six, article two: 'Any

inmate, male or female, entering into the marriage state after admission to this home, forfeits immediately all rights and privileges as a member thereof, and must leave.' There you are!" The superintendent closed the book with a conclusive bang, and took off his spectacles carefully. "But apart from that, a man of your years ought—"

"Now, that's enough!" cried Andrew, starting forward and bringing his cane down smartly across the desk. "You've said enough 'bout years an' age. A body would think you was talking to an old granny."

"Andrew Blair, think of your position here! I want you to leave this office. I am not accustomed—"

Andrew dismissed Jane from the scene with a gesture.

"All right," he said shortly, in low, quavering tones. "There's nothin' more to talk about. I got up when the bell rang, an' I lay down when the bell rang, an' for years I did this an' that when the bell rang; but in this matter I'm a goin' to follow my own lights." His voice faltered, and broke pathetically. "If I can't obey the c'mands of my conscience here, I'll go."

An expostulation was on the superintendent's lips, but Andrew turned abruptly and went out. He took down his hat from the stand, and they heard the door slam behind him. Jane, with awestruck eyes, watched him from a corner of the porch as he stalked down the path.

Over the face of Gregory Wallace, eavesdropping at the door, a slow smile of exultation spread as the full significance of what he had just heard dawned upon him. The bang of the gate behind Andrew Blair lifted a load from his heart. His one rival was gone! He quietly stepped out on the veranda to observe Jane. Even as he looked she turned with quivering lips and went upstairs to her room, passing by Isabelle Null without a word.

Gregory was quite the last one to have you imagine that any sentiment lurked within him, but as he stood there an unbidden moisture came all of a sudden into his eyes. Thoughts ran through his head with unaccustomed swiftness. The form of Michael, the porter, filling the

water-cooler at that instant, was the one needed incentive to action.

"Here! Go after him, Michael!" he shouted, hurrying over as quickly as his rheumatics would permit. "Go after him at once, sir! D'ye hear? Bring him back here!"

He fumbled in his inside coat-pocket. There was a folded two-dollar bill in it that he had been saving for months. He drew it out slowly, and then suddenly thrust it, without looking, into the porter's hand.

"I'll fetch him back, sir," said Michael, starting off.

"Bring him back safe! D'ye hear? And let nothing happen to him, or I'll—I'll— Go on, man! Go on!"

III

STRAIGHT down Park Place old Andrew stalked, shaking his cane so violently and mumbling in so outrageous a manner that passers-by turned to regard him curiously. He looked neither to right nor left, but hurried on. Soon he came into a more thickly populated section of the city, where people stared at his white locks and his blue suit. Rude children cried out after him, but he had no ear for them. He was all in a flutter; he never recalled being so excited in his life.

"The idea of it! By-laws!" he said a hundred times. "The old blackguard—he slandered me! One would think I was feeble, senile, incapacitated!"

Three times he stumbled into strangers, and once he was nearly thrown by a child's go-cart. A man behind helped him up, restored his cane, and then took his arm; but he shook the good Samaritan off with an angry snarl and hurried on. The old legs that had followed Sherman soon began to tire, however, and he was forced to sit on a door-step and rest. He nodded there for a while till the recurring memory of the quarrel drove him onward. He raised his cane threateningly whenever anybody ventured to approach him; but little by little his bravado and choler oozed out, and left behind a chilling sensation of helplessness.

He must have been walking for nearly three hours when he came to a wide, crowded thoroughfare, whose noise and

action quite bewildered him. On the curb he stood nonplused for a moment, and then stepped out into the swift-moving current of traffic.

An automobile, turning the corner suddenly, skidded on the wet asphalt and struck him a glancing blow, throwing him stunned to the street. Then Michael, more frightened than he, ran up, lifted him to his feet, and brushed the mud from his clothes excitedly. All afternoon the porter had followed him like a faithful hound, fearing to approach, for his first entreaties had been spurned with contempt.

Michael did not know just how to get him to go back; but, with a fine touch of the sympathy that makes us all kin, he said:

"Your lady is waitin' for youse on the stoop."

"You refer to Miss Dobson, I presume?" said Andrew stiffly.

"Yissor."

"Then, in that case, I will—will accompany you." A little later: "I am going to lean upon your arm, Michael. I am not used to so much walking."

Andrew said hardly anything else on the way back to St. John's, but walked like a man in a maze. It was dark when they got there, and nobody was on the veranda but Jane, though a shadow lurking behind the giant lilac-bush might have been Gregory. Jane knew it was Andrew as soon as she heard the gate click, and she peered down the path.

"I've been waiting for you this long time, Andrew," said she, taking her wraps from the chair she had saved for him. "Where on earth have you been?"

After dinner he sat down by her side, and gave a long-drawn sigh, like a traveler home from a world-end journey. The haziness of fourscore years was in his dull eye, and his mind was a void into which the day's events were slowly drifting back one by one.

"We'll wait, Jane; we'll wait," he said resignedly. "Tisdall's term will be up in three years more, an' I'll use my influence with the board of managers against his being reelected. We'll have another man in, and then we'll see what we can do about that by-law." The bell chimed for the hour of retiring, and he helped her up from her chair with the gallantry of long ago. "Meanwhile, Jane, we'll consider ourselves engaged. It didn't say anything in the by-law about engagements, did it?"

When he got up-stairs to his room he turned up the gas and stood for a while smiling childishly at the peaked, white-fringed face looking out at him from the mirror. He straightened his tie, smoothed down a refractory white lock, and hummed in a cracked voice:

All the belles,
Round in dells,
Cannot help but admire;
And I know
I'm the beau
Whom the maidens desire!

GATHERED ROSES

As one through some beloved garden strays
For the last time, and, lingering, stays to break
A blossom here and there for old joy's sake,
So I go back through our lost yesterdays
And cull my fragrant memories—your praise
And pride of me, the songs we used to make,
The happy name you gave me. Oh, I take
So little ere I face the untried ways!
How will it be, dear, when I look on these
My gathered roses in the years to be?
Shall I behold love's garden all ablow
As once we knew it, or, as one who sees
That place he loved deserted, utterly
Given to emptiness and wind and snow?

Theodosia Garrison

DESMOND O'CONNOR*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS,"
"JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

XXVIII (*continued*)

WITHOUT further preliminaries, without seconds, without witnesses, the French captain and the Irish colonel crossed swords for the first time.

O'Connor possessed no mean skill with his weapon, but he quickly realized that he had met his master. Gaston de Brissac's reputation was that of the finest swordsman in King Louis's army, and he had fought duels innumerable. At first he was half blinded with rage, and attacked fiercely—so fiercely that the Irishman, though he had the advantage of position, standing with his back to the light, while it shone full on his antagonist, could scarcely parry the captain's lightning thrusts.

Every trick of the fencing-school was at Gaston's command. Though he seemed to lay himself open a dozen times a minute, his opponent never succeeded in passing his guard, and the brief rally ended by Desmond receiving a slight wound in the hand from a thrust that forced his sword from his grasp. But the Irishman was ambidextrous. Quick as a cat he sprang backward, recovering his weapon with his left hand ere it touched the ground, and faced his antagonist again, left shoulder forward.

De Brissac lunged as his adversary's sword fell, but O'Connor's quick leap saved him. Gaston, however, seized the opportunity to get between him and the window, thereby securing the advantage of the light, and the duel was resumed on more unequal terms than ever.

O'Connor was by this time well aware that he had no chance in a regular fencing-bout. His only hope lay in attacking strongly and persistently, risking such wounds as he might receive. De Brissac was somewhat disconcerted by the left-handed play, and contented himself with parrying the thrusts aimed at him until he should become accustomed to the new conditions. He gave back step by step before the Irishman's rushes, which, he foresaw, must soon waste the colonel's strength.

To a spectator, had one been present, it might have seemed that Desmond held the advantage in the second phase of the duel, but Gaston knew better. He had mastered his first rage, and now fought coolly and warily, biding his time.

O'Connor felt that his strength was going. The thought of Margaret—of Margaret without him to guard her, of Margaret at the mercy of this assassin—maddened him. Concentrating all his energy on a last desperate effort, he closed on his enemy, trying to get to half-sword's length.

True to his policy, Gaston yielded a step; but he had not allowed sufficiently for his constant backward movement. His heel caught on the window-ledge behind him, and he staggered back, falling with his full weight on the rotten railings of the balcony. There was a crash of splintering woodwork, a wild, despairing shriek, and the Frenchman's lifeless form, shockingly mangled, lay on the stones of the courtyard sixty feet below.

Desmond could scarce realize his vic-

* This story began in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for August, 1908

tory. For many minutes he had fought on, convinced that each would be his last. It was not his sword had won him the victory. A stronger arm had been extended to save him.

There, bleeding and breathless, he knelt on the bare floor, and returned thanks for the manifest miracle that had saved his life in order that he might save Margaret's.

XXIX

THE following morning saw Desmond on his way to headquarters. He preferred that the marshal should learn the occurrence of the previous night from his lips rather than from another source.

He had no misgivings as to the result of the interview. Duels were things that would happen in the ordinary course of events, and, though often severely punished in Paris, were lightly regarded in the army. That this particular duel had been fought under uncommon conditions, and had ended in a manner unusually horrible, was unfortunate, O'Connor told himself, but in nowise his fault.

His way took him close to the lodging which the countess had selected. Desmond could not resist his desire to see her. She had the right, before any one else—so he argued—to hear of her cousin's death, to know that the dark menace of Gaston de Brissac's scheming was forever removed from her path. He turned aside and sought her house.

Margaret welcomed him warmly, and Anne's greeting of smiles and blushes showed him that full confidence had been reestablished between the foster-sisters, and that his own forgiveness was complete.

"You came to learn if we had reached home in safety," Margaret began ere he had found words with which to break to her the tragedy of the night. "Nothing happened; we were not followed; but, oh, how frightened we were, Anne and I! We ran the whole way."

"No one molested you?" Desmond asked.

Somehow he found it difficult to enter on the narrative of what had happened.

"No one at all," the countess replied. "Of course, I knew Gaston was with you, but I dreaded his agents. Oh, but it was clever, the way you foiled his

malice and sent me forth before his very face without his seeing me. Was it not, Anne?" she added, glancing round to appeal to her foster-sister; but Anne had stolen from the room.

Margaret was a trifle disconcerted, but she was too eager to learn what had occurred between her cousin and Desmond to feel embarrassed long.

"He did not recognize me, did he?" she asked. "He did not know that it was I who stood on the balcony?"

"He had shadowed you all the way to my quarters," O'Connor replied. "He knew you were there, but the knowledge avails him little now. He is dead."

"Dead?" Margaret repeated the word under her breath, and her eyes dilated. "You killed him?"

"God killed him," said Desmond solemnly. "He is merciful, and would not suffer that viper to wound you. De Brissac fell from the balcony a few minutes after you had left it, and was dashed to pieces on the stones below."

"Horrible!" she shuddered. "Most horrible!"

She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the vision Desmond's words had conjured up. He stood, regarding her in silence. Presently she met his eye.

"I was afraid you had fought," she said.

"We did fight. He wounded me slightly"—and O'Connor held up his bandaged right hand—"but my sword never touched him. He was easily my master in fence. He would have killed me in another moment, but, drawing back, he stumbled against the railings, and died as I have told you."

"Thank God, thank God," she uttered fervently, "since it was the worthier life He spared!"

She fell to weeping quietly.

"Think no more of him," O'Connor urged, hoping to comfort her. "He was an ever-present danger to you, and that danger is removed. Try to look at it so."

"I am not grieving for him," she answered through her tears. "He was a wicked man, and seeking your life he lost his own; and yet I cannot but feel that had I not sought you last night, all this would have been spared."

"I would not have last night altered

by a jot," Desmond exclaimed. "I breathe freer in the thought that earth is no longer cumbered by such a traitor. And it was by his contrivance you came. Look at it how you will, he brought his fate upon himself."

"True, it was by his own contrivance," she assented, brightening at the suggestion. "And yet—and yet," she faltered, "it was a strange hour for me to be found at your lodging. I blush to imagine what you must have thought of my coming thither, all uninvited and unattended."

This was more than the Irishman could bear. Impetuously he broke in on her speech with headlong, fiery words of adoration.

"Shall the angels blush for the good they do? Shall the bright spirits that visit us in our dreams be shamed for the happiness they bestow? I tell you, *madame*, your coming has shed a light that will be slow to fade in those gloomy old quarters of mine."

She looked at him wistfully.

"Ah, Desmond O'Connor, we have known each other but a few short months. You have served me as lady was never yet served by her knight, and I have brought you nothing but misery and strife and wretchedness unspeakable. What will the end be?"

"The end will be happiness," Desmond cried, speaking with the fervor of one inspired. "Heaven has most wondrously and manifestly intervened in our behalf, and will continue that protection to the end. We are necessary to each other. Your goodness has wrought a change in me that you would be the first to see had you known me as I used to be. You opened my prison-doors for me when death seemed to offer the sole hope of liberty. You have saved me, body and soul, and all my life is not enough to pay the debt I owe you!"

Margaret was trembling, fascinated, yet half terrified by the vehemence of his words.

"If I have been of service to you, I am very happy," she murmured; "but nothing can repay you for all you have done for me."

A little white hand stole out and rested on Desmond's sleeve in a gesture of infinite trustfulness and gratitude.

He seized it rapturously and pressed it to his lips.

"You wish to repay me for the little I have been able to do?" he whispered.

Her eyes answered him.

"Well, then," he continued breathlessly, "it is all or nothing. You have but a single coin in your purse—the most precious ever minted. Give it to me. Give me yourself! Nay, you do not draw back," he went on, holding tighter the prisoned hand. "I love you, Margaret—now, always. I am but a poor soldier and you are a great lady, but if your heart is mine as mine is yours, we meet not too unequally."

"Desmond," she whispered shyly, and he bent forward to listen, "you must have seen that I love you. I never have hidden it."

In a moment she was in his arms, close pressed against a breast whose every heart-beat was for her.

"My darling!" he murmured, his dark face half hidden in her golden tresses, as he rained kisses on her bowed head. "My darling, she loves me—my soft-eyed, bright-haired *colleen*!"

She looked up, and their lips met. They were betrothed, indeed.

XXX

O'CONNOR quitted Margaret's abode radiant with joy. He had won the desire of his heart—his lady's love—and he craved no more.

He was dimly conscious that difficulties lay in his path, but he did not stop to consider them. That he was but a poor officer in a foreign legion, and she a countess, mistress of wide estates and ward of a great king, troubled him not a whit. Since that first kiss had sealed their troth, he knew that her heart was all his, and the rest must follow.

He had not meant to speak so soon, fearing to compromise her position with Louis, but he could not refrain. In truth, his love had overflowed, and he could no more have measured his words than he could have checked the tides of the ocean. And all he said had found an echo in Margaret's heart. The prize was won. He walked on air, his very soul singing within him.

A moment later, he was brought down to earth abruptly.

An orderly, passing him in the street, turned and overtook him. The man saluted and spoke.

"I have just been to Varsin, Major O'Connor, but failed to find you. The marshal desires to speak with you at headquarters."

Desmond collected his wits.

"At his excellency's service," he replied. "I will wait upon him directly."

The soldier saluted and withdrew. O'Connor paused a moment to calm the tumult of his thoughts.

So the tidings of Gaston de Brissac's death had preceded him! He had loitered, and he smiled proudly to recall the cause of his delay. Well, it could not be helped. He would have preferred to tell the marshal himself, but he had no misgivings. He took the way that led to M. de Villars's quarters.

The marshal's greeting surprised Desmond. So filled had his mind been with the events of the last twelve hours that he had forgotten that other reasons, wholly unconnected with M. de Brissac, might have prompted the summons he had received.

"An express from Paris arrived this morning," M. de Villars said. "It contained his majesty's reply to my application for your promotion, Major O'Connor."

"I am still major, then, your excellency?" Desmond replied with a smile.

The command of the Irish Brigade seemed a small thing to him who had gained the command of Margaret's heart.

"His majesty has not seen fit to return any answer to my recommendation for the commission," the marshal answered. "He has done you the honor to desire to see you. His majesty commands you to hasten to Paris without loss of an hour. You will wait upon him directly on your arrival."

Desmond's countenance fell. What could be the meaning of this sudden and pressing summons? Could Louis by chance have learned—and then he smiled. He had parted from Margaret not half an hour before. Only magic could have made the king acquainted with what had passed in that chamber.

"Perhaps your excellency knows the king's will concerning me?" he ventured.

"I know nothing," the marshal re-

plied, "save that such an order brooks no delay. You will set out—when?"

"To-morrow," suggested Desmond. His heart hungered for another hour with his lady.

"To-morrow?" echoed De Villars in surprise. "I thought I had told you that his majesty expects you not to lose an hour."

O'Connor bowed.

"I will start within the hour, excellency."

"See that you do," the marshal said curtly, and turned again to his desk; but Desmond lingered.

"Before I set out, your excellency," he said, "it is my duty to inform you of the death of Captain de Brissac of the regiment of Navarre. He sought me last night in my quarters on a matter which has long been outstanding between us. We quarreled, and he fell."

M. de Villars wheeled round in his seat.

"What was the cause of this duel?"

"A grudge of long standing, excellency. I regret that I cannot be more explicit."

"And you ran him through? *Peste*, you must be a pretty swordsman! I have been told that M. de Brissac was almost invincible."

"He was a fine swordsman, excellency—the finest I have ever seen," O'Connor replied. "I never touched him; he wounded me, and well-nigh disarmed me."

"I observed that you had been wounded. How, then, did he meet his death?"

"We fought in my apartment, excellency. He was playing with me as a cat with a mouse; but he stepped backward to avoid a thrust, and fell through the window."

"Hm! A fortunate fall for you," observed the marshal.

"I trust you do not doubt the accuracy of my statement," said O'Connor, flushing.

"By no means," M. de Villars replied. "Your reputation as a man of honor is well established, Major O'Connor. I would as soon doubt myself."

Desmond bowed at the compliment.

"And the fall killed him?" the marshal resumed.

"We picked him up and carried him

into the guard-room," the other went on. "His sword was still grasped in his hand as he lay—a marvelous thing after such a fall. A surgeon was summoned, but he could do nothing. My window looks on a stone courtyard, and is sixty feet from the ground."

"Well," M. de Villars said, after a pause, "there are not many who will regret Captain de Brissac. He was a dangerous man—a deadly blade. He has gone whither he has sent not a few before him. The matter will be inquired into. It would, ordinarily, be my duty to detain you, major, till this has been done, but his majesty's commands override all routine. You will start for Paris at once."

"At once, marshal." And Desmond bowed and withdrew.

A scant ten minutes was all he dared spare to Margaret, while an orderly led his horse up and down before her house. Ten minutes only for vows and tears and prayers and adieus, and then he rode from the door, leaving her a prey to torturing fears.

The name of Louis had long been one of terror to Margaret. His influence, exerted from the proud eminence of his throne, had driven her from Paris and plunged her into the manifold perplexities and perils from which she had scarce emerged with her life. His far-reaching scepter had cast a black shadow around her path. She shuddered to think that her lover had gone to obey the call of that pitiless monarch, in whose eyes to love her seemed to be a crime.

As he rode westward, O'Connor was not free from misgivings, but his conscience was clear and his heart light. He had not suffered as Margaret had from the king's power, and he was deeply imbued with that reverence for Louis XIV and his sacred office which was traditional in the army, and nowhere stronger than in the ranks of the Irish Brigade. A summons from the sovereign might be unusual. He refused to believe that it boded disaster.

He made all possible speed, and reached Paris without adventure or delay. He reported his arrival at the Louvre, and received a command to attend the king's levée the following day.

The next morning, as Desmond stood

in the gilded antechamber, waiting for the doors to be opened, his soldierly figure, clad in the uniform of the Irish Brigade, was in marked contrast to most of those who surrounded him. A few military men there were, but the crowd was mainly composed of courtiers; of ladies and gentlemen who chatted and smiled, leered and ogled, and seemed at ease to a degree which the war-worn major could but envy.

Desmond had never been to court. The nearest approach to royal state he had ever seen was that maintained by the Duke of Burgundy at Anhalt, and the gallants around him irresistibly recalled those whom the Duc de Vendôme had once styled "popinjays." But these were infinitely more splendid.

When he passed with the rest to the levée, and saw Louis XIV for the first time, he had need of all his courage. He had not pictured a scene like this, and the majesty of the old king's demeanor awed him. No one spoke to the Irish soldier, no one noticed him. He felt strangely out of place and alone, and his doubts as to the occasion of his summons thither returned to him in full force.

As he waited, an irrepressible feeling of pity for Margaret filled his mind. She had told him how she had attended at a similar levée, and had been forced to listen while Louis gave her hand away as he might have bestowed a title or a benefice. She had told him of the whispered words and the titters of the courtiers, which had stung her like so many whip-lashes.

O'Connor glared round the circle so fiercely that those nearest him drew away. These were the false, sneering faces of those who had tortured his lady. He would like to have one or two of them at his sword's point!

His summons came at last, and, proud of port and fearless of eye as ever, he knelt at Louis's feet. The king was very gracious.

"Major O'Connor, we have heard much of you," he said, motioning Desmond to rise. "You are very young, *monsieur*."

"There are the more years before me in which to serve your majesty," the Irishman replied.

"By St. Denis, you have served me well hitherto," the king observed. "Your brigade was cut to pieces on the Dender?"

"Thirty-four survivors only, sire."

"And you held a bridge against an Austrian force, and so secured the uninterrupted retirement of my army?" Louis continued.

"That was Colonel O'Brien, sire. He destroyed the bridge, but it cost him his life. I was not there."

"Not there?" the king replied, frowning. "But M. de Villars writes us—Reach me those papers, Lecompte." And an attendant, bowing low, placed some documents in his majesty's hand.

"I see," Louis resumed when he had glanced through them. "It was you who held the hut in the forest, and so gained the time O'Brien needed. By my faith, you are a wonderful people, you Irish! This appears to be a more desperate deed of valor than the other." He paused, and selected a parchment-scroll from among the documents he held. "We have commanded your attendance," the king resumed, raising his voice, "that we may confer on you with our own hand our commission as colonel commanding our Irish Brigade. This we have done so that all men may see that Louis knows how to appreciate gallant deeds, and how to reward them."

A buzz of interest and excitement ran round the circle. This was an unprecedented honor.

O'Connor bent the knee, and received his commission from his sovereign's hand.

"My gracious liege, I know not what to say," murmured the young Irishman, "save that it is a pleasure to serve such a king and an honor to die for him."

"We would have you live, Colonel O'Connor. Our enemies are in the field still. Further, we create you a count of France. Rise, Count O'Connor!"

Desmond, astounded at the magnitude of his reward, did not fail to profit by the auspicious moment.

"I am deeply grateful, sire, for this distinguished mark of your royal favor. I am most thankful that your majesty has dubbed me count, for the fact is that I would fain marry a countess."

The royal features relaxed into a smile.

"Whoever you may wed will bear that title, Count O'Connor," Louis observed.

"Ah, sire, I would fain wed a countess ready made," persisted Desmond, half frightened at his own temerity, but loath to let such an opportunity pass.

Louis regarded him closely.

"We perceive," he said, "that your choice is made. Her name, *monsieur*?"

Desmond sent up an inward prayer, and answered, without a tremor in his voice:

"Margaret, Countess of Anhalt, sire."

Louis started in his seat, and sped a look at the young Irishman which he felt to his very soul.

"The Countess of Anhalt!" the king repeated. "That is the lady whom we betrothed in this very room to the Viscount de Louville some months since."

The court had hung on the monarch's words, breathless. All bent forward to catch O'Connor's answer.

"The same, sire; but the viscount is dead."

"We know it, we know it," uttered Louis impatiently, and then fell silent.

No one present could guess how he would answer. Many thought the Irishman's new-made dignities were doomed to wither in the Bastille. As for O'Connor, the beating of his heart almost suffocated him.

The king spoke at last, but it seemed as if he were communing with himself rather than addressing O'Connor.

"She is but a runaway—a wilful girl. Methought I should be forced to cage her in the Bastille; and that would have grieved me, for her father was my friend." Then he turned, almost fiercely, on O'Connor. "How know you, even if we listened to you, that the lady will consent. She hath a will of her own, and a reckless one. By St. Denis, she has proved it!"

"The lady will consent, sire," Desmond answered quietly, "if your majesty will graciously give me leave to ask her."

Louis laughed outright.

"My faith, you are very confident! How came you, headstrong Irishman that you are, to meet the countess and know her mind so well?"

"May it please your majesty," answered Desmond, persuaded that his cause was half gained, "the Lady Mar-

garet was in the hut in the forest with me during the assault, and loaded muskets for me to shoot down your majesty's enemies."

The king could not repress a smile, and a titter ran round the circle.

"Take her, in Heaven's name!" Louis cried. "Perhaps you will be able to clip her wild wings. We have failed!"

O'Connor scarce knew how he left the royal presence. Ere an hour had passed he was riding westward—count, colonel, and authorized suitor of the Lady of Anhalt.

XXXI

It was more than five years later, after the treaty of peace had been signed at Baden and the armies disbanded, that Count and Countess O'Connor revisited Anhalt.

The old castle stood unchanged. The paved court no longer echoed to the tread of armed men or woke to the notes of the bugle, but the gray walls, within which both had suffered so much misery, seemed scarce to have added a strand of ivy to the heavy growth that decked them. The grim lions, which had watched Margaret's flight from her home, saw her return with the same unwinking vigilance. Anhalt had not changed.

Desmond was eager to visit again the forest glade where he had made that gallant defense which had set the coping-stone on his renown. Margaret accompanied him. They set out betimes on their ramble, and it was high noon when O'Connor's eyes rested on the familiar

scene, once stained with the blood of brave men, now green and peaceful in the spring sunshine.

Familiar, yet not the same. He looked again. The forester's hut had disappeared, and in its place a tall granite shaft lifted its graceful head heavenward. The column supported the figure of a soldier leaning on his musket, and a railing of wrought-iron enclosed a plot of ground at its foot.

"Come and read," whispered Margaret, and, hand in hand, they approached the monument.

HERE LIE TEN MEN OF THE IRISH BRIGADE, WHO, WITH COUNT O'CONNOR, DEFIED FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR THE ASSAULT OF TWO AUSTRIAN BATTALIONS, AND DIED AT THEIR POSTS.

*I have fought a good fight. I
have finished my course. I have
kept the faith.*

Below were a date and a roll of names. Con Quirk's headed the list.

O'Connor's eyes filled with the memories that clung round this little patch of earth. He turned to his wife in silent wonder.

"Desmond," Margaret said, answering his look, "it was here you fought and almost died. It was here a great sorrow was lifted from my heart. Those who fell at your side I love for their valor. They all lie here; the ground has been consecrated. I thought you would wish to have it so, my dear, dear husband."

He stooped and kissed her.

THE END

THE BOOK OF LIFE

EACH day in life is like a spotless page
That comes to us for writings, vain or sage;
Upon its face that which we say or do
Is written down—the false, the good and true.

Each year a chapter is that tells the tale
Of joy or grief, success or failure pale—
In sickness and in health, ambitions, fears,
Our good and evil deeds, our smiles and tears.

And at the last a book the record stands—
The History of Self, by our own hands—
By self alone made, bound, and fully writ,
No word, or thought, or deed escaping it.

John Kendrick Bangs

THE OLD RED BANDANA

BY FOSTER GILROY

IN the early 80's the legal profession throughout the country were amazed at one of the strangest instances of personal honesty ever recorded in court history.

An old miser had died apparently penniless, in a squalid Boston attic. His

desk a faded red bandana handkerchief.

"I have here," he said, "bonds, bank-notes, and other securities to the value of \$400,000, entrusted to me twenty years ago by the deceased. I now surrender this trust."

Amazement was written on the faces



"I HAVE HERE," HE SAID, "A PACKAGE I WANT TO LEAVE WITH YOU. DON'T PUT IT IN YOUR OFFICE SAFE, BUT TAKE IT HOME TO YOUR PRIVATE VAULT."

heirs, members of one of the oldest and most honored families in New England, had made a vain search of his effects for his supposed wealth. There was no trace of it, and they had so reported to the court, when there appeared in the room a man who deposited on the judge's

of all present. The handkerchief was opened and a hurried count of the treasure revealed the truth of his statement.

The man was Charles Francis Chickering, at that time the head of the greatest firm of piano-makers in America. The trust placed in his hands by the

miser was but an evidence of the faith that all the world had in the great house of Chickering & Sons.

More than 85 years ago a business was started in Boston that was destined to become the oldest of its kind in America.

And at the very beginning of this business it was determined that honesty and integrity should govern every policy of the house, so that its statements, wherever and whenever made, would at no time be open to question.

During these 85 years no single business transaction on the part of the house has ever violated this principle of straight-dealing.

The man who founded this house, in 1823, was Jonas Chickering. What was true at its inception is true to-day—a statement made by Chickering & Sons cannot be open to doubt.

Of all the wealth of anecdote and personal history that surrounds this famous establishment, the incident used to introduce this story is one of the most extraordinary.

The miser's name shall remain undisclosed, but in his time he was one of the most celebrated characters in Boston.

Although of a prominent family, born to culture and refinement, and possessed of an excellent education, he early evidenced melancholy and retiring tendencies, which in the end led to his withdrawal entirely from the world to his bare attic. When he did appear, it was to lend money at exorbitant rates in the financial district. He multiplied his original means many times over, and finally his hoard became so great that he feared some one might discover it, plan to rob him of it, and perhaps take his life to accomplish this end.

He distrusted banks; the expense of a place of safe deposit was contrary to his miserly tendencies—for he begged both food and clothing—and in his dilemma he thought of Mr. Chickering.

Years before he had met the great piano manufacturer while indulging his one extravagance—his love for music.

Their casual acquaintanceship had ripened into friendship, and when he thought of a custodian for his wealth, the name of this friend came to mind. Here, he reasoned, was a man in whom he could place implicit faith—the one man in all America in whose integrity he had trust enough to leave his life's hoardings.

The miser appeared in Mr. Chickering's office with his precious treasury scrip, bonds and stock certificates tied up in an old red bandana.

"I have here," he said, "a package I want to leave with you. Don't put it in your office safe, but take it home to your private vault."

He asked for no memorandum and volunteered no information as to the contents of the parcel. Mr. Chickering smiled at the tattered, shabby figure before him, reasoned, perhaps that the handkerchief contained trinkets of trifling value, and promised to place it in his private vault.

The strange request he accepted as another evidence of the remarkable degree of confidence all the world had in the house of Chickering & Sons.

All the world knew of this firm's sturdy sense of business and personal honesty. All the world knew that when the name "Chickering" was imprinted in gold over the keyboard of a piano it meant that every step in its manufacture was watched with jealous care, lest some oversight mar a record for superiority unbroken since Jonas Chickering made his first pianoforte in 1823.

And about that early piano, which now stands in the spacious salesrooms of the Boston factory, there clusters a wealth of anecdote and history which makes the house unique among American industries. Conquests at home and abroad, praise from learned societies, states and sovereigns, tributes from musicians of world-wide fame have been the reward of this great house and its perfect piano. And then at the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1867, after

seven gold medals had been awarded to the foremost piano-makers of all countries, Messrs. Chickering & Sons were selected for an additional honor, highest of all—the Imperial Cross of the Legion of Honor.

And time has produced no rival to wrest from it the laurels won solely on merit.

No accident of manufacture could bring about that rare, rich tone which at once distinguishes a "Chickering." Years of patient study, unpurchasable knowledge gained at the work-bench, and held inviolate as a property of the men who make the "Chickering," are embodied in the instrument upon which musicians place the stamp of their first choice.

In those homes where love for music has been developed by an ability to appreciate the finer elements of musical expression, where the fullness, the volume, the tenderness of tone find sympathetic ear—there will be found the "Chickering."

Just as the personality of Charles Francis Chickering led the miser to entrust his all in his keeping, so the recognized excellence of the "Chickering Piano" to-day makes it the standard of all comparison for honesty and integrity in pianoforte construction.

The shirt-sleeved artisan who watches the "Chickering" grow under his master touches will tell you how carefully the spruce sounding-board is made—how the grain is measured, how the thickness tapers as it goes toward the treble, how the braces are placed in position, exact to the hair's breadth.

"No one guesses," he will tell you, "in the making of a 'Chickering.' The misplacing of a tiny screw might mar the tone of the finest instrument."

The statistical man will explain how strong the metal frame of the "Chickering" must be to stand the strain of from ten to twenty tons tension placed upon it when the strings are drawn to pitch. And he will show what havoc a weak frame will cause to the tone.

The musician will praise the wonderfully balanced movement of the "Chickering"—the beautiful adjustment which makes possible that expression which is the very soul of music. He will tell you that on the "Chickering" the virtuoso interprets the world's greatest compositions as he could on no other keyboard. All the plaintiveness of the sweetest tones, all the strength and vigor of martial air are given a degree of expression on the "Chickering" which is unique. He will point to the new splendid pedal control, the resilient hammers, the carefully adjusted dampers, as elements that constitute the temperament of the piano.

The practical man will see in the immense factory in Boston a tribute in bricks and mortar to the eighty-five years of supremacy of the "Chickering." It covers a full city block, and in every department is typical of the modern advance made in piano manufacture.

Years afterward, while going over an accumulation of old papers, the string slipped from the old red handkerchief and revealed its wealth to Mr. Chickering. He recalled at once the trust placed in his keeping and returned the treasure to his vault.

On the death of the old miser, he turned the handkerchief over to the court. Never has so great a fortune been voluntarily surrendered under circumstances so dramatic and extraordinary.

This is a true story.


A beautiful "Chickering" catalogue will be sent upon request to Chickering & Sons, 787 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.



How a Non-Musician Was Able to Write a Book on Great Musicians

Elbert Hubbard's Own
Story of His Experience with

The Pianola



"I HAVE written one Little Journey a month for fourteen years. The best selling series, as well as the best selling book I have ever written is 'Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians.' The musicians I wrote about in this series are as follows: Wagner, Liszt, Bach, Schumann, Brahms, Mozart, Paganini, Chopin, Handel, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Beethoven.

"Now I am not a musician, although I have ever listened to music with keen delight. But the names of the great composers, and their best pieces, were to me merely names. I decided to write of Great Musicians simply because I knew nothing about them, which is surely excuse enough for choosing a theme. I began with Richard Wagner, because he was arrested for speechifying on street corners in Dresden. This interested me, for I once was given a ride in the hurry-up wagon for the same offense.

"Beside that, Wagner could never play the piano, and therein he also resembled me—we seemed to have things in common. So I wrote my Little Journey to the Home of Wagner. Three days afterward I read it, and it was so Class B punk that I tore up the MS. and chucked it into the waste-basket.

"A few days after this I lectured in a town on the same evening that Paderewski played there. We stopped at the same hotel. I cut my spiel a little short, so to hear his last piece. He knew I was coming in late, and like the true gentleman that he is, he added two numbers to his program, just for me.

"After the recital we had a little Dutch Lunch and I told him of

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